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Beginning
THE CHARM SCHOOL—By ALICE DUER MILLER

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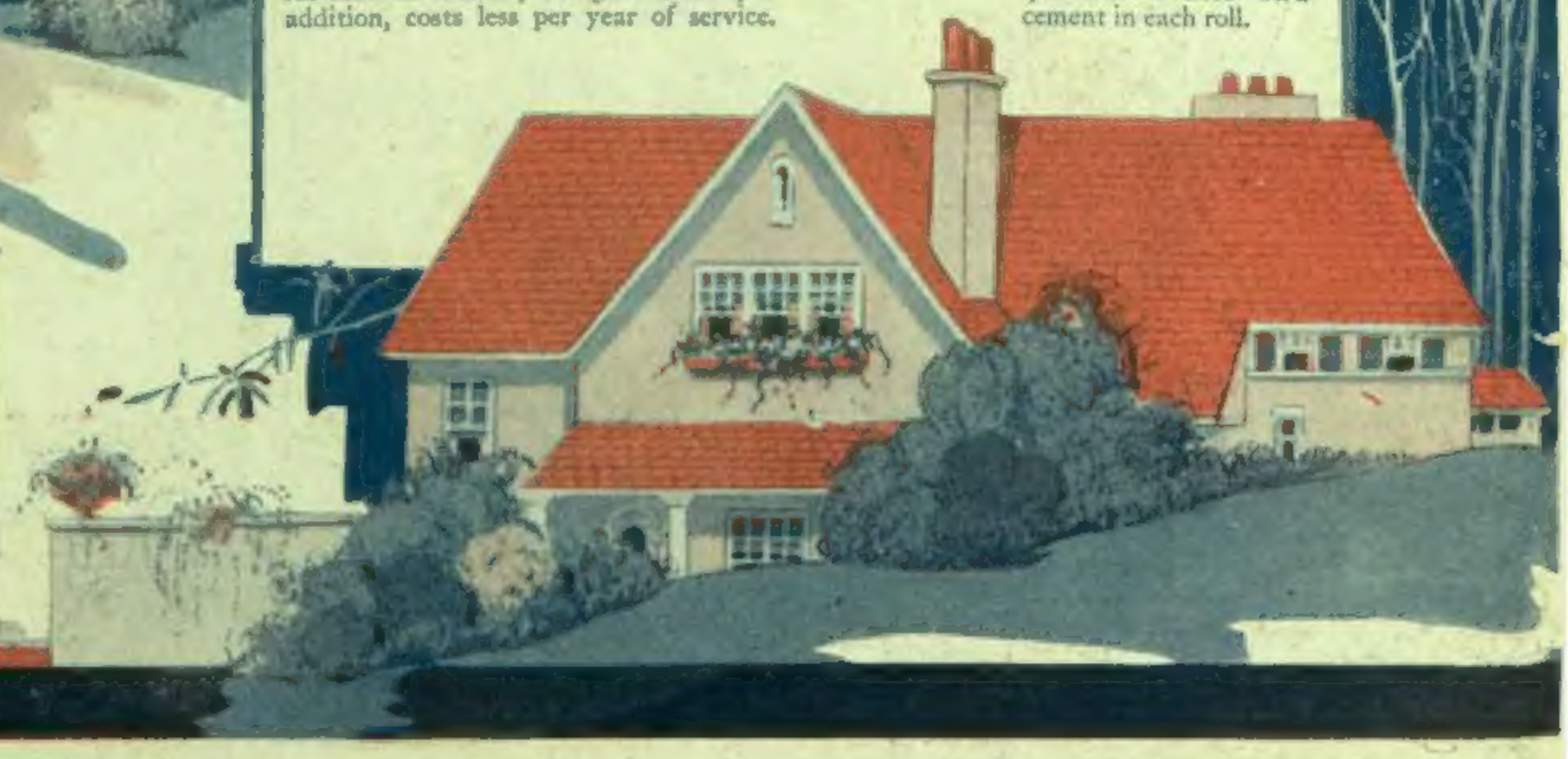

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, H. D. Walker,
E. Dinsmore, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE CHARM SCHOOL

They Told Their Ridiculous Stories as if Only He, Out of All the World, Would Really Understand Them

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE trouble with you, Mr. Bevans," said Mrs. Rolles gently, "is that you really are the least little bit vulgar."

"Good," said he, "I knew there was something nice about me."

Mrs. Rolles smiled imperturbably. With her hands lying palms upward in her lap, she was leaning back with that calm which good breeding brings only to those who believe absolutely in its supremacy. She was a woman of fifty, not handsome but with all the marks of race—small ears flat to the head, a long slender throat, fine soft hair, and delicate hands, a little too clawlike for beauty. Her drawing-room in which they were sitting was a hideous room. It had been furnished for her by her parents on the occasion of her marriage in the year 1891. It was so long for its width that it had the effect of being a brocaded tunnel; the walls were hung with pale pink, on which electric lights and French water colors alternated; the chairs were, of course, copies of Louis XV, and the mantelpiece was as crowded as a lawn party with Dresden figures. No books were visible, except a copy of The Girlhood of Shakspere's Heroines bound in black and gold, and three immense volumes of steel engravings from the National Gallery. The house had a library—upstairs in what had before Mr. Rolles' death been her bedroom—but the drawing-room was no place for reading; it was the place for just such terrible interviews as the one now taking place there.

The young man was of the most extraordinary beauty—not only of face but of figure, for he was as lithe and active as a cat, but his conspicuous feature was his eyes—eyes of the clearest sky blue, in surprising contrast to his bronzed skin and black hair and lashes. He was clean-shaven, so that a mouth of sensitive curves could be seen, and a chin that contradicted those curves by its firm aggression.

"You don't really think it nice to be vulgar," Mrs. Rolles went on, "if for no other reason than that it is the one thing that Susy and I can't forgive."

"Well, if I can forgive Susy her refinement I think she ought to be able to forgive me a nice little trace of vulgarity. We shall do very well. She can teach me to be refined, and a touch of my vulgarity will improve her immensely."

Mrs. Rolles shook her head. "You would be the last person to find it an improvement," she said.

Bevans struck the tea table lightly with his fist. "Now that's where you're wrong," he said. "I really can't see that refinement is anything but a weakness; it seems to consist entirely in things you can't do. Susy can't go out without a maid, she can't go in a trolley car, she can't wear ready-made clothes—all liabilities. Tell me one single positive thing that her being a lady enables her to do."

Her mother, without an instant's hesitation, answered: "She can charm."

She scored heavily. Bevans groaned; there was no denying that Susy had done so in his case.

Elated by success, Mrs. Rolles pushed on. "Charm," she opined, "is the refinement of the soul"; and she felt she might almost be quoting Emerson or the Psalms.

"Oh, I'm all right then," answered Bevans cheerfully. "I don't stick up for my manners, and I know my looks are fierce ——"

"Fierce!" exclaimed his hostess. "I should have thought you would be above pretending not to know you are extremely handsome."

Bevans wriggled. "Don't let's talk about it," he said. "I believe it's the only thing in the world it embarrasses me to speak of. I hate looking like this; it's a great disadvantage; it makes everyone distrust me, particularly employers. I'd give anything in the world for a good ugly mug like David's—and the joke of it is, he isn't a bit more honest and serious than I am, only everyone thinks he must be."

"Mr. Stewart has a very aristocratic kind of ugliness," said Mrs. Rolles reprovingly.

"But to go back to the question of my soul," Bevans went on, "I'd match souls with anyone—even some of our oldest families'—even Susy's, which is I am sure an attractive mauve trifle."

"It isn't necessary to be profane," said Mrs. Rolles.

"No, but it helps a lot when you're not feeling very cheerful."

When she was in complete control of a situation Mrs. Rolles could be very kind, and she felt no doubt at the present moment of the completeness of her control.

"I think you know, Mr. Bevans," she said graciously, "that I sincerely like you, that I find you a stimulating intelligence; but you must admit that you are very different from most of the young men whom Susy has about her."

"Flatterer!"

The lady stiffened. "I do not consider it a compliment to tell you you are different from the other men who come to the house. You would do well to model yourself upon them—well-bred, well-connected young people. If they have not money they have tradition, and you, Mr. Bevans, as far as I know, have neither."

"I have a feeling I'm going to make a lot of money some day," said Bevans, but his manner betrayed a knowledge that his position was weak.

"Indeed?" returned his hostess dryly. "Well, you know you cannot support a wife on that feeling."

There was a pause. Bevans got up, not so much because he had any intention of going as because he felt too wretched to sit still.

"I'm not doing so badly," he began.

"Let me see, you are an automobile salesman?" said Mrs. Rolles, and if she had said "You are a creeping worm," she would not have needed to change her tone.

"Yes, and a very good one too," returned Bevans. "I sold a car yesterday to old Johns—Homer Johns, of the New Republic Bank, you know?"

Mrs. Rolles inclined her head. She herself kept a very small balance at the New Republic, and insisted in return that the president should see her whenever she stopped in, and advise her about investments.

"Well, then you know he's not an easy man to manage, and he did not really want this car a bit, yet I sold it to him, and even made him drive me home in it. It isn't every man could do that, now is it, Mrs. Rolles?"

He looked at her wistfully, but she would not catch his eye. She was thinking that it was really high time for him to go, or Susy, obediently keeping out of the way in response to a parental command, might get restless.

"Some of Susy's friends have married much vulgarer people than me," he pleaded.

"Than I," said Mrs. Rolles.

Bevans sighed, and began what seemed to be an effort to dig his toe permanently into the rug. "You don't seem to attach the least importance to Susy's affection for me."

Mrs. Rolles smiled. "Shall I be perfectly candid?" she asked.

It is a question at which the stoutest heart sinks, which everyone would like to answer in the negative, but to which good usage seems to demand that an enthusiastic affirmative be given.

"Good Lord," cried Bevans, "is there still worse to come?"

There was. "The truth is," said Mrs. Rolles, "that Susy's feelings are not deep. She never has and I don't believe she ever will care deeply for anyone. Now I don't mean by that that she is a cold, calculating villain. Quite the contrary. She is kind, unselfish, and in her own way affectionate, only no one matters very much to her. Her nurses, her teachers, her friends have always loved her better than she loved them. She accepts their love as a sort of natural responsibility. I really believe, in my own way, I like you better than she does, shall miss you more when you stop coming here."

"But I have no intention of stopping coming."

She smiled. "When you stop getting in, then."

"Oh," cried he, "isn't life rottenly arranged! By the time I'm an old man I shall probably have all the money I want, and I'd gladly sell the last twenty years of my life for a good income at this moment."

"If we could make those bargains there would be no old people in the world," remarked Mrs. Rolles.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be any the worse on that account."

She did not seem offended. "Dear me," she said, "you're worse than Herod with the babies. You'd sacrifice all the old without a qualm. But perhaps you have some elderly relations with money."

He shook his head emphatically. "No, indeed, or I'd be off now to wring their necks. The only relation I have is an old aunt by marriage who runs a girls' school in Westchester."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Rolles nodded; "the Bevans school. I once thought of sending Susy there, but they wanted to teach girls mathematics, and college requirements, and all the things I disapprove of most in girls' education."

"How ought a girl to be educated?" said Bevans, who had thought on this as on many other irrelevant subjects.

"She ought to be educated to be charming."

"Is there any way of doing that? There'd be money in it if there were."

"There's a way of educating her not to be—your aunt's way. Dear me, I remember there was a young woman there teaching geometry—the minute I saw her I withdrew Susy's name—so hard, so competent. However, this was several years ago. I dare say it has improved." She held out her hand cordially, but he did not notice the gesture.

"Mrs. Rolles," he said, "I really am awfully in love with Susy."

"And six months from now you'll be awfully in love with someone else."

"Why do you say that?"

"Men are never constant to the unobtainable."

He couldn't help laughing at her tone, though her meaning was unpalatable.

"Perhaps not," he said; "but you see I don't admit that she is unattainable—not so long as she loves me."

"Has she ever said she loved you?"

He was silent. She hadn't. She had said she liked him better than anyone else—even David, for of course David was in love with her too; she had told him he never bored her, and he knew, though he could not admit it even to himself, that when they went about together she enjoyed the sensation his appearance always made. She had written him quantities of the nicest notes—Susy could write the pleasantest notes in the neatest little hand—and, since it had been clearly understood between them that he always came on Thursdays, she had been wonderfully kind in never allowing anyone to interfere with him. But he could not feel that all these taken together indicated a great passion, and now with Mrs. Rolles' cold eye upon him they seemed particularly paltry.

He had met Susy five years before, when as a girl of sixteen she had come to his senior dance, at the invitation of David Stewart. He had thought her a lovely, fairylike being and had danced with her as many times in the evening as he could. Two years later when she came out he had found a snapshot of her in a newspaper and had cut it out and carried it in his pocketbook; so that it was very easy to say when he met her again, though not strictly true, that he had fallen in love with her at first sight at his senior dance. Anyhow it was always said between them, and believed—by Susy at least. David, however, could have testified, if he had been disloyally inclined, which he wasn't, that many photographs had preceded the magnificent full length of Susy which now occupied the place of honor on Bevans' desk. He was so subject to enthusiasms that a fair share of them were bound to be feminine.

Mrs. Rolles suddenly decided to be drastic.

"Good-by, Mr. Bevans," she said. "And now that we are really parting, let me give you a bit of advice. Do learn to make an exit. So few young men can. Don't stand about first on one foot and then on the other long after you have made up your mind to go."

Bevans was not, of course, superior to the almost sacred terror that Mrs. Rolles inspired in young men, particularly when she talked like this, but it was immensely to the credit of his courage that after the wave of panic had passed he stood his ground. He smiled now very sweetly at her.

"But, you see," he said, "I haven't made up my mind to go—not until I see Susy."

"Susy's out, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no, she's not," said he, and stepping to the door, he opened it and shouted at the top of a good pair of lungs: "Susy!"

"That is impertinent," observed Mrs. Rolles, more as a critic of manners than as an outraged parent.

"Our modern efficiency," answered Bevans, and then suddenly lost all his lightness of touch as Susy entered.

She was the sort of young woman about whom ideals easily cluster, for she was pretty, pale, and almost totally noncommittal. Some people believed her to be simply unawakened; others cherished the belief that beneath an iron reserve she seethed with emotions. Susy never did anything to contradict either hypothesis. When she was reproached with concealing her feelings she smiled and shook her head with just the same manner as when she was reproached with having no feelings to conceal.

Standing now with her hand on her mother's shoulder, she smiled at Bevans as if she thought him very good to look at, which represented her opinion most accurately.

"Susy," he said, "what are we going to do? I have no money to speak of, and your mother won't hear of our being engaged."

"Oh, Austin," she murmured, as if a little shocked at the last word, "what could we possibly do?"

"We might be engaged anyhow."

"Secretly?"

"Not secretly—but without your mother's consent." He looked at her hoping to see some sign of rebellion.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," she said.

"You could if you cared anything about me."

"I shall never forget you," she answered, and indeed as he stood looking at her with his eyes like two blue flames no woman would have been able to forget him.

"I'll never give you the chance," he said, and flung himself out of the room.

When he was gone her mother looked at her and said chattily:

"My dear, you have no human feelings, have you?"

Susy was naturally startled and annoyed. "Mamma," she said, "I thought I did just what you would think wise."

"So you did," answered her mother hastily. "No one ever said that human feelings were wise."

Bevans in the meantime was walking gloomily home. Even one of his company's new cars painted a geranium pink picked out in black failed to raise more than a passing interest in his mind. He was depressed not only at Susy's coldness but by a sudden conviction that had come over him that he was not a man who would ever inspire a lasting love. And when two girls actually stopped and walked backward to stare at him as he passed,

She Was Leaning Back With That Calm Which Good Breeding Brings Only to Those Who Believe Absolutely in Its Supremacy

In Spite of the Optimism of Youth, No Girl Really Thought That Fate Was Going to Send Her a Schoolmaster of the Physical Appearance of Austin

his only thought was a bitter reflection that they wouldn't stick to him a week.

It was a lovely afternoon in the end of February, when something in the faint color of the sky and the gentle movements of the air promised an early spring. The sun was low and struck down the side street throwing long shadows, as Bevans turned toward the little East-Side park where he and David Stewart had rooms.

David was reading for his bar examinations. He always began to read in a normal upright position, but as the intellectual strain became greater he sank lower and lower, until finally the elevation of his feet began. When Bevans entered, the intricacies of the subject were such that David was lying on the sofa with his feet festooned over the back. He was evidently delighted to be interrupted.

"What have you been doing that you oughtn't to do?" was his greeting. "There's a special-delivery letter for you from a firm of lawyers, and a deep male voice has been telephoning at intervals of twenty minutes to know if you have come in yet."

"Lawyers?" said Bevans without interest, taking up the letter with a languid hand. "It's all up between me and Susy."

David sat up with one motion of his entire body.

"Yesterday it was all on."

"I was wrong. Her feeling seems to be that if some day I came back with enough money to marry she wouldn't be any more opposed to me than to the next man."

"Don't you believe it's just the money question?" asked David loyally.

"I'd go a good way on the downward path to get some at this moment," Bevans answered, and began tearing open the envelope in his hand.

Silences, as every observer knows, have strange characteristics all their own—passionate silences, and hateful silences, and silences full of friendly purring content. The silence that followed the opening of Bevans' letter was frankly portentous. It was not that Bevans' manner altered, though there may have been a slight change in the rhythm of his breathing, but somehow David knew at once that the letter contained something of supreme importance. So being a good friend he said nothing, but sat watching Bevans out of the corner of his eye as a dog watches his master to see if he is going to be taken for a walk.

Having read the letter twice, Bevans raised his eyes, shining with excitement, and said:

"Dave, I've inherited a school."

"A school? An automobile school?"

"No, a girls' boarding school."

"A what?" said David, who had heard perfectly.

"You see before you," answered his friend, "the principal of the well-known fashionable school—The Bevans Boarding School for Young Ladies."

"Well, next to inheriting the sultán's harem, I can't think of anything pleasanter. Now let's have the facts."

But almost all the available facts were already before him. Bevans had not even seen the announcement of his aunt-by-marriage's death in the papers a few weeks before. Now, her lawyers wrote to say that as she had left no will, he, as next of kin, appeared to have inherited all her estate. This consisted entirely of her school—grounds of about ten acres overlooking the Sound, two large houses accommodating about fifty pupils with the necessary teaching and household staff, also the small cottage in which Mrs. Bevans herself had lived, all not too heavily mortgaged and yielding the former owner a net income of about $3000 a year.

"Three thousand a year," cried David. It seemed to him a very large income.

"And the house," added Bevans.

"You must never go near the place, Austin," said his friend. "If you do, all the little darlings will fall in love with you, and their parents will take them away and the school will be ruined."

"Not go near it!" said Bevans. "I shall live there and direct it exactly as my aunt did—only not in the same direction."

"You're mad!" cried David. "You at the head of a girls' school!"

"There's money in it and I need money."

"Your face would wreck a thousand schools," cried the other with conviction.

David's opposition was not to be shaken. He was naturally inclined to conservatism, and the study of the law had not rendered him more liberal. He had never before heard of a man under thirty owning and managing a girls' school, and, therefore, for that reason alone he considered the idea inherently wrong. He attempted to argue the question also on practical grounds, but the true basis of his disapproval was its newness. Bevans, on the other hand, with a streak of creativeness in his make-up, was attracted to an idea by its mere unfamiliarity. For David's constantly reiterated assertion that he would make himself ridiculous he cared nothing. What, he asked, could be more ridiculous than to let slip one's great opportunity?

After dinner he put an end to discussion by dressing himself very carefully and going out. When asked where he was going, he replied that he was going to pick up a little capital to start his school right.

II

MR. HOMER JOHNS was in his library, a long, high room lined throughout with books. "Nothing valuable," he was fond of saying, "just a gentleman's library"—a statement which made those who kept all their books in one section of a patent bookcase feel very inferior. The long windows, hung in old crimson satin, were in recess by the depths of the shelves, and in two of these recesses stood blue and yellow globes. At one end of the room a good fire was blazing, and by it, in a large armchair, Mr. Johns was sitting, reading the financial article in an evening paper—not because he had the least respect for the writer's opinions, but because, as he often said, he was curious to see how wrong a fellow could be who drew a salary for being right.

Mr. Johns had for many years been a stockbroker, who veiled beneath the beauteous name of banker all that was insupportable to him in the former profession. But late in life he had actually become the president of the great union of banks known as the New Republic. He was a man nearing seventy. In the good old days of piratical finance he had been thought rather moderate, but in regenerate modern times he was sometimes spoken of as "one of the old gang."

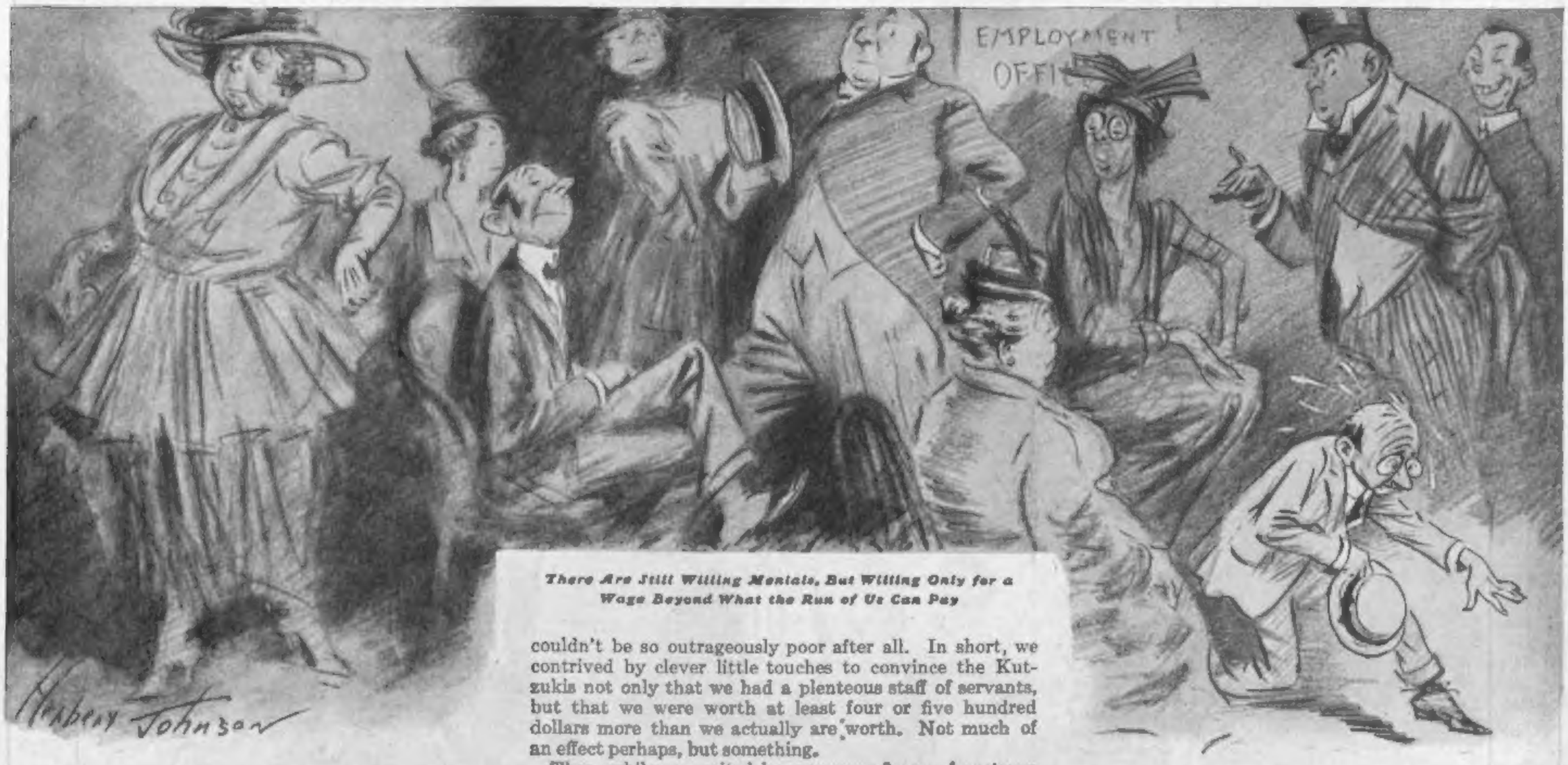
"Oh, well," he was thinking as he read some particularly unmeaning phrase about the decline of values, "if a fellow like that really knew anything he'd be in the Street

(Continued on Page 99)

HELP!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



There Are Still Willing Mentals, But Willing Only for a Wage Beyond What the Run of Us Can Pay

OUR humble middle-class home was to be distinguished by an afternoon visit from some people of great wealth. Of course we were excited. I believe we are not more than normally and wholesomely snobbish, but why deny that the impending honor had set us up a bit? Among those we know of our own class we took no pains to conceal our coming eminence. It seemed as well to apprise them that we had established a connection not usual among the lesser social units. In the course of a very few days I acquired rather a knack of mentioning carelessly that our great friends the Kutzukis had promised to look in upon us one day soon.

Surely I couldn't mean Mr. Toyo Kutzuki, the Japanese capitalist! Oh, but I did! Really we had known them a long time, both Mr. Kutzuki and his delightful wife, and had found them most pleasant and unpretentious in spite of their money. They would drop in upon us most informally—careless flicking of ash from cigarette—drink a bit of tea and chat for half an hour, quite as if they were people of our own class. In fact, we had learned to feel wholly at ease in their presence. Envious stares from such as had heard only of the Kutzukis' wealth and knew not their graceful condescension. It wasn't at all hard to talk that way; even to lay it on a bit, as when I intimated bluntly that these rich people would treat us as social equals. Of course they would be quite nice to us—but social equals! After all, money is money. You can't get round that.

The Condescension of the Kutzukis

BUT this swelling and strutting abroad was dearly paid for in later privacy. For, after all, how were we suitably to entertain these wealthy guests in our poor little home? I had thought it might be carried off with a certain jaunty almost humorous admission of our comparative penury; a making light of it in the brave manner; a bit of jovial pretense that we of the abyss had our crude compensations—even our simple pleasures, preposterous as it might seem. But you know what women are. This one is too.

Foremost, we must deceive the Kutzukis into believing that we possessed a full staff of servants. The house would have to be cleaned, even to the farthest closet where our guests would by no chance penetrate. The sofa cushions must all be straightened and puffed out to make them look luxurious, the choice piece of Japanese embroidery brought from its box and draped over the piano, the rugs turned, fresh flowers stuck into everything that would hold flowers, the incense burner stoked, our one expensive tea cloth exposed to random cigarette ends, the mean silver burnished, and of course an unusual tea purchased.

Even I fell into the spirit of the fraud and opened a new bottle of Scotch. Not that either of our friends like strong liquors, but just to show we had the stuff and couldn't be so outrageously poor after all. In short, we contrived by clever little touches to convince the Kutzukis not only that we had a plenteous staff of servants, but that we were worth at least four or five hundred dollars more than we actually are worth. Not much of an effect perhaps, but something.

Then, while we waited in a nervous flurry of pretense that we were not nervous, our opulent callers came—descending from a lordly motor car costing five times what our car cost three years ago. But these people were at once so simple and friendly and unaffected that they put us at our ease with their first greetings. Indeed, they seemed almost ill at ease with embarrassment themselves as they bestowed their offerings upon us, for it has been their custom at pleasant intervals to favor us with little gifts out of their own land. Quietly dressed they were, with no flaunt of gauds save that Mrs. Kutzuki carried a new gold-mesh purse and her consort a new tooth cleverly fashioned from the same precious metal. But for these items one need not have known that our friends were wealthy. And they smiled continuously, far-spreading ripples of smiles—Mrs. Kutzuki even giggled deprecatingly—while they proffered their bits of jade and a prettily lacquered tray, hoping we would be gracious enough to accept the contemptible trash.

The talk now ensuing—of old times and former meetings—was tainted not in the least by any consciousness on our part or on theirs that our guests were rich beyond the dreams of avarice. So many people do not carry their money well, as we say a man doesn't carry his liquor well, showing it after a few drinks. But the Kutzukis carry their money beautifully, not allowing it to show on them. So apparent was this to both of us that all subterfuge was tacitly abandoned. Being—naturally—without even a cook, it had been suggested that we lie brazenly to this couple, saying that our servants were all down with typhoid fever or something disabling. But a moment of this friendly rapport and we knew the cheap device need no longer be considered. So we said right out that we had no cook and, what was more, we hadn't had one for ages and never did expect to have another forever and ever. And, as we had foreseen, the Kutzukis were the nicest in the world about it. They treated the familiar domestic tragedy humorously, as is the accepted smart mode; and even let us suspect that they, with all their wealth, were not unfamiliar with this irksome stress. They confided to us, indeed, that they had known more than one prosperous family to be without servants. They gave names and dates. Their manner was perfect.

So it was all right; and having to pretend no longer, we went into the kitchen to make the tea, and you may believe it or not—but the Kutzukis actually came in there with us and helped to make it. None other than Toyo Kutzuki himself warmed the pot and poured in the hot water at the precise instant before it boiled, and Mrs. Yoshi Kutzuki with her own hands carried cups and things to the dining room and arrayed them on the table. What a mad and merry moment when she dropped the plate of toasted muffins—as if the wife of this rich man could demean herself with anything like the skill of a hireling! We all laughed heartily and Mrs. Kutzuki again poignantly giggled.

So then we chatted over tea, with the bottle of Scotch bold on the sideboard to let these people know that other people, too, might have money. And Mr. Kutzuki explained that he was this day using the town car of a gentleman with whom he had business associations. And I said I often used a town car myself—when in town—because they stop neatly for you on the near crossing and it costs but five cents to ride as far as you like, and lots of them give pretty transfers for favors. And Mr. Kutzuki laughed earnestly when I had diagramed the joke; and Mrs. Kutzuki, though she never did quite get it, giggled like a finely played flute. And we had a perfectly good time. And not only that. Because, when the tea was done and ceremonial cigarettes had been burned, what should our guests do but take the cups and plates back to the kitchen and wash them for us—except the one fragile cup that Mrs. Kutzuki let slip and which would never need washing again, as she wittily explained when she had giggled thoroughly. The Japanese are so adaptable. I had known this man when he was as poor as I am, but wealth had made no difference in his treatment of me. With all his money he and his attractive wife had entered gracefully into our squalid difficulties. Indeed, a stranger, observing their deft performance of ignoble tasks, would have said that these wealthy people were quite at home in our kitchen and not a bit unfamiliar with the sordid labors customarily performed in that foul den.

The Pretty Little Ways of Yoshi

ALL right! Then let us give this imagined stranger due credit for his acuteness. For the now moneyed Kutzukis are none other than Toyo and Yoshi who formed our domestic staff for one whole year at a modest fee of seventy-five dollars a month for the two. Toyo was an acceptable cook; nothing to lead a man to dig his grave with his teeth, but I have been cooked for by worse. And Yoshi was maid. She was a maid for the first time in her young life, I have always suspected. I surmise that before her adventures with us she had been employed in coaling men-of-war, or perhaps in a shipyard, or some place where one must carry heavy timbers. Heavy of foot and hand, she was light of head. The latter infirmity caused her to giggle after dropping dishes and after falling downstairs.

Halfway between the mezzanine gallery, or entresol, of our natty hut and the main foyer, or lobby, there is a sharp turn in the grand central staircase, or escalier. On reaching this critical turn in descending the stairs, Yoshi never failed to slip and finish the descent on one or the other of her muscular shoulders. She was a dramatic creature. No mere sliding down for her! And in the early days of that year when one hastened to salvage her one was greeted by her giggle. Yet one soon learned that she hadn't broken anything of her own—merely whatever

she might be carrying. I say one learned it soon. Two learned it less quickly. Hardly to the end of her stay was I free from apprehension when what I may call the tonal plangency of Yoshi's giggle penetrated to me through ever so many walls. To be sure, if the giggle followed a mere crash of our priceless china I felt easy, but when it ensued upon the blunt thud of Yoshi's carcass I waited in some tension until I heard her right herself. For, of course, with both legs broken, she would still have giggled.

Still, the future promised well. We got a new dinner set of two hundred and eighty pieces for sixteen dollars—some of those plates took five or six falls before giving in—and I had the lower stairway and floor reënforced with concrete, and Toyo and Yoshi might still have been staffing us. Heaven had meant Yoshi to work out her days in the shipyard or boiler factory or whence-ever she emerged to lighter pursuits, but we were willing she should learn here to lead a better life, or even that she should keep on with her rough ways in a house not originally calculated for them. But it was not to be. After one brief year, when Yoshi had fallen downstairs three hundred and sixty-four times—counting out the day Toyo took her to town where she could look into the beautiful shop windows for a treat while he was having his hair cut—the Kutzukis passed out of our life. A cousin of Toyo's in the big city had attained Nirvana, I gathered, in attempting, at an evening session of the Japanese Sons of Democracy and Recreation, to modify unofficially the staid old rites of draw poker; and Toyo must go to settle the estate.

The Good Hired Girls of Other Days

AND now, when I had next heard of the couple, Toyo and the same acrobatic Yoshi were receiving an incredible honorarium of one hundred and eighty dollars a month from a certain family of the idle rich who ought to be above taking poor people's cooks away from them. And more, for Toyo in his new post stipulates for certain evenings off when he assists at banquets and such, thus netting an average of fifty dollars a month in addition to his monstrous one hundred and eighty. Mere pin money, of course, though he doesn't spend it for pins. He sends it to Yokohama with his other money whenever the rate of exchange is markedly in his favor.

And there you have an angle on the present distracting problem of domestic help. Perhaps not in a nutshell, but succinctly enough, remembering that we like these articles to last over into the advertising pages so that you must notice the right kind of belting to use in your factory, and so forth. I mean to say: What about our boasted civilization if we of the better sort must do our own cooking and everything? Won't it make menials of us to do these things for ourselves? True, I have never been able to see that the person who cooks my chops or cleans my other pair of shoes is more a menial—or need perform these valuable services with less dignity—than the one who deletes my appendix or paints my portrait or sings Italian to me in foolish clothes. But I am aware that this is not the common view and I may be wrong. Anyway, in the present world crisis, it is no longer a question of being menial. There are still willing menials in abundance, but willing only for a wage beyond what the run of us can pay, after we have paid taxes on everything from a nut sundae to an overcoat.

I recall a far far time when domestic help was no problem and servants were called hired girls. They worked fourteen hours every day except Sunday, on which day they lolled about in sheer idleness for all but ten hours. And they were paid two dollars a week. Sometimes, after long and faithful service—say, ten years of it—they were raised to two and a half dollars, though it was felt in my town that this would encourage them to spendthrift habits and I believe the peril was seldom incurred. And they were nice friendly hired girls with a warm interest in the family.

I recall one with a broad, kindly red face, who was a learned mathematician and who taught me the mysteries of long division under the kitchen lamp one night when all other succor had failed me and disgrace loomed close ahead. And she was not really a hired girl at all, but a radiantly beautiful princess with long golden hair who had been enchanted by an evil witch and now but awaited a certain glorious prince who would one day ride up on a jeweled white horse to break the bad spell and carry her off to his palace where they would live happily ever after. And the witch had cast her spell with a devilish cunning, because her victim in no single detail remotely suggested a golden-haired princess of rare beauty. But I know it was all true, for she told me so with many charming details; and I was wondrously excited about it, because she promised again and again that I should be taken along to become her page at the palace; which was a delectable prospect, because in a palace you don't have to know long division, or how many grains in a pennyweight or anything silly.

When this being did go out of my life I am afraid it wasn't in the grand way she had told me she would. But I should like now to believe that she and all her vanished sisters of that day were really bewitched princesses who at last came into their own. They deserved no less than a splendid palace and an adoring prince for their hard work and friendly offices. And they were surely the last of their tribe.

It was years later—though still years ago—that I learned hired girls were no more. They had come to be cooks or general houseworkers and their recompense had doubled. To me in the city of New York came Lucy Lee, staunchly priding herself upon membership in the Lee family of Virginia and upon her Brunswick stew. She was of a hue much lower in tone than that of any other Lee it has been my good fortune to know, and indeed her fervent claim to high lineage hung upon the circumstance that her grandfather had been chattel to an authentic Lee.

But there was no quibble about her Brunswick stew. It stays ever a succulent memory. And Lucy Lee was acceptable, even though in the privacy of her boudoir she smoked an inferior tobacco in a bad old pipe; and this in one of those upper West Side flats that are skimpy at the waist and fit too snugly across the shoulders, so that the scandal was notorious. Also she bought unguents advertised in a sheet devoted to her race's interests. One was guaranteed to give Lucy straight tresses like the Spanish beauty's pictured in the advertisement; the other sacredly promised to turn her white after the use of six bottles, its label offering the portrait of a prominent matron of Birmingham, Alabama, who had become a strikingly pale Caucasian in evening dress after only a few applications. And these unguents were to be more than dimly perceived by the sensitive the moment the pipe went out.

Anna Too Had a Vice, and It Was Not Tobacco

The Diagnosis

BUT Brunswick stew that really is Brunswick stew is not to be come by without sacrifice in a world still flawed. Besides, even in those days it was bruited about that help was none too easy found. So Lucy Lee and I parted only at her own wish. Not that I blame her for going. He was a doggish blade with an enviable post in a gilded café; he could play the mandolin, he wore striped garments as elegant as they were audacious and he bore convenient of access upon his person a sports-model razor which he was reputed to wield with such dash and nicety that social affairs graced by his presence, if not actually austere, were likely to pass off with almost no unpleasantness. It was not for me to stand between this one of the Lees and her golden-singing destiny.

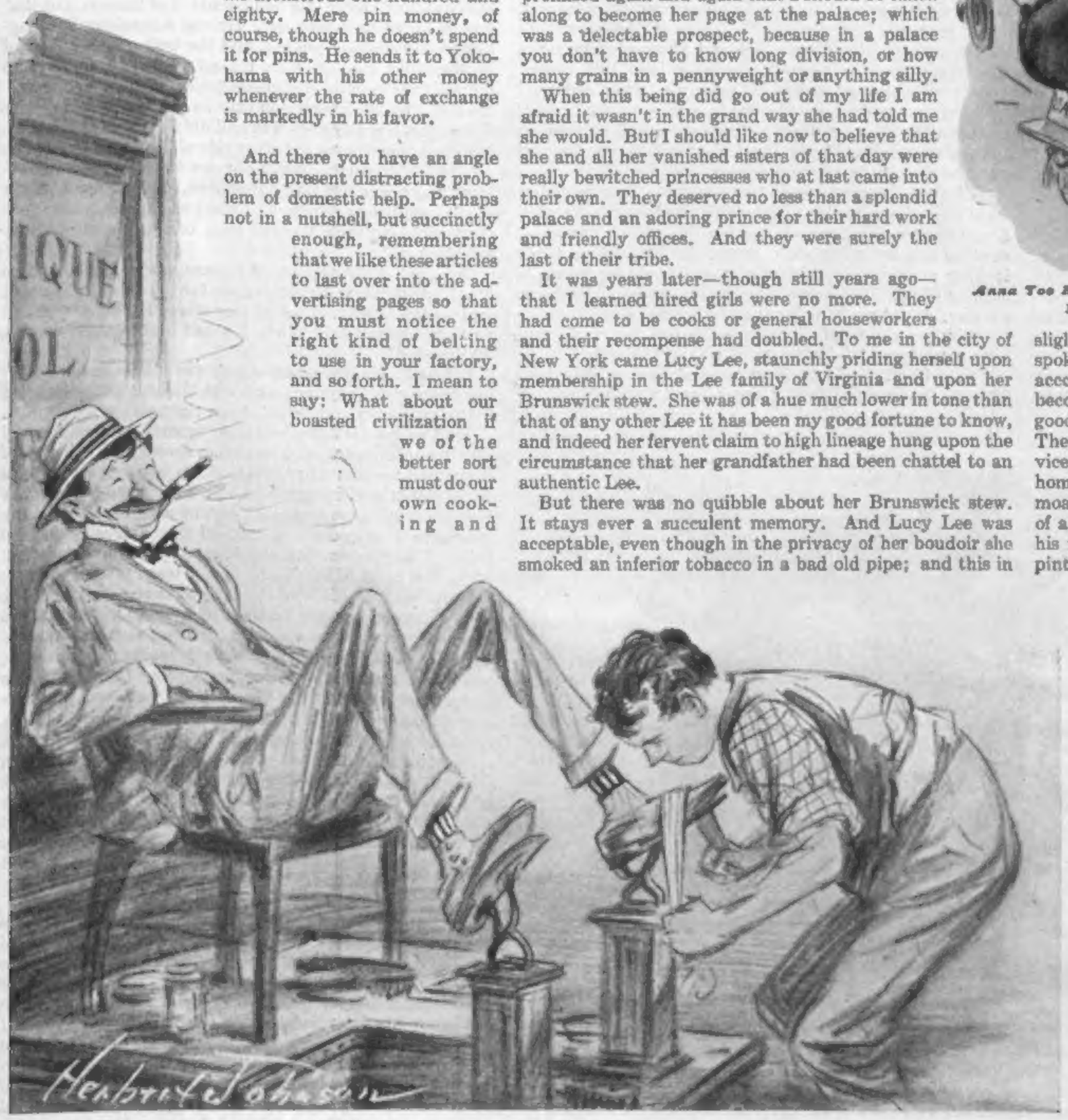
And so Anna came. Anna, to the eye, was ideal; a slight, delicate-featured, middle-aged woman; meek, soft-spoken, a little careworn, very ladylike, but active and an accomplished cook. Ever hopeful, I felt that Anna would become an old family retainer, and I wondered how the good fortune had come to be mine. But only for a week. Then I wondered no more. For Anna, too, had a boudoir vice, and it was not tobacco. There was the attempted homicide, the succeeding collapse of Anna, her piteous moan that she was dying of lumbago, the hurried coming of a medical man, his one cruel glance at the patient and his immediate raking out from under her pillow of four pint flasks labeled Best Old Sour Mash—empty.

I urged Anna to try again, promising to have her attempt at murder compounded quietly, but she had a liking for me and said frankly it would be no use. Too many times she had tried again. She knew what she couldn't do. So very sadly we parted. I know I was quite affected, for Anna was pathetic; but she seemed to be used to partings like ours and even managed a teary little bit of gayety over the thing I found tragic. And her drink-built plan of killing the janitor by calling him as a friend and then dropping heavy bowls and iron pots down the dumb-waiter shaft upon his visible head had been such a pretty plan. I often wonder why it has not been more widely adopted in New York, even by the abstemious.

But enough of New York. There ensued other Lucys and other Annas with insignificant variations, but it is the financial and not the social aspect of this problem that now engages us. I but pause to say that only New Yorkers of a certain age can recall the day when labor of this sort could be had for sixteen dollars a month. Let us turn from the great city to a fair-terraced hillside of Italy where servants of astounding cheapness ministered to the lightest whim of me.

There was Giuseppe, the chef—not a mere cook but a chef, mind you, such as may be seen in the

(Continued on Page 92)



In His Kampus-Kut Suit Pete Mounts the Throne Outside the Unique Pool Parlor and Has the Shoes Made to Glitter

The Metamorphosis of Mary Ann

The Way They Rode—Most of the Time at a Walk and Wes Scared to Death She'd Fall Off—It's a Wonder That They Got to Pass Creek Before the Dance Was Over

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THERE was company for dinner at the Box Elder stage station. Besides the old bullwhacker, who strayed in from his homestead every so often and sometimes oftener, there were two second-season young things from the Circle Bar outfit who had rounded up the horses that they had been sent after much sooner than they or the foreman could have expected and were in no feverish haste to get back to the ranch and some disagreeable form of toil. The stock tender had baked a large pan of sliced bacon, potatoes and onions in peppered and salted layers, with a dredging of flour between the strata; he had spread himself on baking-powder biscuit and the sweets included sorghum molasses, stewed dried raspberries and prunes. "'Most anybody but a Poland China, a Chester White, a Berkshire or a common piney-woods razorback would have considered that a-plenty," the stock tender observed.

"I didn't say it wasn't, did I?" the old bullwhacker protested. "I wasn't hinting. I was just wondering what there was in it. No harm in that, is there? What makes you so dog-gone sensitive, Hank?"

Here the younger of the Circle Bar youths interrupted in his turn.

"She calls me her baby," he announced vainglorously. "That's right. I wisht I had one of her letters here. She writes a daisy letter."

But the stock tender was still smarting under what he thought was a reflection on his hospitality and was not to be diverted.

"I don't know what's in that can," he said severely, addressing the old bullwhacker. "It might be tomatters and it might be peaches or patty deform sparrergrass. There's a chance of it being axle grease. It was there up on that shelf when I come to the station—just the way it is, with the label tore off—so I don't know whether it's oxtail soup or otto of roses. If I opened it up I'd probably be disappointed, and I've had so many disappointments in life that I don't want to risk it. I figured that there was chuck enough without that to satisfy a gentleman that was a gentleman, but ——"

"There was one of these here English lords wanted to marry her when the show was in Omaha," the younger puncher broke in bravely, trying to fix the old bullwhacker with a bright eye. "But not on your tintype! 'I wouldn't wish any,' says she. 'Kind hearts is more than corners,' says she, 'and I ain't got the right kind of a lip for a mouth-piece nohow. Because my name is Birdie don't signify that you can put me in no gilded cage. You hear me warble?' That's what she told him. Sure! She could have married rich more times than I've got fingers and toes. I wisht I had the picture of her that she give me. She wrote on it: 'From Birdie to Her Baby.' Oh, I'm solid!"

"I reckon you are—all above the roof of your mouth," said his companion.

"Birdie's baby" made an angry rejoinder and there might have been trouble but for the diplomatic intervention of the old bullwhacker, who opined that the heads of the disputants were equally soft, and turned the conversation to prunes. At the end of the repast the elder of the boys drew the short straw and remained to wash the dishes, while the rest sought the shade at the back of the barn. There the stock tender, who had recovered his good humor, expressed unbounded admiration and some envy of the Circle Bar infant's audacity and powers of fascination.

"It gets me!" he owned. "I s'pose it's knowing that you've got that handsome face and them winning ways that gives you the nerve to brace a lady like Birdie. Didn't even have a letter of introduction to her, did you? Nothing but your month's wages and —— Well, well! Listen to that, Sam, will you? Why here's me and Sam has been a-worshiping Birdie from afar for—le' me see; it must be clost on to thirty years, ain't it, Sam?"

"Clost on," agreed the old bullwhacker. "She was quite a kid them days; couldn't have been much more'n twenty-five, I reckon. Yes, we was too bashful—Hank and me—even to ask her what she'd drink. It takes these good-looking young and impetuous cusses like Bud here—or Wesley Clow. Wes was a considerable gone on Birdie in his day. Want me to tell you about it, Bud?"

"You're a couple of old liars, the both of you," said Bud with a red face. "I don't care. Tell all you want."

The old bullwhacker shifted his chair back a little more into the shade, and after settling himself comfortably and coughing ceremoniously in the approved after-dinner fashion proceeded to tell all about it.

. . . . . .

Wesley wasn't no such a superb speciment of robust young manhood as what you are, I'm bound to admit, Buddy. He hadn't got your high polish nor your easy gracefulness nor your bearskin chaps nor nothing; not even the neck shave you're sporting. The first time I seen Wesley there was a fluff all over his cheeks that made a man want to hold a match to and touch it off, and his hair had been cut with a cold chisel on the edge of the chopping block. He had heard tell of barbers, but that was as far as he'd ever got. He was a considerable long-legged and knobby-jointed, and the butternut pants and hickory shirt that he wore looked as if he'd made them himself from memory and guessed short at the arms and legs. He give you the impression that he was a-wondering why things was the way they was and didn't it beat the Dutch. We was camped over the other side of White River waiting for low water with a bunch of cows when he came a-wabbling and a-weaving into our visions. Them days I wasn't in the freighting profession. I was just a common ord'nary cowpunch—as far's I could be a common and ord'nary anything.

Well, as I was a-saying. Wes came a-weaving into camp afoot. And naturally picking me for the boss of the outfit he told me howdy. I asked him where his horse was and he says "buzzards." Then I asked him which-a-way he was headed.

"If you'll tell me which-a-way the vittles is I reckon I can show you," says he; and with that his knees wabbled worse than ever and he sat down right sudden.

Well we got his backbone away from the skin in front of him by interposing and wedging about half a kettle of beans and various other foodstuffs in between and after a while he felt well enough to tell his sad story. Seemed like he come from some place in Missouri where the land was a considerable upended and some of the citizens could read print. One of them literary characters, who owned clost on to ten head of cattle, besides a team of mules and a wagon, found a piece of newspaper that told about the Belle Fourche country where a man could get a hundred and sixty acres all in one place, covered with grass and so flat that a cow could climb it 'most anywheres and turn round in a wide circle without falling off. The paper made it out better than that, but this here mountain cattle king had made his success in life by allowing for breakage and the disposition of a hen in figuring how many chickens he'd get from a setting of eggs. Anyway he started for the Belle Fourche and took Wes along with him, but when he struck the Nebraska line he found a hundred and sixty that was flat as a flatiron all over. So he stayed there, and Wes—being that kind—went on.

"It was three days ago my horse up and died on me," said Wes. "The old fool must have tried to graze offn a rattlesnake, which is certainly the worstest kind of pasturage. Anyway the snake bit him on the nose and he swelled up and went hence. I toted the saddle quite a ways, but it got too heavy for me and I finally drapped it. Yesterday about noon, when I was plumb tuckered out and wondering where all the folks lived round this section, I heard a horse a-coming

"Wesley Wasn't No Such a Superb Speciment of Robust Young Manhood As What You Are, I'm Bound to Admit, Buddy"

along at a pretty good clip behind me and when I looked I seen there was a man on him. I waited for him just by a little coulee that was growed over with a right smart of sagebrush and greasewood, and in a minute or two he pulled up a likely looking roan beside me and asked me if I was traveling or going somewheres and what my name was and where did I come from.

"I didn't like the way one of his eyes follered a twist in his nose, but I told him my name was Wesley Clow and that I come from near Taneyville and was a-going to the Belle Fourche.

"'Why, you must be Old Man Clow's boy!' says he. 'The offspring of my dear old friend. Who'd have thought of seeing you out here? Shake, Wesley! Put her there, son! Well, well! And how's all the folks round Taneyville?'

"'You knowed my pappy then?' I says.

"'Knowed him!' says he. He looked over his shoulder and I looked where he was a-looking and seen a little dust rising away back yander on the trail.

"'Because if you was a friend of pappy's and you've got any vittles in that roll ——' I says.

"He hopped offn his horse right sudden and begun to loosen his cinches. 'I hain't got no grub,' he says, 'but here's what I'll do: Can you ride bareback? Well, you just take this here horse of mine for a present and ride him. That's all right; I owe your dear kind old pappy a heap more'n that—a heap! You're welcome as the flowers in May. Take him and ride him like hell straight along the trail west about twenty miles and you'll make a good place to stay overnight. Good bed and elegant grub. Tell 'em I sent you and that you're a friend of mine and they'll treat you like a prince and potentate. Only you've got to make time or you'll get catched in the dark. I'm going to wait here until some of my men come along with a bunch of my horses. Like as not I'll see you in the morning. Now let's see how Old Man Clow's boy can ride.'

"Well, Sir, Gentlemen, There Was Five in the Party, and All of the Guns Was a-Pointing My Way, So I Done What They Wished"

"He talked right tonguey, and all the while he was taking off his saddle, which had a blanket roll and a good rope and a carbine tied to it, and by the time he stopped talking he had me hoisted on the roan and had started us off with a slap. I didn't have time to edge in a word.

"Well, I went. I couldn't do no other way. But I looked back once and seen him ducking down into the coulee and it seemed like he was moving quick. That roan was some considerable and he felt so good under me that I didn't do much thinking for the first mile or two. Then I sort of wondered.

"If that stranger with the twisted nose owed my pappy so much as a dollar and got out of Taney County alive without paying it he was some considerable too.

"Yet if such was so and my old man had forgot himself and done a kind action there didn't seem to be no good reason why I shouldn't get the good of it. Then I kind of wondered about the blanket roll and why there wasn't no vittles in it to go with the fry-pan handle that I seen sticking out, and that made me think of the vittles that was a-waiting for me twenty miles ahead on the trail—and the good bed. I thumped a heel into Roaney's side and made time.

"After a while I slacked up and then pretty soon I chanced for to look back and I seen dust a-coming and made out men a-horseback in it.

"They was a-coming lively too—gaining on me—and I couldn't have that. I'd show 'em how Old Man Clow's boy could ride. I done that. When I next looked back there wasn't no dust in sight, so I jogged a piece and I was still going that-a-way when Roaney stumbled and throwed me over his head. When I got up I seen that he had made up his mind to feed round not less'n two rods off from me and I was so interested trying to get closer so's I could jump and grab the bridle rein that it was quite a surprise when somebody hollered to me to throw up my hands.

"Well, sir, gentlemen, there was five in the party, and all of the guns was a-pointing my way, so I done what they wished; and they throwed a rope on me and wound it round and round, though I offered to give them the twelve dollars I had on me without no trouble if they'd give me my horse and turn me loose. They was so busy talking about some fool cottonwood tree that one of them knowed about a mile or so from where we was that they didn't pay no attention to what I was saying. But finally one of them asked me where I got the roan and I told him. Another—the one that knowed where the tree was—allowed that I was lying and if I wasn't I was too big a fool to be let live. I don't know how he figured that I was a fool. I told him so and I told him I could whip him and some more things. Then another fellow spoke up and he allowed that if they didn't lose no time getting back to the coulee they might get the this-that-and-t'other yet—if he hadn't rustled another horse. They certainly talked mighty curious. Anyway they settled it by tying my legs and leaving me a-laying there on the ground, and I ain't telling no lie when I say that the moon was away up and the coyotes was howling mighty close before one of them come back and untied me.

"'We got your friend,' he says mighty cheerful. 'I thought I'd come and get that rope of mine. It's a good one and I'd hate to lose it.'

"'You didn't bring my horse back,' I says; and he laughed like it was a good joke. I was so mad I'd a notion not to take the drink he offered me and I wouldn't ask him no more questions. He told me where your camp was, but I didn't ask him that. Mighty curious doings! I can't make head, tail nor middle of them."

That was Wes' account of it about the way he told it. You can see what kind of a boy he was—simple-minded and trusting. I took quite a shine to him—remembering bygone days forever fled, when I too was simple-minded and trusting, and got the dirty end of it every time. "Here's a boy what needs the eagle eye of observation on his doings and the whispering voice of wisdom and the finger and thumb of authority at his ear," I says to myself. "What Wes ought to have ain't not only the guiding hand of experience on the scruff of his neck, but the elevating influence of a noble example. Associations and contacts with a man like me would be the making of Wes," says I to myself—and it would be a heap of sport to have him round.

With them thoughts I went to Dan Scott, who was mismanaging the T A N Ranch about that time, and I seen to it that he offered Wes a job with us; and then I took up the duty of educating the boy with the whole-souled and willing help of every kind-hearted waddy on the ranch. There was some things that Wes knowed already—like straight-up, and coming in out of the rain, and beans when the bag was open, and pounding sand in a rat hole if the directions was on the hammer handle; but in other respects there was much to be wished for. The cookstove was a real curiosity to him, and it was quite a while before he could get over the idea of water running out of a faucet by just turning that little contraption at the top, and he turned pale when he first seen an egg beater operating. Most of us up-to-date fellows had got beyond and apast regarding alarm clocks and coal-oil lamps as startling novelties, but where Wes was raised they hadn't got discontented with roosters and the good old reliable nonexplosive tallow dip if firelight wasn't good enough for you. But I'm bound to say that the boy learned. In a week or so it begun to look as if I'd run out of things to explain to him and give him wise counselings about—and then come a morning call from Mary Ann.

It's kind of curious, but when I was a-looking at that can you're a-holding out on your friends Mary Ann come right into my head. Not but what in some respects sometimes women is a heap like canned goods, being as you can tell by looking at a can in a general way what it is. It ain't but seldom anywheres equal to the picture on the label; but you can say, "This here's peaches," or "This here's plain pork and beans," as the label may be; but Mary Ann kind of seemed to have her label tore off.

Most all you seen of her was a sunbonnet and an old no-shape calico dress—and only the upper half of the dress account of a long no-color riding skirt. She was riding a big rangy sorrel with collar marks on his shoulders, and when I tell you that the boys looked twice at the horse for once they looked at her you can sort of figure that she wasn't no dream of beauty. Nor yet she wasn't no sight to make a man shudder. Back in under her sunbonnet there was a young girl's face that wasn't none too rosy nor not too well filled out; she had kind of dark eyes and was dark complected and her mouth didn't look as if it had a habit of smiling, though there wasn't no sour pucker

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The Mind of the U-Boat Officer

By Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman, R. N. V. R.

Official Correspondent With the Grand Fleet and Member of Staff of Allied Naval Armistice Commission

KIPLING'S "We know what heaven or hell may bring, but no man knoweth the heart of a king" might just as well have been written of the mind of the German U-boat commander. The man who endeavors to pin the latter out on a board and chart it with square and compass will find himself confronted with a hopeless task; this partly for lack of any adequate standards of measurements or comparison, and partly because so much of the really useful information on the subject is not available for reference through having been sent to the bottom of the sea.

"There is no use trying to judge a U-boat skipper's acts by thinking what you yourself would have done under the circumstances," I once heard the commander of a British K-boat say in the course of a discussion in a submarine depot ship wardroom as to why the Leinster had been torpedoed—one of the most barbarous acts of the kind in the whole war, it will be remembered—but a few days before the armistice.

Floating Dock for U-Boats at Kiel. S. M. S. Verdun in the Foreground

Prisoners of Two Types

"I'VE hunted a season or two in India," he went on, "and I used to pride myself that I could come jolly near figuring out what had been in the mind of any kind of a brute from a jackal to a Bengal tiger from the way he had treated his prey. But I'm free to confess that the Hun U-boat skipper has me beat. Not all that I've ever learned of the ways of man or beast has ever given me any sure line on what the captain of a German submarine was going to do, or why he did it after it was done." When an officer who has been hunting U-boats for four years makes such a confession of his inability to fathom the workings of the mind of the German submarine commander, it would be as idle as presumptuous for me to endeavor to draw any conclusions on that subject from observations that were comparatively limited.

What I am doing, therefore, is merely setting down some account of what I heard or saw of certain U-boat officers and men—either during the war, as prisoners, or immediately after the armistice, in connection with my visit to Germany with the Allied Naval Commission—leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The professions or confessions of prisoners on any subject were of little value as a rule under any conditions. If he kept his nerve, whatever a captured man had to tell was generally something he had been carefully schooled in in advance for the purpose of deceiving—not enlightening—his captors. If he had lost his nerve, on the other hand, say from being long exposed to shellfire or from being depth-charged beneath the sea, he was usually as incapable of telling the truth as of telling a lie.

Survivors of U-boats proved to be especially difficult to extract information from, both because they were men of more than the average nerve and determination and because especial attention was given to instructing them as to what to say and do in event of capture. The only information one was likely to get from them usually came through some naïve admission, the significance of which the man who made it had not foreseen. An especially enlightening remark of this character was the one blurted out by a U-boat officer I chanced to have an opportunity to speak to in Ireland last summer.

He had been second in command of one of several submarines which engaged in a carefully concerted attack upon Allied shipping in the North Atlantic in July—the last big effort of the kind the Germans were to make, as it turned out.

The climax of this campaign was the torpedoing of the Justicia, one of the two or three largest ships lost by submarine action during the war.

A British Steamer With Deck Load of Barrels of Turpentine Beginning to List After Being Torpedoed by a U-Boat. The Photograph Was Taken From a British Seaplane

Among the three or four U-boats that paid the penalty of participation in this attack was the one I have mentioned, which succumbed to depth charges dropped by the British destroyer Marne. Most of the crew were rescued, and by an unfortunate coincidence — to them — they were being conveyed south for transshipment to England at the same time the survivors of the torpedoed Justicia were being taken to Liverpool.

At a certain junction in the south of Ireland the special bearing three or four hundred cold, wet, mad-all-the-way-through survivors of the sunken Justicia pulled in on the next track. They vented their righteous wrath upon the prisoners.

To my eternal regret I missed the affair in the station. I had been almost in sight of the Marmora when she was torpedoed and sunk a day or two previously, and was in no very kindly frame of mind toward Hun U-boat crews myself at the time. But I did come up with the surviving German prisoners where they were waiting at a south-coast port for a boat to England.

The Hun's Unblushing Statement

Something of what they had been through may be judged from the fact that part of them were finishing their journey on stretchers, while of the remainder there was not a man whose outraged anatomy was not encircled with at least one bandage. It was to one of the least mussed-up of the latter—a two-stripe lieutenant who said he had been an officer of a Kosmos Line steamer on the South American run before the war—I was allowed to speak.

He was one of the angriest men I have ever seen, less on account of the beating he had received, it seemed, than because a fellow all dirty like a stoker had added insult to injury by wearing away his cap after giving him a kick in the stomach and a blow on the mouth. It was his indignation doubtless that made him somewhat more reckless of speech than he otherwise would have been.

"I cannot der reason see vy ve vas attack at all," he said thickly through puffed lips and bandages. "Ve only makes der var in der regular vay by sinking der transpordt, chust like der Allies themselves do. Now if ve had been der U-XX, mit der Kapitan Y——, who alvays sheils der lifeboat, then I could understand vy your men want to beat us. But ve alvays make the var fair und square und ve deserve not this bad dreatment."

That was the most interesting admission I ever heard a German U-boat prisoner make—or ever even heard of one's making for that matter. He mentioned both boat and captain by name. The number of the boat I do not recall at the moment, but it was among those that survived the war to be surrendered to the British at Harwich. The name

of the officer was one already marked by the British Admiralty for attention after the war, in case he was not brought to reckoning—as so many of his kind were—in the ordinary course of events. I refrain from mentioning it here because these lines may appear before it is published to the world, after the signing of the Peace Treaty, in the blacklist of those who the Allies are demanding shall be given up for trial.

I have never quite been able to make up my mind respecting the significance of this incident. Any way you look at it, it was a bad break on the part of the officer in question; and it was doubtless just as well for him that none of his mates overheard what he said. There are no two ways either about its having been a treacherous utterance, both toward the officer he condemned—or pretended to condemn—and to the service the two of them belonged to.

Why Did He Do It?

BUT what has always interested me most to speculate upon was as to whether or not he was sincere in his condemnation. As I gathered what seemed to me conclusive evidence later in Germany, there were a few officers in the U-boat service who, unable to find suitable work elsewhere, tried to play what was at best a dirty game as decently as they could. It has occurred to me as just possible that the officer in question was one of these, though this would hardly square with the spiteful and unmanly character of his action. There is also the remote possibility that he held a personal grudge against the officer he mentioned and took that contemptible means of involving him in trouble. If that was the case he was taking coals to Newcastle. The man's record was already so black that there was nothing further to learn that could have besmirched it more. His name had already had a prominent place on the Admiralty blacklist for many months.

Six-Pounder of a British Battleship in Operation Against a U-Boat

Though it was very seldom that any regular German naval officer or man was heard to say anything against the U-boat service, those of the former German merchant marine were found to observe far less reticence. German mine sweepers were largely manned by ex-merchant marine sailors and fishermen, and many of these who fell into British hands were more than outspoken in the matter of the way the U-boat war had been conducted. Their strictures appear to have been based less on humanitarian grounds than on the fact that they fancied they were the ones upon whom most of the weight of retaliation for U-boat outrages fell.

During the last two years of the war the British Navy laid mines incessantly in the Skager-Rack and Helgoland Bight, at the same time keeping up persistent raids with light cruisers against the German sweepers endeavoring to clear away the steadily augmenting barrages of high explosive. On account of the extremely efficient seaplane and Zeppelin reconnaissance maintained by the Germans from stations at Borkum, Norderney, Sylt, Nordholz and Tondern, these raids were always slap-bang tip-and-run affairs, with a slashing quarter hour of long-range practice on the scurrying sweepers and a run back to the protecting wings of the squadron or two of British battle cruisers lurking behind the mists to westward to ambush any German ships of their own class that might be lured into pursuit. Occasionally there was time to dash in and pick up survivors from the sunken mine sweepers; more often there was not, especially after the day in which a Zeppelin tried to drop bombs on the whaler of a British destroyer that was trying to fish out a number of German sailors at their last gasp in a choppy sea. The funny thing about it was that all the men who fell into British hands in this way talked as if they were far more bitter against their own U-boats than against the cruisers that had sunk their sweepers. It seemed to be a common belief among the men of these sweepers that the real reason why only about one in ten of them ever got picked up was because the British deliberately left them to drown in retaliation for outrages they knew the U-boats had committed.

The German people, the German Army and even many of the men and officers of the German surface navy may have been deceived as to many of the worst crimes of U-boat commanders; but the men of the German mine sweepers had seen and heard too much at first hand to have any illusions on the subject. They knew what the U-boats had coming to them, and it was doubtless because they felt they themselves were being made to feel the weight of punishment inflicted for acts committed by others that they felt so bitterly against the Unterseeboot service generally.

A Fatal Rescue

THE captain of a destroyer which had taken part in one of these raids told me a grim story illustrative of the attitude of the men of the mine sweepers toward the U-boats. Several sweepers had been surprised and sunk, and as there were no menacing smoke clouds mounting from the eastern horizon to herald the coming of German battle cruisers, the destroyers, taking advantage of their comparatively light draft, spent some hours cruising about over the half-swept mine fields in search of survivors.

Two men were picked up from one patch of wreckage and lines were about to be thrown to a half-swamped boat a mile or so farther along when something looking very much like a periscope was sighted a couple of points on the starboard bow.

Fire was opened at once with the foremost gun, unluckily just as the two panic-stricken prisoners—who were still on the forecastle where they had been fished up—rushed across in front of the depressed muzzle. Not until a second and a third shot had proved that the supposed periscope was a floating spar was there a chance to survey the result of the tragedy on the forecastle. Only the half of one man was ever found. The rest of him had been blown overboard together with the blast-crushed body of his mate.

A few minutes later the destroyer had turned back and picked up the men in the damaged boat. The gunnery officer of the destroyer started to explain to them in his fragmentary German what had happened. He got to the point where the supposed U-boat periscope came in when—to his surprise—he was interrupted by a guffaw of delighted laughter from his auditors. They had understood him to say—as he learned presently from one of them who spoke a

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A British Naval Airship Struck by a Shell From a German Submarine

A Steamer at the Moment of Being Blown Up by Bombs Planted by U-Boats

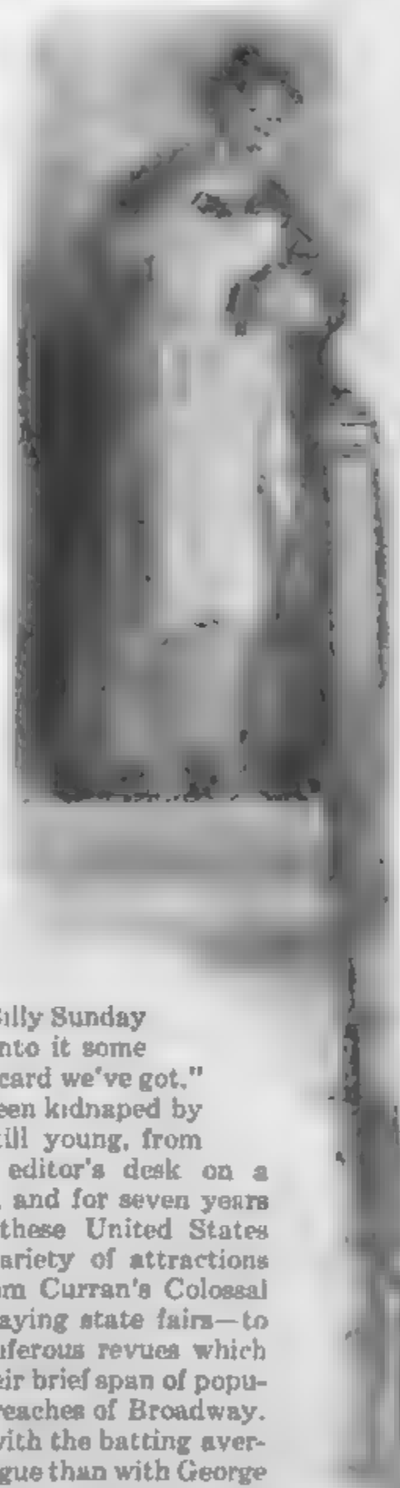
PIE FOR THE PRESS AGENT

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JIMMY MARTIN, press agent of Meyerfield's Frolics, had run out of ideas and the thought worried him. He dropped into a chair in the rear end of the club car and let himself slowly slide forward until his shoulder blades nearly touched the seat. He swung one leg over the other, wedged both hands into his trousers pockets and puffed viciously at the somewhat frayed cigarette which hung from one corner of his mouth.

Somehow or other his brain wasn't functioning properly. It wasn't yielding up the customary assortment of bizarre ideas and freak suggestions from which he was always able to select one particular inspiration to serve the need of the moment. To make the situation more exasperating the last words of Meyerfield kept bobbing up in his train of thought. He could see him as he stood in the lobby of the New Capital Theater in Washington the night before, smoking the inevitable cigar, and talking in a loud booming voice.



"Remember," Meyerfield had announced with great impressiveness, "I want you to smear us all over the front page in Baltimore. We've never played the Frolics there and we've got to have 'em properly introduced. I'm depending on you to plant something that will stir that town up like the first night of a Billy Sunday season. Get the girls into it some way. They're the best card we've got."

Jimmy Martin had been kidnaped by a small circus while still young, from an assistant sporting editor's desk on a Middle Western paper, and for seven years he had been touring these United States ahead of an infinite variety of attractions ranging all the way from Curran's Colossal Carnival Company—playing state fairs—to the more or less splendiferous revues which have their origin and their brief span of popularity along the middle reaches of Broadway.

Being more familiar with the batting averages of the National League than with George Henry Lewes' Actors and the Art of Acting, and being utterly incapable of writing a didactic essay on The Psychology of Laughter, Jimmy had never been cast for one of the so-called kid-glove jobs in the theatrical profession, that being the name given to the positions held by the literati who seek and occasionally obtain publicity for the highbrow drama. He was not of the chosen company of the sleek and self-satisfied elect. Elegantly written stories and gracefully worded little pieces—supposedly composed by charming feminine stars—meant nothing in his young and energetic life. Stunts were what he specialized in, the creation of news that was so unusual, so bizarre, so full of human interest that the newspapers were obliged to print it and assign their own reporters to write it up.

He wasn't dignified; his conversation reeked with slang and his methods sometimes offended against all the established canons of good taste, but he sometimes landed with one foot and not infrequently with both.

As he slouched in moody dejection on the morning express train out of Washington the memory of a hundred spectacular exploits he had engineered swam through his mind. He was just beginning his first season with Meyerfield, and that worthy was a showman who expected results. He was receiving the largest salary of his life and he was ahead of the biggest and the smartest musical comedy on tour. And yet he couldn't fasten on an idea that hadn't been worked and reworked.

He turned and looked out at the endless procession of fleeing telegraph poles and the dreary landscape apparently afloat in a shimmering haze of mist which had followed a morning rain. He was roused from his reveries by a pleasant voice, a voice with something a bit precious in its soft cadences, a voice that betokened a rather too thick overlay of what Jimmy scornfully called "culchaw."

"Good morning, Mr. Martin," said the voice. "What's the matter? You seem sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Jimmy turned and recognized the speaker, a tall young man who wore enormous tortoise-shell spectacles, an impeccable two-button cutaway and a smile in which there was a touch of supercilious superiority that was fascinating to watch. He was one of Jimmy's pet aversions, a highbrow press agent—J. Herbert Denby by name—who was doing a little special literary work, as he himself described it, ahead of a company that was presenting a repertoire of dank and morbid Scandinavian plays on tour. He had been associate editor of a literary magazine and had written a number of choice essays on what he called the new movement in the theater, which had been published in more or less obscure periodicals and which had been undoubtedly unread by a vast multitude of persons. He was now enjoying his first experience in the business world of the theater and had met Jimmy a few nights before in Washington. His abysmal ignorance of practicalities had roused a sympathetic feeling in the latter, which had been later completely dissipated by his patronizing manner. His company was to be Jimmy's opposition in Baltimore and he was journeying there on the same errand that Jimmy was.

"Good morning," grunted Jimmy. "What's that you say?"

"I say that you seem sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," responded Mr. Denby, sitting down in the next chair with great deliberation and carefully disposing of the tails of his coat. "By that I mean that you seem lost in abstraction, as it were."

Della, the Cook, Was Frozen in Her Tracks by a Blistering Exclamation Which Came Up Out of the Hall Below

"Not as it were," replied Jimmy. "As it is. I'm certainly lost in abstraction all right, all right, only I never called it that before. The old idea box ain't workin' right. It's back-firin' on me."

"What's the problem?" asked Mr. Denby judicially. "Maybe I can be of some slight assistance. We represent opposite poles of the world of the theater, but an interchange of thought may clear up the situation."

"The problem is one that can't be cleared up by a flossy little piece of writin' marked 'Not duplicated in your city,' old scout," replied Jimmy disconsolately. "Essays ain't any more use in this situation than currycombs in a garage."

Amazement, Incredulity, Bewilderment, Chagrin, Unholy Rage Were Depicted Upon the Countenance of Mrs. Chadwick

"But perhaps I may be able to venture a practical suggestion that might be of value," persisted the other.

"Practical suggestion!" snorted Jimmy. "Not a chance. You fellows are all right, I guess, for this Ibsen stuff, but you don't know anything about girl shows—not a single little thing."

"I presume you mean the chorus girls," suggested Mr. Denby. "Do you wish to use them in some way for publicity purposes?"

"You're talking," said Jimmy. "I not only wish to; I've got to. I've got to smear 'em over the front page of at least one paper in Baltimore to keep my job. And, believe me, Baltimore is some tight town when it comes to handin' out space for the show shops. The lid's on and you've got to murder someone to get it off."

Mr. J. Herbert Denby cocked his head at a thoughtful angle and gazed judicially through his spectacles. "It mightn't be a bad idea," he finally said, weighing every word carefully, "to get a delegation of prominent citizens to meet them at the station with automobiles. Had you thought of that?"

Jimmy turned a look of concentrated scorn on him that would have caused an ordinary mortal to shrivel up and pass quietly and unobtrusively into a state of complete dissolution, but it had no such effect on J. Herbert. He simply smiled a superior smile and awaited an answer.

"And it would be a good stunt too," snapped Jimmy, "to get the governor of the state to dance the tango with Madeline La Verne in the waiting room of the station, and to arrange to have the professors at the university carry all the girls on their backs up to the hotel. For the love of Mike, talk sense, man!"

"Of course they would have to be extremely prominent citizens," went on J. Herbert Denby, utterly ignoring Jimmy's biting sarcasm: "the leading men of the city. It might be possible to arrange to have them go over to Washington in their cars and bring the young ladies to Baltimore in them instead of just meeting them at the station. That would add a touch of piquancy that ——"

He got no further, for Jimmy choked off utterance by springing up and grabbing both his hands in wild exultation, almost upsetting the porter, who was emptying a bottle of mineral water for the man in the next seat.

"You've got it, you old highbrow son of a gun!" he shouted. "You don't know how good it is yourself. You know that old stuff about 'and a child shall lead them on'? Well, that's you. No offense, mind you, no offense, but you are a child in this line. I've got a notion to kiss you right out in public."

J. Herbert backed away and almost landed in the lap of a stout party who was reading a paper.

"Please don't," he murmured. "Please don't, I pray. It would embarrass me fearfully."

The stout party turned to his companion and spoke quietly under the cover of his hand.

"Nuts," he confided. "Pure Brazilian."

Jimmy bade J. Herbert Denby a most enthusiastic farewell at the station in Baltimore.

"There's a dinner coming to you, old George B. Bookworm," he shouted as he jumped into a taxicab; "a nice young dinner with a little grape on the side lines and no stops for way stations when we get our feet under the table. See you later, old dear."

II

JIMMY arrived at the Lyric Theater in that glow of exultant feeling which every great artist should feel when driven to accomplishment by the urge of a great

imaginative idea. He dashed through the lobby, pushed his way through a swinging door adjoining the ticket window marked Manager's Office and leaned over a desk at which was seated a slender man with what might be called an old-young face, a face on which disillusionment and blasé boredom seemed indelibly stamped. This was George Seymour, manager of the theater, popularly known among traveling theatrical men as the human icicle because of his inborn and inherent distaste for humanity as a whole and for press agents in particular. With an architect Mr. Seymour was going over a set of plans for the remodeling of the entrance of the theater and he seemed supremely busy, but this little detail didn't faze Jimmy.

"Well, Georgie, old man," he said breezily, "here we are back again, and this time we've brought the big idea along for a little visit. I want you to meet him."

He slipped his hat down on the blue print in front of Mr. Seymour, completely obliterating the graceful outlines of the architect's new front elevation, and swung himself up to a seat on the edge of the desk. A dangerous glint crept into Mr. Seymour's eyes as he unconsciously fingered a heavy brass paper weight at the right of Jimmy's hat.

"Perhaps," he said in a voice whose quiet intensity was deadly in its menace—"perhaps you may not have noticed that I'm busy, Mr. Martin. I'm not interested in any big ideas just now except the one I'm discussing with this gentleman."

"Forget that," said Jimmy jauntily, pulling a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it, while Mr. Seymour glowered at him. "That's just an old blue print for some improvement or other that can wait. My big idea can't wait. I've got to put it over right now. And you've got to help me."

Mr. Seymour's architect, a precise man unused to such unceremonious business methods, laughed quietly.

"I guess, Seymour," he said, "you'd better hear what he has to say. I've got a few minutes to spare. I'll go into the next room. Persistence seems to be this gentleman's middle name."

Mr. Seymour, loath to give in, looked round helplessly. Jimmy leaned over and deftly flecked a bit of cigar ashes from the lapel of the manager's coat, a maneuver which sent his stock down ten points more.

"Stick round, old man," he said pleasantly to the architect. "I don't mind if you hear what I've got to say, and I'm sure Georgie won't either."

"Don't 'Georgie' me, my friend," replied Seymour. "State your business and get it over with. The only way I can get rid of you without calling for the police, I suppose, is to listen to you."

"Well, it's this way," said Jimmy eagerly: "I've got to smear the Frolics girls all over the front page of one of your newspapers, and I've got an idea how to do it. Now don't stop and pull that 'it can't be done' gag on me. That's the pet line of every house manager from Bangor to San Diego. Every time you spring a new one they throw up their mitts and tell you that 'it can't be done.' Clean the sand out of your running gear and go along with me on this one for once in your life."

Mr. Seymour raised a protesting hand and tried to break in, but Jimmy rattled on.

"I'm going to pull a story," he continued, "that a bunch of prominent members of the Washington Automobile Club are going to take all the girls for a joy ride next Sunday morning to a point midway between Washington and Baltimore and that another bunch of leading citizens—members of the automobile club of your own fair city—are going to pick 'em up there in their cars and bring 'em into town. Ain't it a great little idea?"

A sardonic smile brightened the face of the cynical Mr. Seymour. "It's certainly a great little idea, Mr. Martin," he said, "and I have no doubt that all the city editors will be so grateful to you for letting them in on the story that they will have gold medals struck off commemorating the event."

The underlying sarcasm of this speech did not check Jimmy's enthusiasm.

"Of course someone will have to stand for the story," he said. "I'm not going up cold to any paper with a yarn like that and expect 'em to fall for it without some confirmation. What I want you to do is to tip me off to some friend of yours—some nice agreeable party who's a member of the club and whose name carries a lot of class, a party who's a good-enough scout to help a fellow in a pinch. I'll talk him into standing for the yarn, and slipping me a list of names. Can't you suggest someone?"

Mr. Seymour's eyes gleamed maliciously. He leaned over and grasped Jimmy's arm in a pretense of great friendliness.

"I know just the man!" he said. "Just the man!"

"Well, slip me his name," replied Jimmy. "I'll get to him before lunch."

"Donald McDonald's the man," said Mr. Seymour. "He's the vice president of the club and the president of the Merchants' Trust Company. He's a jovial jolly good fellow who'd be tickled to death to stand for a stunt like that. Just mention my name. There's no doubt in the world but what he'll help us out. Is there, Larabee?"

Mr. Larabee, the architect, who was having a desperate time trying to smother a chuckle, assumed an expression of great wisdom and remarked:

"You couldn't have suggested a better choice, Seymour."

"His office is on the eleventh floor of the Merchants Trust Building," broke in Seymour. "Two blocks down and one block to the right."

Jimmy jumped down from the desk, jabbed on his hat and started for the door.

"Thanks, fellows, for the tip," he called back over his shoulder. "I'll see you in a little while."

As the door swung after him Seymour turned to Larabee and burst into a Mephistophelean laugh that would have been a credit to the late Lewis Morrison. "Larabee," he said, "they'll pick him up in pieces down on the sidewalk just two minutes after he hits McDonald's office. Can you imagine anyone going to that old boy with a fool idea like that? Can you imagine it?"

"You certainly picked the last man in the world," agreed Larabee. "Chorus girls and automobiles to meet 'em and a theatrical press agent! Seymour, I really believe he won't live long enough even to tell the doctor his name."

"Good Morning, Mr. Martin. What's the Matter? You Seem Sicklied O'er With the Pale Cast of Thought"

III

IT WAS midafternoon when Jimmy Martin returned to the Lyric Theater. He breezed into George Seymour's office with a grin on his face and an air of assurance that rather flabbergasted the manager.

"Well, Georgie," he said, "you certainly gave me the right dope. I landed buttered side up. Fine fellow, McDonald. Great personality. Best little old scout I've met in years."

"You saw him?" gasped Seymour incredulously.

"Saw him?" echoed Jimmy. "I should say I did. I lunched with him over at the Bankers' Club and I've been out for a ride on the boulevard with him in his car. Fixed me up all right, and he's going to stand for everything."

"What brand of dope is that you use, Martin?" inquired the manager sarcastically. "I'd like to recommend it to some of my friends."

"Come down off the flying rings, Georgie," retorted Jimmy. "What are you up in the air about? Didn't you sic me onto him, and didn't he run to form just as you said he would? How's this for a reception committee?"

Jimmy reached in his coat pocket and drew out a folded piece of paper.

"Some class to that bird," he said. "He had the little old stenographer write it out for me. Here's the names: Jonathan Wilde, president of the Kewanee Packing Company; Judson Davis, secretary and general manager of the Twistwool Knitting Company; Horace Chadwick, president of the Oystermen's First National Bank; Col. Hannibal Dangerfield, president of the Carrolton Country Club; Jefferson Tait, retired, gentleman; Henry Quinby Blugsden, Maximilian Hendricks, Marshall ——"

"Stop!" shouted Seymour. "You mean to tell me that McDonald gave you that list of names and said he'd stand for it?"

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"You Know What I Want to Talk to You About, I Guess. . . . I've Got an Even Dozen Irate Citizens Here Now, and I'm Dead Certain There are More on the Way"

THE SEAT OF THE EMOTIONS

"You See, by Rights, Ira," Went on Emmy, Kneading Ira's Hand Between Her Own, "That Money Was Mine"

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

FOR the fifth time that day I crept across the hall and confronted Miss Halfpenny. Miss Halfpenny is the beaspectacled, snappy-eyed young woman who runs Ira Ellers' office so competently.

"Miss Halfpenny," I demanded, "where is Mr. Ellers now?"

Miss Halfpenny glanced at me reproachfully. She glanced at the clock. "You see," she said, "it's not four yet. He's up there still, of course."

"Up where?" I queried.

Miss Halfpenny regarded me blankly. "Up where?" she repeated. "Why, counselor, he's where every lawyer is when he isn't at his office. He's up at court."

"I've just been there myself," I explained. "I looked in all the court rooms—but Ira wasn't there."

Miss Halfpenny regarded me with an expression of pity. "Oh," she said, "the county courthouse, and the county courts. Dear me! You looked and you didn't find him there. Of course. Did you try the police court in the public-safety building? Or the district court in the city hall? Or the bankruptcy court in the Smith Building? Or the Federal court in the post-office building? Or the chancery court over in the Monumental Life?"

"You win," I assured her hastily. "I'll concede that Ira is at court."

"Of course," responded Miss Halfpenny a bit loftily.

It seemed to me that she was on the point of adding the word "ninny" to her brief remark. But she hadn't time. For just then Ira swung into the office and caught me by the arm and dragged me into his sanctum sanctorum. He thrust me into a seat. He shut the door and sank into his swivel chair—a new one, by the way. He handed me an expensive cigar and lighted one himself. He leaned back with a luxurious sort of sigh and placed his well-shod feet upon his new desk.

"Shoot!" he commanded. "What's eating you, old scout?"

I took a small newspaper clipping out of my pocket. "Ira," I warned him, "this isn't business."

"Thank the Lord!" said Ira, puffing away on that good cigar of his. "I was afraid it might be. It must be pleasure then."

"Question of ethics," I told him.

"All attention," said Ira; "go ahead."

"Ira," I went on, "here's a clipping that I cut from the editorial page of the True American this morning. This is what it says:

"'The test of true friendship is a friend's willingness to lend money to a friend. Money talks louder than fair words. The man who will lend you money is your friend. The man who won't is not.'"

Ira listened gravely. He dropped his feet to the floor, got out of his chair and stole softly to the door. He opened it gingerly and looked about him. Then he nodded to his stenographer.

"Miss Halfpenny," he said, "I'm so dinged afraid some of my clients will come round and want to see me. In case they should, tell 'em I'm engaged with another lawyer in a protracted and important conference.."

"Whatever they want, tell 'em to put it off until tomorrow afternoon."

He locked the door and resumed his seat. He smiled. He drew forth his wallet and opened it. It was crammed—literally crammed—with greenbacks.

"How much do you need, old scout?" said Ira in an offhand manner.

I raised a protesting hand. "Hold on, Ira," I said, "I didn't come in here to borrow any money. What do you take me for?"

"A friend," smiled Ira Ellers. "To tell the truth," he went on, "I didn't really think you did come in here to borrow money."

"You flashed your roll quick enough, Ira," I reminded him.

"Purely incidental," returned Ira. "I had to flash what you call the roll in order to get something else that I've got tucked away. Money's not the only thing I carry in this wallet."

He fished round for a while until he finally produced a clipping just about the size of mine.

"I beat you to it, old scout," he said. "I cut the same thing out of the True American myself."

"What do you think of it?" I queried.

"As an academic proposition?" he returned.

"As a concrete problem," I responded.

Ira viewed the clipping with his head on one side—like a bird.

"The editor," said Ira, "was probably hard up. Otherwise he would have gone more deeply into his subject and devoted more thought to it."

"I get your idea," I said. "For instance—the best friend in the world might not have the money."

"The thing goes even deeper," mused Ira. "There's a counter-proposition. Try this: The true friend is he who won't ask his friend to lend him money. How about it, eh?"

"I never thought of that," I said.

Ira handed me back my clipping and tucked away his own. He laid his wallet—its wad of greenbacks still exposed—upon his desk. I think he liked to look at it. I'm sure I did.

"You say," said Ira, "that the case is concrete."

"Very much so," I returned; "in fact, your clipping is the third I've seen. I cut mine out myself—but only after a friend of mine brought his in to me this morning."

"A friend—with an ax to grind?" asked Ira.

"He wanted," I returned, "to borrow one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Did you lend it to him?" queried Ira.

"I haven't—yet," I said.

"You didn't have it to lend," nodded Ira.

I dug down into my pocket and laid down a few greenbacks of my own.

"Unfortunately," I explained to Ira, "this money—more than he needed—was lying in plain sight on my office desk. He nearly had it in his hands. So he knows I've got it. And I've got it still. That's what worries me—I've got the money. The fellow's in an awful hole. I like him—everybody likes him ——"

"Milliken," said Ira suddenly.

"How did you know?" I demanded. "Has he been to you?"

Ira shook his head.

"Not this trip—not so far," he answered. "But I recognized the picture that you flashed upon the screen. Everybody likes Milliken—and he's always in an awful hole."

"Besides," I said, "his boy was killed in France."

Ira glanced at me strangely. "I know about his boy," he said quietly. "Look here," he went on, "Milliken didn't

remind you of his boy—when he tried to borrow money, did he?"

"Well," I said, "he just mentioned it in an offhand way."

"And showed you the clipping?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on," said Ira. "I'm interested. What's the point?"

"That's why I came to you, Ira. I want advice. Money's as scarce as hen's teeth. And yet—I'm a friend of Milliken's. And I've got the money."

"And you really want to lend it to Milliken, don't you?"

"I really don't want to lend it to him," I protested.

"But you're a generous sort of a chap—that is," added Ira hastily, "for the sake of argument we'll assume you are, old scout."

"If I obey my generous impulses, Ira," I went on, "I've got to let Milliken have this money."

"You'll never get it back," said Ira.

"I know that well," I said.

"Milliken," went on Ira, "has never lent a dollar to anybody in his life. So far as I know he's never helped anybody out of a hole—except unconsciously." Ira emphasized the final word with a mysterious sort of smile.

"Unconsciously?" I repeated.

"That's another story," said Ira hastily. "Let's get on about you. You say any man with a generous impulse—and the money—would feel impelled to make this loan to Milliken."

"Exactly," I returned.

"What do you know about generous impulses?" retorted Ira a bit loftily.

"As much as you—or anybody else," I said.

Ira shook his head. "You may know as much about generous impulses as anybody else," said Ira, "but—you don't know so much about them as I do. There's no man in all River City who knows generous impulses as I know 'em. Why, dad-gast it, man, I'm an expert on generous impulses. I'm an expert on selfish impulses. I'm a specialist on impulse. And when you come to me for advice in this connection you've come to the right shop. When you tell me that your selfish impulses induce you to lend money to Milliken ——"

"My generous impulses," I corrected.

Ira impatiently waved his hand. "How do you know which is which?" he queried. "You're no expert."

"I'm expert enough to know that my selfish impulses wouldn't impel me to lend money to Milliken. That's easy, Ira," I retorted.

Ira's eyes glittered curiously. He settled down a bit farther in his chair. "You know, old scout," he said, "that's what we've got to talk about. That's why we're holding this important and protracted interview. How much time you got?"

"All the time there is," I said.

Ira waved his hand. "I found you talking to Miss Halfpenny when I got back this afternoon," he went on. "Notice anything about her, specially?"

"She's perked up a bit," I nodded. "She's got a lot of pep."

"There's a reason," smiled Ira. "I raised her ten dollars a week. Result: She runs this office better without me than with me. She's studied up a line of talk that's got all my clients buffaloed. Look round this office just a bit."

I looked.

"Sort of fixed up, ain't it?" went on Ira. "I bought me a new rug, a new safe, a new set of office furniture. I got a whole new set—in buckram—of law and equity reports. You see?"

"I see," I repeated.

"And understand?" queried Ira expectantly.

"No," I returned; "frankly, I don't understand."

Which was quite true. Ira Ellers latterly had become a mystery to me—a mystery that was deepening. The bulging pocketbook—the fine cigars—the fine clothes. Ira had always been a ready-made man, a shiny-elbowed man, a baggy-kneed man. But now he was well tailored. I've said he was well shod. And his gloves and hat and cane were lying on his desk, as cocky a trio as you'd want to see.

"There's a difference," smiled Ira unabashed.

"Well, if you must have it," I conceded, "Ira—there is."

"What's the answer?" persisted Ira.

"Give it up," I said

"Milliken!" exploded Ira Ellers.

"No!" I protested.

"But yes—as my son Phil would say. But yes," said Ira.

"Tell me," I demanded.

And Ira told me his story. It was a story that began with Milliken sure enough—a story pretty much permeated with Milliken all the way through. It was a queer sort of tale—simple enough in its way, and yet all shot through with what Ira called moving-picture situations. It begins with Milliken, as I have said. But it's all tangled up with a variety of things and people—it's interwoven with white latticework and pale-green shutters, and with the abominable cherry-red monstrosity that Ira Ellers put together with his own hands some thirty years ago—a desk cabinet with a secret drawer that's never yet been used. It's tangled up with the lonely nights of a grief-stricken woman—it's tangled up with plumbers—it's tangled up with the little daughter of a murderess.

And here it is:

It seems that on a certain afternoon some fifteen months ago one of Ira's erstwhile clients rushed pell-mell into Ira's office and confronted Ira with a brand-new proposition. This man held something in his right hand. It was a bill for five hundred dollars—not money, but a bill for legal services that Ira had rendered him four years before

"You see that bill!" exclaimed his client, tossing it on Ira's desk.

Ira looked it over. Long ago he had charged this five hundred up to profit and loss. He remembered the case vividly. He had sweat blood getting this man through a tight place.

"I ought to have made it out for a thousand," said Ira.

His client drew from his pocket another bill—this one legal tender.

"You receipt that bill—you get this," remarked his client. "Are you on?"

The second bill was a hundred-dollar bill. Cash money—no mistake.

"I'm on," said Ira.

He receipted the first bill so swiftly that it took his client's breath away—and tucked the second one into his waistcoat pocket.

"Extra money," said Ira to himself. It was. It was manna from heaven—money found—money picked up in the gutter—lightning out of a clear sky—a bolt from the blue. Extra money—with all that that implies.

Then—something happened. Like another bolt from the blue another individual rushed into Ira's office. This man was Milliken, a brother member of the bar.

Milliken's face was pale—sweat had gathered on his brow. "Ellers," he cried in tones of real distress, "just look at this! I'm done for, unless you help me out."

He passed to Ira a letter from the secretary of the bar association. It contained a threat.

"If I don't clean up the McCleary case by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," wailed Milliken, "they'll cut my throat, that's all."

"What," queried Ira, "is the McCleary case?"

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"She's Alone Too Much, Ellers. She Must Have Something to Occupy Her Mind. She'll Go Crazy Otherwise. I know"

Adventures in Interviewing Haig

And Some Other British Personalities

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ADAPTING an old maxim, some men are born to be interviewed, others acquire the habit, still others have it thrust upon them. To the last-named class belong the great generals of the great war. For them there can be no open diplomacy. The whole circumstance of their profession demands mystery. This silence is in strange contrast to the mighty din of battle they let loose. Of all public men they are the most difficult to approach. Hemmed in by tradition they dwell amid the fastnesses of caution. Secrecy is almost as potent a weapon against the enemy as a bombardment.

Despite their aloofness no outstanding figures in the world tragedy of life and death now happily ended are more striking in personality or more illuminating perhaps in their impressions of people and events. Many laymen believe that because war is a brutal and relentless thing the wagers of war must incarnate some of these qualities. The opposite is quite true. The Duke of Alva belonged to another and remote civilization, or rather a lack of civilization.

All the Allied commanders in chief are of quiet presence and modest manner. They speak in low, almost gentle voices. More than this, they are men of noble character and spiritual vision, whose natures are keenly attuned to tender aspirations. Foch, the devout Catholic, has his counterpart in Haig, the devoted Presbyterian. No matter how the tides of conflict ebbed and flowed they went to church every Sunday.

Of all the distinguished Allied generals the most secluded, certainly the least known so far as his personal side is concerned, is Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. Though his name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, not many civilians met him during the war. Less than half a dozen were able to persuade him to talk. I was among the few to see him, and I think I was the first American writer to interview him for publication. It was one of the many compensations of those strenuous years.

Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

The average person does not realize that aside from his achievements in the field a peculiar distinction attaches to Haig. He is the only one of the European army chiefs who retained his command to the end. War is a vast furnace in which men are tried and tested.

Traditions of Taciturnity

THE fires that consume reputations are no less deadly than the flames that spurt from guns. Joffre and Nivelle were both superseded in course of time. Cadorna, once the idol of Italy, went the way of most generals and was forced to retire in favor of Diaz. With the Russians the war was one succession of leaders, from the Grand Duke Nicholas down to the tragic eclipse of Korniloff and of Brusiloff. Viscount French took the first seven British divisions to France, but he, too, had to go. Haig, who succeeded him, remained Commander in Chief of the British Expeditionary Force from the time he took over General Headquarters until that historic day last November when the German delegates signed the armistice on Foch's famous train. General Pershing has retained his command from the start. For many reasons Haig will loom large in the panorama of the war of wars.

Haig is a British regular, and this means that so far as unofficial communication with the public is concerned he is no talking machine. If ever an army worshiped tradition in such matters it is the British Army. "Soldiers fight; they do not talk," was the motto. The original mountain of taciturnity in the late war was Kitchener, and he was merely one of a long range of peaks of precedent. Haig is much more human, but he has the same innate prejudice against the interviewer. This of course made the task of overcoming the aversion all the more interesting and worth while. To get the story we must for the moment leave the dusty chancelleries of state, with which this series has so far dealt, for the shell-swept fields of action.

During the war—and for that matter throughout the progress of the peace negotiations—there were no brilliant examples of exclusive news gathering. A feat like De Blowitz's historic world beat in publishing the complete text of the Treaty of Berlin in the London Times at the very hour that it was being signed in Berlin was never duplicated during the past four years, for the reason that the details of all the fighting were issued in statements signed by the commanders in chief. Everything was official. The correspondents at the active Front, who were few in number, lived at Press Headquarters. They were allowed to see everything but their reports were carefully censored.

Haig talked to them occasionally as they met on the highway or at some inspection, but usually in groups.

My way to Haig, as to others during the war, was paved by Lord Northcliffe. He had high admiration for the British general. He wanted the American people to know something about the personality of this fine, upstanding, silent soldier who was then crossing the dark waters. German supremacy was at its height and we were still out of the war. Northcliffe wrote to Brigadier General Charteris, then Chief of Intelligence on Haig's staff, expressing the hope that I might have an opportunity to see the Commander in Chief. I thought nothing more of it. As a result my meeting with Haig was somewhat unexpected.

The Château of Tramecourt

I WAS making my first visit to the British Front. It was before the American Château—used entirely by American visitors—was established. The people permitted to see the real works of war were entertained at a charming château, Tramecourt, which, by the way, was not far from the famous field of Agincourt. Twenty miles away at Rollincourt lived the six correspondents accredited to British General Headquarters. They included three British aces—Philip Gibbs, Beach Thomas and Percival Phillips. At one time Filson Young, the novelist, also was there.

Tramecourt in those days was one of the most interesting establishments in Europe. Its visitors' book was a register of fame. Within those century-old walls royal personages, dukes, generals, statesmen, members of Parliament and a few obscure civilians like me were housed.

In connection with my first visit to Tramecourt I can relate a story which sheds light on the intelligence of at least one member of Parliament. It was the daily custom to take parties of visitors to various points at the Front. One of the most interesting sights was the battlefield of the Somme, where the Hun first felt the real might of Britain's Army. One day I accompanied a small group of members of Parliament there. We had passed Albert, where the engagement began, and were up in the region of Mamentz. On every side stretched a leprous landscape. The whole earth was a tangle of twisted wire, blasted woods, wrecked houses. All the waste of war was epitomized in this devastated domain.

Suddenly one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution turned to me and said: "I can't on my life understand why people should fight to possess such wretched looking country."

This man could not understand or did not seem to understand that the hideous ruin he surveyed was once a smiling countryside; that on the débris had stood neat farmhouses before whose fires old men smoked and children played; that the churned-up fields had teemed with plenty.

It was on this visit to Tramecourt that I was invited to lunch with Sir Douglas Haig. Then, and almost throughout the entire war, the General Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force was in

Tramecourt, the Guest Château at the British Front

the quaint moated town of Montreuil. No name or spot in France was so zealously guarded during the war. Soldiers spoke of it in whispers. It was more often referred to as G. H. Q.

In other wars the headquarters of an army was confined to a single establishment.

Modern war, however, enlisted so many scientific aids to destruction and demanded such a network of communication in the air and on the earth that what might be called the central executive plant in the field is really a small city. At Montreuil were quartered, among others, the chiefs of the three vital agencies of Supply, Transport and Intelligence.

The headquarters of the commander in chief, however, was not there. At that time Sir Douglas Haig with his immediate staff lived in a picturesque château about thirty miles away. Just as the average person has had a curious misconception about the real character of the great captains of the war, so has he the same mistaken idea about the Grand or Great Headquarters. Obtaining his ideas from motion-picture thrillers, spy stories, and war shockers generally, he seems to think that the headquarters of the commander in chief of an army must be a spectacular institution with flags flying and automobiles honking up at all hours, day and night. He assumes that the place must be vitalized with excitement and athrob with energy.

Nothing could be farther removed from the truth. The headquarters of the conspicuous Allied generals—and I have seen most of them—were quiet, aloof country houses, off from the beaten highways of the traffic and surrounded by friendly trees.

Here a few grave-eyed, serious-minded men pored over reports, studied maps and staked out the strategy. They seldom if ever saw the fighting that they instigated. During a long engagement—and some of the battles of the late war lasted more than a year—the commander in chief had what was known as an advance headquarters nearer the scene of hostilities.

General Haig's Office

HAIG'S personal headquarters was of the kind that I have just described. It was a much smaller building than the château occupied by Petain, or the quarters of Foch, who had a cluster of houses. His personal staff consisted of half a dozen men. To comprehend fully the work of Haig and his associates you must know that every subsidiary army in the field—and Britain then had five complete armies in France, each one in charge of a general—had its own headquarters with a complete staff organization. The General Headquarters was the chief of them all. Into it flowed every day a constant stream of information which had to be digested. Out of all these data were framed the larger policies. In other words, the Sir Douglas Haig that I found that February day was general manager of the British business of war. Continuing the phraseology of trade, the Secretary of State for War, over in London, was President of the corporation that merchandised with men instead of material.

I first saw Haig in his office, which was the salon of the château. The old family portraits still hung on the wall; on the marble mantelpiece a Sèvres clock ticked away; in the corner stood armchairs in which royalty had rested.

The only evidence that this charming room with its blazing wood fire and old-world atmosphere was the nerve center of the biggest army in France was a flat-topped desk littered with papers, the inevitable telephone and a large clay relief map of the Somme region.

Like many of his comrades Haig is shy. This is one reason why he dislikes to be interviewed. He is of splendid physique, erect carriage, with fair hair and blue eyes. I always felt afterward that no matter how I had first seen him—whether in a pair of pyjamas, a bathing suit or a dressing gown—I should have known instinctively that he was a British regular.

If I had told him at once that I wanted to get an interview for publication he would have shut up like a clam. I therefore began to talk about America, the possibility of our entrance into the war, and my impressions of the British Armies. The conversation became general and Haig started to talk. Being shy he had bottled up the moment he met a stranger. He had to be coaxed into speech. He is the type of personage who is surprised when told that the big outside world is interested in what he is like and what he says.

In Haig I discovered something of the attitude that I had found in the one-time kings of Wall Street. Those financial captains who had believed that silence was such a golden asset—and it was—secreted striking views on many world subjects. They hid their real mental selves. The great trouble with them was that they could think about only money and power. Once you gained their confidence and made them realize that all you wanted was unrestrained talk they broke into interesting comment.

So with Haig. He was so absorbed in war that he could think only war. When a layman like me came along and opened up vistas of world politics and economics the doors to the other chambers of his mind flew open and he talked with ease, knowledge and fluency.

I remember distinctly that we discussed Roosevelt. I had been down with the Colonel at Oyster Bay just before I had sailed on that trip, and he had charged me with a message to the British Commander in Chief. I found that Haig was a great admirer of the ex-President and he sent a greeting to him through me.

When I transmitted this message to the Colonel on my return he said: "By George, I am glad to get it. How I wish I were fighting with Haig!"

In talking with Haig you get an occasional flash of the tender inner thing which strong men so often hide behind a grim or stern exterior. One of these revelations came while we were discussing the price of war, and when the commander in chief remarked, not without sadness, "It is a war of youth."

He spoke of the immense human toll that those days were taking. Even then there passed before us the "phantom army" that Bret Harte once wrote about and which would never march under triumphal arches in a victorious home-coming. It keeps ghostly vigil "in Flanders fields," along the gashed stretches of the Somme and the banks of the Meuse.

Field Marshal Lord French

Sir Eric Geddes

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Winston Churchill

When Men Talk Best

ONE secret of interviewing, especially with taciturn men, is to find them at the psychological moment. All men like to eat. Out of a long experience, not so much with eating as with men, I have found that men talk best when they eat. It was not until we sat down to lunch in that stately old dining room that Haig really got under way. We began to tell stories. Being Scotch he has a real sense of humor and likes a good yarn.

A British officers' mess, particularly during war, is always diverting. Mealtime is the one break in the rigid watch of life and death. Then the talk turns to home, sports and those other intimate things that seem so far away. It means relaxation. Men who really make good at a strenuous task are those who know how to relax. Haig, for example, always rode an hour on horseback every day, rain or shine. Likewise he invariably took the hour immediately after luncheon as a period of aloofness and meditation.

It enabled him to get his perspective on the maelstrom about him. Incidentally it kept him fit to carry on with the responsibility that is the supreme ravager of mental and physical vitality.

Those great commanders lived the simple life—none simpler than the British. They were early to bed and early to rise. They ate sparingly. Their whole resource was concentrated on the immense problems before them.

One final picture of Haig will always linger in memory. Night had fallen over that old château, and with it a deep and brooding silence. Yet less than fifty miles away guns roared and the torrents of death rushed unrestrained. The office of the commander in chief was soft in a mystic half light. At one end of the room a fire blazed. Over the relief map of the Somme leaned the commander in chief studying the red, blue and green lines that indicated the opposing armies locked in stupendous struggle.

Turn from Sir Douglas Haig to Field Marshal Viscount French and you find a soldier of the same type, cradled in the same traditions certainly in the matter of interviewing.

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SQUIZZER'S BIG MOMENT

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON DEXTER

OFTEN enough the changes that occur in the affairs of humankind are fortuitous, coming, as it were, out of a clear—or downcast—sky, altering the course of a life or the trend of a career in a manner whose abruptness is no more extraordinary than its comprehensive scope.

Adrian Dick had witnessed this phenomenon often enough in the forty-odd years of his life to cherish the hope that at some good time and in some utterly unexpected manner he himself would be the beneficiary of some such miracle.

There was a time when this state of mind might have been translated into terms of a more or less vague ambition, of a serene belief in his ability at the proper time to lift himself out of the groove which destiny had marked for him. But those years had gone. It was indeed only a persistent spark of congenital poetry in his soul which nourished whatever hope remained.

Adrian Dick was a stock clerk in the Wall Street office of Allerdyce & Co. He was an efficient stock clerk, a mechanical hack, located where he would forever stay—such being the lot of efficient stock clerks, and lucky, in the eyes of Allerdyce at least, to be where he was. None the less he had, as said, a soul for poetry, yet lacking, curiously enough, that excess of temperament which causes one to ignore the conventions and to wield the sword of fiery exaltation against untoward conditions.

It was in the morning hour that Adrian felt most powerfully the impulse to do this, because, being a poet, he could read the subtle promise of the dawn and derive inspiration from the calls of the birds and the dewy fragrance of turf and leaf and flower.

And so it was this morning as he rose from bed in the little cottage in a suburban town, threw aside the curtains and leaned out drinking joyously of the lovely June morning. There were crimson rambler vines on either side of the window, and below the roses were in bloom—never so fragrant, never so glorious. Adrian lifted his face to the blue, declaiming in utter unconsciousness:

"The heart of a man, to the heart of a maid—
Light of my tents, be fleet!
Morning waits at the end of the world,
And the world is all at our feet!"

"Adrian!"

The man started and withdrew to the hallway, smiling dubiously down over the banisters at his wife.

"I wasn't calling, my dear. I—I—was talking to myself."

He hurried to his bath, rejoicing at the undying freshness of the woman who had gazed up at him with the light of a full, sympathetic understanding in her fine eyes, resolving for the five thousandth odd time—that being the number of mornings in his wedded life thus far—that a day would come when someone other than Nancy Dick would prepare their daily meals.

They had breakfast on the rear veranda—an alluring picture. Nancy wore a little domestic gingham shirt-waist dress with white collar and cuffs. Her brown hair contained hints of bronze, her face was ruddy and built to smile easily.

Adrian leaned back and ate and found his eyes resting upon her even more frequently than upon the roses and the vines and things. It was the *pièce de résistance* of his morning, this little meal. He lingered with it this morning as upon other mornings until he had to run for his train. For when he rose from the table and kissed his wife good-by he left his dreams and went forth to sodden realities.

Another day; and he was where he was yesterday and the day before that—where he would be next year, and the next. He was older, life was going on, bringing him ever unceasingly richness of spirit—the inspiration of the spring, the exaltation of June, the deep unfathomable emotions of the golden autumn and the abiding thrill of the white silent lands—richness of everything save the things that were really tangible. Saving, scrimping for old age!

By heaven! how did men get ahead, anyway? What was this acquisitive instinct of which he had heard so much? A matter of brains, was it? Well, he had brains; he had led his class. Nancy believed in him; and Nancy was no fool. Nancy was far from that; she had the grace, the breeding, the poise for any situation. How she would dominate a drawing-room! And as for decent things of life, who was better qualified for them than she? Yet she was a stock clerk's wife.

"My Dearest, This is Tommy Piper, of Whom I Have So Often Spoken"

Adrian Dick's thoughts were never more somber as the train bore him cityward and his paper lay unread in his lap.

Morning waits at the end of the world,
And the world is all at our feet!

Adrian smiled ruefully. Then with a start he opened his paper to the financial page.

Though there could be none of that keen alertness in Adrian Dick's demeanor such as characterized the approach to his desk of the average man who is engaged in congenial occupation and realizes that the complete success of the new day depends upon his wits, his initiative, his pertinacity—yet there is to be said for the stock clerk of Allerdyce & Co. that he entered his office divested of gloom and with that zest for service which continuous and monotonous grind had never been able to subdue. He was that sort—probably because he was a poet.

He hung up his hat and glanced about the office over his eyeglasses—a characteristic look which the younger clerks were given to imitating—then picked up a sheaf of financial news slips.

"John"—he nodded toward an assistant of half his years, marking a line of information with his pencil—"here's something rather interesting. Keep hold of it and see how the market opens up on it. Let me know."

Dick had a lynx eye for things of the sort. The office appreciated this faculty if he did not. As a matter of fact Adrian did appreciate. His was, in essence, a scholarly mind, and he was never content with a commonplace attitude toward anything upon which he centered his interest. But the financial sheets were but a flash in the routine into which, not so much through course of habit as through wage-earning necessity, he began to slip.

The morning developed as usual—the clatter of the tickers; the passing and repassing of men who meant much or little or nothing at all to the firm of Allerdyce & Co.; men who were rising, men who were broken—the flotsam and jetsam of Wall Street. Adrian's pencil moved ever more rapidly; sheet after sheet passed his eye; the little suburban cottage with its crimson rambler and its roses slipped farther and farther into the background of his mind. He lived actuality.

It was shortly after ten o'clock when Allerdyce sent for him. This was not unusual—yet just now it appealed to Dick as unusual. He had not the slightest idea why. Putting on his coat he walked into his employer's office.

Stanley Allerdyce had all the characteristics of that type of man in his forties who has succeeded and portrays his recognition of that fact by a sort of bland intolerance of all who have not. This invariably was his attitude toward Adrian Dick, the man at whose feet he had sat at the graduation exercises of the Class of 1896 and had heard him pronounce a scholarly valedictory. That was the last time Allerdyce had sat at Dick's feet—or the feet of any other member of his class, so far as that went. This thought never failed to please him. He would have been willing to pay Dick his salary for the service he did in keeping it never far from the surface of his mind.

"Dick," he said in the detached manner he had cultivated, "have you anything special on for to-night?"

This patently was not business. This was most unusual. Adrian Dick's cheeks flushed.

"Why—no," he said. "That is—nothing except home." He had intended trimming the lawn in the interval before dinner.

"Home!" Allerdyce stared, then with his cigar gestured dismissal of the idea. "You knew '96 was holding its class dinner at the Regal to-night?"

"Why—why, I did know, yes. I'd forgotten."

Dick had not attended a class dinner in twenty years; they cost too much per plate. Allerdyce grimaced. His record in this respect was but little better than his stock clerk's, but financial reasons of course did not enter; it was because certain hail fellows well met persisted in slapping him upon the back and calling him by an old musty nickname.

"You see," said Allerdyce, tapping the ashes from his cigar, "Tom Piper is coming on from Chicago for the reunion. Got his telegram yesterday. Don't know why he wired me."

"Perhaps," suggested Dick, "it was because we handle the account of Piper & Co.; part of it at least."

Allerdyce frowned.

"Well, anyway, I haven't time to mess about with him. What I sent for you for is this: I'm going to turn him over to you. You take him to the dinner; bounce round with him wherever he wants to go."

"You mean"—Dick hesitated—"you mean I'm to draw on the cashier?"

"Eh?" Allerdyce blinked at the man. "Oh, I see—money." He dipped into his pocket and extracted a roll of bills. "Here's twen——"

It was then that Adrian Dick did an astonishing thing, almost without volition.

"I'm perfectly willing to do this, Mr. Allerdyce—if it's a matter of business. But not if you have to give me the money yourself. If you'll be so kind as to advise the cashier I'll draw it on the office account."

Allerdyce held the bills in his hand a moment, then nodding stiffly returned them to his pocket.

"Very well," he said. "Miss O'Ryan, make out an order for twenty dollars, with voucher to be accounted for. That will be all, Mr. Dick."

Adrian left the office flushing, an unwonted burning in his eyes. Never before had he asserted himself to his employer. He could not understand why his reaction now was not one of misgiving; it wasn't. Rather there was the feeling that he had made a step forward; just how he did not know. He knew only that his soul was filled with an unwonted dignity.

Indeed, as the mood grew upon him he became possessed of a species of inward frenzy. Hesitating even so slightly as a thought occurred he swung about and reëntered Allerdyce's office.

"Mr. Allerdyce," he said as the man looked up inquiringly, "since this matter of money has come up I wish to say that I have been with this firm for twelve years now and that it strikes me I should be in a little better position financially; certainly I ought to be able to meet with my class once a year—out of my own resources."

"Class dinners are rather luxuries, aren't they, Dick? Especially in these days of the high cost of living?"

"Well"—Adrian gestured—"it isn't really the class dinner—or any luxury. It's a sheer matter of downright living. Frankly, month by month, it's nothing more nor less than a desperate struggle to keep my head above water. It doesn't seem to me I should be in this position."

"That's the way we all feel these days, Dick."

"I know, but things are not relative with me." Dick's voice was bitter. "I can't ease matters by reducing my number of chauffeurs or giving up my box at the opera or cutting down my list of clubs or anything of the sort. My wife does her own work now; my daily allowance is thirty cents. How can a man be self-respecting on that? When my paltry life insurance and taxes and interest on the mortgage are paid there is nothing left at all. Why, my house is going to rot because I can't have it painted. But that isn't the point; the point is that I am worth more to the firm than I am getting."

"Yes—yes." Allerdyce picked up a letter and leaned back in his chair. "I'm sorry, Dick. All I can say is you are worth to us just what you are getting. Of course if you have anything else in prospect I don't want you to let Allerdyce & Co. stand in your way for a minute."

"I see." Dick wrinkled his brows and nodded as though to give forth the impression that he had a great deal in prospect. He turned abruptly and left the office.

The futility of that interview—that was what galled him; his utter helplessness! He had faced Allerdyce with no weapon in the way of inimitable service, with no claims of any real business weight, with nothing but a record of faithful service in a position which almost anyone who was conscientious, painstaking and accurate could fill. It became clear enough to him that all this brave display of high spirit in Allerdyce's office had had as an insubstantial basis nothing more worthy than a species of rabbitlike desperation. He moved slowly to his desk and for an hour sat staring vacantly at a pad while his pencil moved over it in the aimless construction of tables of figures.

Thomas Piper, of Chicago, blew—the colloquialism is excusable on the ground of complete expressiveness—blew into the office of Allerdyce & Co., shortly after three o'clock.

Dick marked with interest the steadily diminishing quality of the visitor's laughter, the various stages of vocal reduction emanating from Allerdyce's private office. Within an hour the gale had subsided utterly; there was perfect calm.

When Adrian obeyed the summons to enter, Piper was studying the financial page of an afternoon newspaper, a cigar drooping downward from his lips, while Allerdyce was dictating a letter. The atmosphere was one of oppressiveness.

"Hello, Squizzer!" Piper cast his paper aside and rose to his feet.

"Hello."

Dick paused. He hadn't heard his old college nickname for so long that he had all but forgotten it. It was a stupendous impression, well-nigh disintegrating.

"Well"—Piper, a large hale man with a humorously twitching, smoothly shaven upper lip, and bald head with bristling hair forming a sort of tonsure, reached out for his straight-brimmed felt hat, frowning—"Stan's off this class dinner to-night. I never did like a quitter. He says you're going, Squizzer. Come on, then; let's get out. I promised the madam I'd do some shopping for her. See you later, Stan—maybe."

Allerdyce rose. The two shook hands solemnly.

"Squizzer"—Piper gazed speculatively at his companion as the two confronted the elevator shaft in the hallway—"what's the matter with Allerdyce?"

"Was—wasn't he cordial?"

Piper started at the man's still, small voice and then shrugged.

"Oh, cordial enough—what they call cordiality in the East, maybe. But Judas Priest, I roomed with him in sophomore year! Pulled him out of many a hole all through college. You know about that, though. Cordial! Sure he was cordial, as one business man might be to another; but not as two men who used to share the same dress suit and the same suitcase."

"I suppose," said Adrian, "that he's very busy."

Piper glanced at him quickly but made no comment. In fact, filled with inward reflection, he lapsed into practically complete silence as the two made their way uptown. Not infrequently his eyes traveled toward Adrian Dick in covert study—which made the man uncomfortable and more than a bit self-conscious. For Piper had made a success of himself too—a big success. And to Adrian Dick the quality of success in others invariably projected a species of awe that was dynamic in its effect upon him.

"You're married, aren't you, Squizzer?" asked Piper at length.

"Oh, yes; sixteen years."

"Got any children?"

"Yes, a boy. He's at preparatory school. My brother's putting him through."

"I see. Why aren't you putting him through?"

"Haven't got the money." Dick glanced at the man defiantly. "A stock clerk doesn't get a whole lot of salary."

"Stock clerk, eh? And working for Stan Allerdyce."

Piper relapsed into silence. But Adrian was conscious from time to time of the man's sidelong glances. And he seemed to detect a certain subsidence of his companion's early heartiness.

They went into a millinery shop of which Piper had a penciled memorandum in his pocket. With the remark that his wife would not dare to wear a hat of which he did not approve the Westerner moved jauntily through rows of creations which reposed like tropical flowers upon polished mahogany rods.

He made as little difficulty as may be imagined in selecting two hats and then turned to Dick.

(Concluded on Page 80)

"And Now Since Jerry Blauvelt Has Butted In We'll Call Upon Him to Set the Keynote. Blauvelt, Gentlemen, is Our Legal Paragon"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

DECORATION BY W. J. RICHTER

EACH of the generations thinks itself commonplace. Familiarity breeds equally indifference and contempt. Yet no age of the world has witnessed so much of the drama of life—of the romantic and picturesque—as the age we live in. The years betwixt Agincourt and Waterloo were not more delightfully tragic than the years betwixt Sarajevo and Senlis.

The gay capital of France remains the center of the stage and retains the interest of the onlooking universe. All roads lead to Paris as all roads led to Rome. In Dickens' day "a tale of two cities" could only mean London and Paris, then and ever so unalike. To be brought to date the title would have now to read "three," or even "four," cities, New York and Chicago putting in their claims for recognition.

I have been not only something of a traveler, but a diligent student of history and a voracious novel reader, and once in a while I get my history and my fiction mixed. This has been especially the case when the humdrum of the boulevards has driven me from the Beau Quartier into the byways of the Marais and the fastnesses of what was once the Latin Quarter. More than fifty years of intimacy have enabled me to learn many things not commonly known, among them that Paris is the most orderly and moral city in the world, except when, on rare and brief occasions, it has been stirred to its depths.

I have crossed the ocean many times—have lived, not sojourned, on the banks of the Seine, and as I shall never see the other side again—do not want to see it in its time of sorrow and garb of mourning—I may be forgiven a retrospective pause in this egotistic chronicle. Or shall I not say a word or two of affectionate retrogression, though perchance it leads me after the manner of Silas Wegg to drop into poetry and take a turn with a few ghosts into certain of their haunts, when you, dear sir, or madam, or miss, as the case may be, and I were living that other life, whereof we remember so little that we cannot recall who we were, or what name we went by, howbeit now and then we get a glimpse in dreams, or a hunch from the world of spirits—or spirits and water—which makes us fancy we might have been Julius Cæsar or Cleopatra—as maybe we were!—or at least Joan of Arc or Jean Valjean!

II

LET me repeat that upon no spot of earth has the fable we call existence had so rare a setting and rung up its curtain upon such a succession of performances; has so concentrated human attention upon mundane affairs; has called such a muster roll of stage favorites; has contributed to romance so many heroes and heroines, to history so many signal episodes and personal exploits, to philosophy so much to kindle the craving for vital knowledge, to stir sympathy and to awaken reflection.

Greece and Rome seem but myths of an Age of Fable. They live for us as pictures live, as statues live. What was it I was saying about statues—that they all look alike to me? There are too many of them. They bring the ancients down to us in marble and bronze, not in flesh and blood. We do not really laugh with Terence and Horace or weep with Æschylus and Homer. The very nomenclature has a ticket air, like tags on a series of curios in an auction room, droning the dull iteration of a catalogue. There is as little to awaken and inspire in the system of religion and ethics of the pagan world they lived in as in the eyes of the stone effigies that stare blankly upon us in the British Museum, the Uffizi and the Louvre.

We walk the streets of the Eternal City with wonderment, not with pity, the human side quite lost in the archaic. What is Cæsar to us—or we to Cæsar? Jove's thunder no longer terrifies, and we look elsewhere than the Medici Venus for the lights o' love.

Not so with Paris. There the unbroken line of five hundred years—semimodern years, marking a longer period than we commonly ascribe to Athens or Rome—beginning with the exit of this our own world from the Dark Ages into the partial light of the Middle Ages, and continuing thence through the struggle of man toward achievement—tells us a tale more consecutive and thrilling, more varied and instructive than may be found in all the pages of all the chroniclers and poets of the civilizations which vibrated between the Bosporus and the Tiber, to yield at last to triumphant Barbarism swooping down from Tyrol crag and Alpine height, from the fastnesses of the Rhine and the Rhone, to swallow luxury and culture. Refinement had done its perfect work. It had emasculated man and unsexed woman and brought her to the front as a political force, even as it is trying to do now.

The Paris of Balzac and Dumas, of De Musset and Hugo—even of Thackeray—could still be seen when I first went there. Though our age is as full of all that makes for the future of poetry and romance, it does not readily lend itself to sentimental abstraction. Yet it is hard to separate fact and fiction here; to decide between the true and the false; to pluck from the haze with which time has enveloped them and to distinguish the puppets of actual flesh and blood who lived and moved and had their being, and the phantoms of imagination called into life and given each its local habitation and its name by the poet's pen working its immemorial spell upon the reader's credulity.

To me D'Artagnan is rather more vital than Richelieu. Hugo's imps and Balzac's bullies dance down the stage and shut from the view the tax collectors and the court favorites. The mousquetaires crowd the field marshals off the scene. There is something real in Quasimodo, in César de Birotteau, in Robert Macaire; something mythical in Mazarin, in the Regent and in Jean Lass. Even here, in far-away Kentucky, I can shut my eyes and see the Lady of Dreams as plainly as if she were coming out of the Bristol or the Ritz to step into her automobile, while the Grande Mademoiselle is merely a cloud of clothes and words that for me mean nothing at all.

I once passed a week, day by day, roaming through the Musée Carnavalet. Madame de Sévigné had an apartment and held her salon there for nearly twenty years. Hard by is the house where the Marquise de Brinvilliers—a gentle, blue-eyed thing they tell us—a poor, insane creature she must have been—disseminated poison and death; and just across and beyond the Place des Vosges the Hôtel de Sens, whither Queen Margot took her doll rags and did her spriting after she and Henri Quatre had agreed no longer to slide down the same cellar door. There is in the museum a deathmask, colored and exceeding lifelike, taken the day after Ravaillac delivered the finishing knife thrust in the Rue de Ferronnerie, which represents the Béarnais as anything but a tamer of hearts. He was a fighter, however, from Wayback, and I dare say Dumas' narrative is quite as authentic as any.

One can scarce wonder that men like Hugo and Balzac chose this quarter of the town to live in—and Rachel too!—it giving such frequent shelter to so many of their fantastic creations, having been the real abode of a train of gallants and bravos, of saints and harlots, from the days of Diane de Poitiers to the days of Pompadour and Du Barry, and of statesmen and prelates likewise, from Sully to Necker, from Colbert to Turgot.

III

I SPEAK of the Marais as I might speak of Madison Square or Hyde Park—as a well-known local section—yet how few Americans who have gone to Paris have ever heard of it. It is in the eastern division of the town. One finds it a curious circumstance that so many, if not most, of the great cities somehow started with the rising, gradually to migrate toward the setting sun.

When I first wandered about Paris there was little west of the Arch of Stars except groves and meadows. Neuilly and Passy were distant villages. Auteuil was a safe retreat for lovers and debtors, with comic-opera villas nestled in high-walled gardens. To Auteuil, Armand Duval and his Camille hied away for their short-lived idyl. In those days there was a lovely lane called Marguerite Gautier, with a dovecot pointed out as the very rustic dwelling so pathetically sung in Verdi's tuneful score and tenderly described in the original Dumas text. The Boulevard Montmorenci long ago plowed the shrines of romance out of the knowledge of the living, and a part of the Longchamp race course occupies the spot whither impecunious poets and adventure-seeking wives repaired to escape the insistence of cruel bailiffs and the spies of suspicious and monotonous husbands.

(Continued on Page 150)

FREE AIR

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVI

AS MILT DAGGETT had headed west from Butte, as he had rattled peacefully along the road, conscious of golden haze over all the land, and the unexpectedness of prairie threshing crews on the sloping fields of mountainsides, a man had stepped out from bushes beside the road and pointed a .44 navy revolver.

The man was not a movie bandit. He wore a green imitation of a Norfolk jacket, he had a broad red smile, as he flourished his hat in a bow his hair was a bristly pompadour of gray-streaked red. He made oration:

"Pardon my eccentric greeting, brother of the open road, but I wanted you to give ear to my obsequious query as to how's chances on gettin' a lift? I have learned that obsequiousness is best appreciated when it is backed up by prayer and ca'tridges."

"What's the idea? I seem to gather you'd like a lift. Jump in!"

"You do not advocate the Ciceronian style, I take it," chuckled the man as he climbed aboard.

"Huh! What are you—newspaper, politics, law, preacher or gambler?" snorted Milt. He was not impressed. Claire might have been, but Milt had heard politics and religion argued about the stove in Rauskukle's store too often to be startled by polysyllabomania. He knew that it was often the sign of a man who has read too loosely and too much by himself.

"Well, a little of all those interesting occupations. And ten-twent-thirt trouping, and county-fair spieling, and selling Dr. Thunder Rapids' Choctaw Herbal Sensitizer. How far y' going?"

"Seattle."

"Honest? Say, kid, this is —— Muh boy, we shall have the rare privilege of pooling adventures as far as Blewett Pass, four to six days' run from here—a day this side of Seattle. I'm going to my gold mine there. I'll split up on the grub—I note that you camp nights. Quite all right, my boy. Pinky Parrott is no man to fear night air."

He patted Milt's shoulder with patronizing insolence. He filled a pipe and though the car was making twenty-five he lighted the pipe with distinguished ease, then settled down to his steady stride:

"In the pride of youth you feel that you have thoroughly categorized me, particularly since I am willing to admit that though I shall have abundance of the clinking iron men to buy my share of our chow I chance, just for the leaden-footed second, to lack the wherewithal to pay my railroad fare back to Blewett; and the bumpers and sidedoor Pullman of the argonauts like me not. Too damn dusty. But your analysis is unsynthetic, though you will scarce grasp my metaphor."

"The hell I won't! I've taken both chemistry and rhetoric," growled Milt, strictly attending to driving, and to the desire to get rid of his parasite.

"Oh! Oh, I see. Well, anyway, I am no mere nimble knight of wits, as you may take it. In fact, I am lord of fair acres in Arcady."

"Don't know the burg. Montana or Idaho?"

"Neither! In the valley of dream!"

"Oh! That one. Huh!"

"But I happen to back them up with a perfectly undreamlike gold mine. Prospected for it in a cañon near Blewett Pass, and found it, b' gum! And my lady wife, erstwhile fairest among the society favorites of North Yakima, now guards it against her consort's return. Straight goods. Got the stuff. Been to Butte to get a raise on it, but the fell khedives of commerce are jealous. They would hearken not. So I wend my way back to the demure Dolores, the houri of my heart, and the next time I'll take a crack at the big guns in Seattle. And I'll sure reward you for your generosity in taking me to Blewett, all the long, long, languid, languorous way ——"

"Too bad I got to stop couple of days at Spokane."

"Well, then you shall have the pleasure of taking me that far."

"And about a week in Kalispell!"

"'Twill discommode me, but 'pon honor, I like your honest simple face and I won't desert you. Besides! I know a guy in Kalispell, and I can panhandle the sordid necessary chuck while I wait for you. Little you know, cockerel, how facile a brain your bus so lightly bears. When I've cashed in on the mine I'll take my rightful place among the motored gentry. Not merely as actor and spieler, promoter and inventor and soldier and daring journalist have I played my rôle, but also I am a mystic, a clairaudient, a psychometrist, a Rosicrucian adept, and profoundly psychic. in fact, my guide is Hermes Trismegistus himself! My studies in astrobiochemistry ——"

"Gonna stop. All off! Make little coffee," said Milt.

He did not desire coffee, and he did not desire to stop, but he did desperately desire not to inflict Pinky Parrott upon the Boltwoods. It was in his creed as a lover of motors never to refuse a ride to anyone when he had room. He hoped to get round his creed by the hint implied in stopping. Pinky's reaction was not encouraging.

"Why, you have a touch of the psychic's flair! I could do with coffee myself. But don't trouble to make a fire. I'll do that. You drive—I do the camp work. Not but that I probably drive better than you. I used to do a bit of racing before I took up aviation."

"Huh! Aviation! What machine d' you fly?"

"Why, why—a biplane!"

"Huh! What kind of motor?"

"Why—it was a French motor."

"Huh! What track you race on?"

"The —— Pardon me till I build a fire for our *al fresco* collation, and I my driving history will unfold."

But he didn't do either.

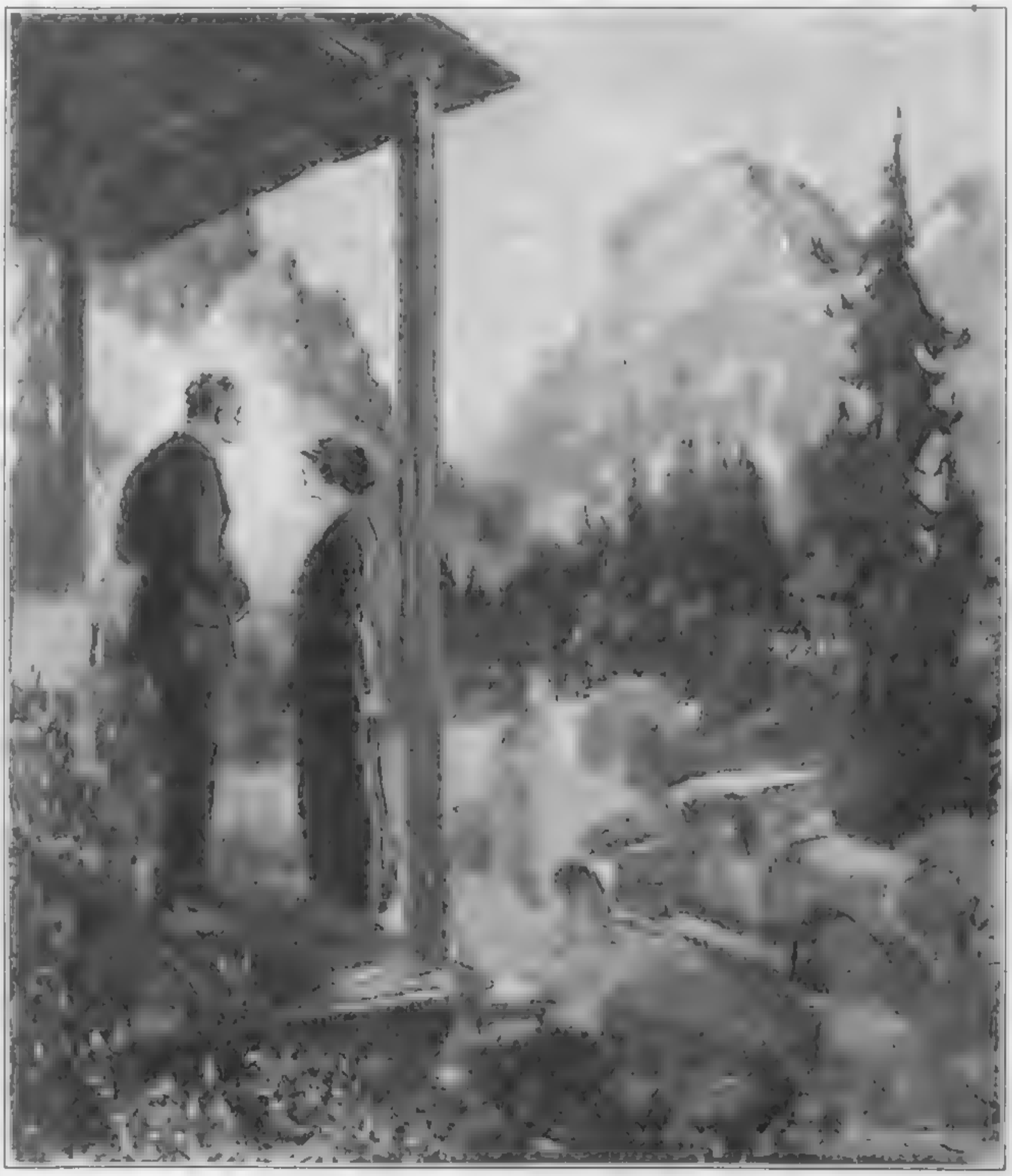
After he had brought seven twigs, one piece of sagebrush and a six-inch board, Pinky let Milt finish building the fire, while he told how much he knew about the mysteries of ancient Egyptian priests.

Milt gave up hope that Pinky would become bored by waiting, and tramp on. After one hour of conversational deluge Milt decided to let Pinky drive—to make him admit that he couldn't. Milt was wrong. Pinky could drive. He could not drive well; he wabbled in his steering, and he killed the engine on a grade; but he showed something of the same dashing idiocy that characterized his talk. It was Milt, not Pinky, who was afraid of their running off the road, and suggested resuming the wheel.

Seven times that day Milt tried to lose him. Once he stopped without excuse, and merely stared up at rocks overhanging the hollowed road. Pinky was not embarrassed. He leaned back in the seat and sang two Spanish love songs. Once Milt deliberately took a wrong road, up a mountainside. They were lost, and took five hours getting back to the highway. Pinky loved the thrill, and in an address lasting fifteen minutes he said so.

Milt tried to bore him by driving at seven miles an hour. Pinky affectionately accepted this opportunity to study the strata of the hills. When they camped that night Pinky loved him like a brother, and was considering not stopping at Blewett Pass to see his gold mine and Dolores, the lady wife, but going clear on to Seattle with his playmate.

The drafted host lay awake, and when Pinky awoke and delivered a few well-chosen words on the subject of bird song at dawn Milt burst out: "Pinky, I don't like to do it but —— I've never refused a fellow a lift, but I'm afraid you'll have to hike on by yourself the rest of the way."



The Moment Claire Saw the Doctor's Thin Demanding Face She Trusted Him

Pinky sat up in his blankets. "Afraid of me, eh? You better be! I'm a bad actor. I killed Dolores' husband, and took her along, see? I ——"

"Are you trying to scare me, you poor four-flusher?" Milt's right hand expanded, fingers arching, with the joyous tension of a man stretching.

"No. I'm just reading your thoughts. I'm telling you you're scared of me! You think that if I went on I might steal your car! You're afraid because I'm so suave. You aren't used to smooth ducks. You don't dare let me stick with you, even for to-day! You're afraid I'd have your mis'able car by to-night! You don't dare!"

"The hell I don't!" howled Milt. "If you think I'm afraid —— Just to show you I'm not I'll let you go on to-day!"

"That's sense, my boy. It would be a shame for two such boon companions of the road to part!" Pinky had soared up from his blankets; was lovingly shaking Milt's hand.

Milt knew that he had been tricked, but he felt hopeless. Was it impossible to insult Pinky? He tried again.

"I'll be frank with you. You're the worst windjamming liar I ever met. Now don't reach for that gat of yours. I've got a hefty rock right here handy."

"But my dear, dear boy, I don't intend to reach for any crude lethal smoke wagon. Besides, there isn't anything in it. I hocked the shells in Butte. I am not angry, merely grieved. We'll argue this out as we have breakfast and drive on. I can prove to you that though occasionally I let my fancy color mere untutored fact with the pigments of a Robert G. Ingersoll —— By the way, do you know his spiel on whisky?"

"Stick to the subject. We'll finish our arguing right now, and I'll give you breakfast, and we'll sadly part."

"Merely because I am lighter of spirits than this lugubrious old world? No! I decline to be dropped. I'll forgive you and go on with you. Mind you, I am sensitive. I will not intrude where I am not welcome. Only you must give me a sounder reason than my diverting conversational powers for shucking me. My logic is even stronger than my hedonistic contempt for hitting the pike."

"Well, hang it, if you must know—hate to say it, but I'd do almost anything to get rid of you. Fact is I've been sort of touring with a lady and her father, and you would be in the way!"

"A-ha! You see! Why, my boy, I will not only stick but for you I shall do the nimble John Alden and win the lady fair. I will so bedizen your virtue though somewhat crassly practical gifts —— Why, women are my long suit. They fall for ——"

"Tut, tut, tut! You're a fool. She's no beanery waitress, like you're used to. She really is a lady."

"How blind you are, cruel friend. You do not even see that whatever my vices may be my social standing ——"

"Oh—shut—up! Can't you see I'm trying to be kind to you? Have I simply got to beat you up before you begin to suspect you aren't welcome? Your social standing isn't even in the telephone book. And your vocabulary—you let too many 'kids' slip in among the juicy words. Have I got to lick ——"

"Well, you're right. I'm a fliv. Shake hands, m' boy, and no hard feelings."

"Good. Then I can drive on nice and alone, without having to pound your ears off?"

"Certainly. That is—we'll compromise. You take me on just a few miles, into more settled country, and I'll leave you."

So it chanced that Milt was still inescapably accompanied by Mr. Pinky Parrott that evening when he saw Claire's Gomez standing in the yard at Barmberry's, and pulled up.

Pinky had voluntarily promised not to use his eloquence on Claire, not to try to borrow money from Mr. Boltwood. Without ever having quite won Milt's permission to stay he had stayed. He had also carried out his promise to buy his half of the provisions by adding a five-cent bag of lemon drops to Milt's bacon and bread.

When they had stopped Milt warned: "There's their machine now. Seems to be kind of a hotel here. I'm going in and say howdy. Good-by, Pink. Glad to have met you, but I expect you to be gone when I come out here again. If you aren't—want granite or marble for the headstone? I mean it, now!"

"I quite understand, my lad. I admire your chivalric delicacy. Farewell, old *compagnon de voyage!*"

Milt inquired of Mr. Barmberry whether the Boltwoods were within, and burst into the parlor-living-room-library. As he cried to Claire by the fire: "Thought I'd never catch up with you," he was conscious that standing up talking to Mr. Boltwood was an old-young man, very suave, very unfriendly of eye. He had an Oxford-gray suit; unwrinkled cordovan shoes; a pert, insultingly well-tied blue bow, and a superior narrow pink bald spot. As he heard Jeff Saxton murmur "Ah, Mr. Daggett!" Milt felt the luxury in the room—the fleecy robe over Claire's shoulders, the silver box of candy by her elbow, the smell of expensive cigars, and the portly complacence of Mr. Boltwood.

"I am No More Nimble Knight of Wits, as You May Take It. In Fact, I am Lord of Fair Acres in Arcady"

"Have you had any dinner?" Claire was asking, when a voice boomed: "Let me introduce myself as Westlake Parrott."

Jeff abruptly took charge. He faced Pinky and demanded: "I beg your pardon!"

Claire's eyebrows asked questions of Milt.

"This is a fellow I gave a lift to. Miner—I mean actor—well, kind of spiritualist medium ——"

Mr. Boltwood, with the geniality of dinner and cigar, soothed: "Jeff—uh, Daggett here has saved our lives two distinct times, and given us a great deal of help. He is a motor expert. He has always refused to let us do anything in return, but—I noticed there was almost a whole fried chicken left. I wonder if he wouldn't share it with—uh—with his acquaintance here before—before they make camp for the night?"

In civil and vicious tones Jeff began: "Very glad to reward anyone who has been of service to ——"

He was drowned out by Pinky's effusive "True hospitality is a virtue as delicate as it is rare. We accept your invitation. In fact I should be glad to have one of those *cigarros elegantos* that mine olfactory ——"

Milt cut in abruptly: "Pink! Shut up! Thanks, folks, but we'll go on. Just wanted to see if you had got in safe."

Claire was close to Milt, her fingers on his sleeve. "Please, Milt! Father, you didn't make your introduction very complete. You failed to tell Mr. Daggett that this is Mr. Saxton, a friend of ours in Brooklyn. Please, Milt, do stay and have dinner. I won't let you go on hungry. And I want you to know Jeff—Mr. Saxton. . . . Jeff, Mr. Daggett is an engineer—that is, in a way. He's going to take an engineering course in the University of Washington. Some day I shall make you bloated copper magnates become interested in him. . . . Mrs. Barmberry! Oh, Mrs. Barmberry, won't you please warm up that other chicken for——"

"Oh, now, that's too bad. Me and Jim have et it all up!" wept the landlady at the door.

"I'll go on," stammered Milt.

Jeff looked at him expressionlessly.

"You will not go on!" Claire was insisting. "Mrs. Barmberry, won't you cook some eggs or steak or something for these boys?"

"Perhaps," Jeff suggested, "they'd rather make their own dinner by a camp fire. Must be very jolly, and that sort of thing."

"Jeff, if you don't mind, this is my party, just for the moment!"

"Quite right. Sorry!"

"Milt, you sit here by the fire and get warm. I'm not going to be robbed of the egotistic pleasure of being hospitable. Everybody look happy now!"

She got them all seated—all but Pinky. He had long since seated himself by the fire, in Claire's chair, and he was smoking a cigar from the box that Jeff had brought for Mr. Boltwood.

Milt sat farthest from the fire, by the dining table. He was agonizing: "This Jeff person is the real thing. He's no Percy in riding breeches. He's used to society and nastiness. If he looks at me once more—young garage man found froze stiff, near Flathead Lake, scared look in eyes, believed to have met a grizzly, no signs of vi'lence. And I thought I could learn to mingle with Claire's own crowd! I wish I was out in the bug. I wonder if I can't escape?"

XVII

DURING dinner Milt watched Jeff Saxton's manner and manners. The hot day had turned into a cold night. Jeff tucked the knitted robe about Claire's shoulders when she returned to the fire. He moved quietly and easily. He kept poking up the fire, smiling at Claire as he did so. He seemed without difficulty to maintain two conversations—one with Mr. Boltwood about finance, one with Claire about mysterious persons called Fanny and Alden and Chub and Bobby and Dot, the mention of whom made Milt realize how much a stranger he was. Once, as he passed by Claire, Jeff said gently, "You are lovely!" Only that, and he did not look at her. But Milt saw that Claire flushed and her eyes dimmed.

Pinky was silent till he had eaten about two-thirds of the total amount of fried eggs, cold lamb and ice-box curios. When Claire came over to see how they fared Pinky removed himself with smirking humility, and firmly joined himself to Jeff and Mr. Boltwood. He caught the subject of finance, and while Claire dropped down in the chair by Milt, Pinky was lecturing the two men from New York.

"Ah, finance! Queen of the sociologic pantheon! I don't know how come I am so graced by Fortune as to have encountered in these wilds two gentlemen so obviously versed in the stratagems of the great golden game, but I will take the opportunity to give you gentlemen some statistics about the gold deposits still existent in the Cascades and other ranges that may be of benefit and certainly will be a surprise to you. It happens that I have at the present moment a mine ——"

Claire was whispering to Milt, "If we can get rid of your dreadful passenger I do want you to meet Mr. Saxton. He may be of use to you some day. He's terribly capable, and really quite nice. Think! He happened to be out here, and he traced me by telephone—oh, he treats long-distance phoning as I do a hairpin. He brought down the duckiest presents—divertissements for dinner, and that knitted robe, and some real René Bleuzet perfume. I was all out of it, and after the grime of the road ——"

"Do you really care for things like that—all those awfully expensive luxuries?" begged Milt.

"Of course I do! Especially after small hotels."

"Then you don't really like adventuring?"

"Oh, yes—in its place! For one thing, it makes a clever dinner seem so good by contrast!"

"Well—afraid I don't know much about clever dinners," Milt was sighing when he was aware of Jeff Saxton looming down on him, demanding:

"Daggett, would you mind trying to inform your friend that neither Mr. Boltwood nor I care to invest in his gold mine? We can't seem to get that into his head. I don't

mind being annoyed myself, but I really feel I must protect Mr. Boltwood."

"What can I do?"

"My dear sir, since you brought him here ——"

It was the potassium cyanide and cracked ice and carpet tacks and TNT and castor oil in Jeff's "My dear sir" that did it.

Milt discovered himself on his feet, bawling: "I am not your dear sir! Pinky is my guest, and —— Gee, sorry I lost my temper, Claire; terrible sorry. See you along the road. Good night. Pink! You take your hat! Git!"

Milt followed Pinky out of the door, snarling: "Git in the car, and do it quick! I'll take you clear to Blewett Pass. We drive all to-night."

Pinky was of great silence and tact. Milt lumped into the bug beside him. But he did not start the all-night drive. He wanted to crawl back on his knees to apologize to Claire—and to be slapped by Jeff Saxton. He compromised by slowly driving a quarter of a mile up the road and camping there for the night.

Pinky tried to speak words of philosophy and solace—just once he tried it.

For hours by a small fire Milt grieved that all his pride was gone in a weak longing to see Claire again. In the morning he did see her—putting off on the lake in a motor boat with Jeff and Mr. Barmberry. He saw the boat return, saw Jeff get into the car that had brought him from Kalispell, saw the farewell—the long handclasp, the stoop of Jeff's head and Claire's quick step backward before Jeff could kiss her. But Claire waved to Jeff long after his car had started.

When Claire and her father came along in the Gomez Milt was standing by the road. She stopped. She smiled. "Night of sadness and regrets? You were fairly rude, Milt. So was Mr. Saxton, but I've lectured him, and he sends his apologies."

"I send him mine—'deed I do," said Milt gravely.

"Then everything's all right. I'll give them to him in Seattle. He's going to Alaska, but he'll be back there."

"Morning, Daggett," Mr. Boltwood put in. "Hope you lose that dreadful red-headed person."

"No, I can't now, Mr. Boltwood. When Mr. Saxton turned on me I swore I'd take Pinky clear through to Blewett Pass—though not to Seattle, by golly!"

"Foolish oaths should be broken," Claire platitudinized.

"Claire—look! You don't really care so terribly much about these little luxuries—food and fixin's and six-dollar-a-day-hotel junk, do you?"

"Yes"—stoutly—"I do!"

"But not compared with mountains and ——"

"Oh, it's all very well to talk, and be so superior about these dear old grandeurs of Nature and the heroism of pioneers, and I do like a glimpse of them. But the niceties of life do mean something, and even if it is weak and dependent I shall always simply adore them!"

"All these things are kind of softening." And he meant that she was still soft.

"At least they're not rude!" And she meant that he was rude.

"They're absolutely trivial. They shut off ——"

"They shut off rain and snow and dirt; and I still fail to see the picturesqueness of dirt! Good-by!"

She had driven off without looking back. She was heading for Seattle and the Pacific Ocean at forty miles an hour—and they had no engagement to meet either in Seattle or in the Pacific.

Before Milt went on he completed a task on which he had decided the night before while he had meditated upon the tailored impertinence of Jeff Saxton's gray suit. The task was to give away the best suit, that stolid, very black covering which at Schoenstrom had seemed suitable either to a dance or to the Y. P. S. C. E. The recipient was Mr. Pinky Parrott, who gave in return a history of charity and high souls.

Milt did not listen. He was wondering, now that they had started, where they had started for. Certainly not for Seattle! Why not stop and see Pinky's gold mine? Maybe he did have one. Even Pinky had to tell the truth sometimes. With a gold mine in his possession Milt could buy quantities of clothes like Jeff Saxton's, and ——

"And," he reflected, "I can learn as good manners as his in one hour, with a dancing lesson thrown in. If I didn't I'd sue the professor!"

XVIII

ON THE edge of Kootenai Cañon, feeling more like an aviator than like an automobilist, Claire had driven, and now, nearing Idaho, she had entered a national forest. She was delayed for hours while she tried to change a casing after a blow-out when the spare tire was deflated. She wished for Milt. She would never see him again. She was sorry. He hadn't meant ——

But hang it, she panted, if he admired her at all he'd be here now and get on this per-fect-ly beast-ly casing, over which she had been laboring for a dozen years; and she was simply too ridiculously tired; and was there any respectful way of keeping Henry B. from beaming in that benevolent manner while she was killing herself; and look at those finger nails; and —— Oh, dr-r-rat that casing!

To make the next town after this delay she had to drive for hours by night through the hulking pines of the national forest. It was her first long night drive.

A few claims with log cabins of recent settlers; once or twice the shack of a forest ranger; a telephone in a box by the road or a rough R. F. D. box nailed to a pine trunk—these indicated that civilization still existed, but they were only melancholy blurs. She was in a cold enchantment. All of her was dead save the ability to keep on driving, with no hope of the tedium ending. She was bewildered. She passed at least six times what seemed to be precisely the same forest clearing, always with the road on a tiny ridge at the left of the clearing, always with a darkness-stilled house at one end, and always in the pasture at the other end a horse which neighed. She was in a panorama stage scene; things moved steadily by her; there was a sound of the engine and a sensation of steering, but she was forever in the same place, among the same pines, with the same scowling blackness between their bare clean trunks. Only the road ahead was clear—a one-way track, the foot-high earthy bank and the pine roots beside it, two distinct ruts, and a roughening of strewn brown bark and pine needles, which in the beating light of the car's lamps made the sandy road scabrous with little incessant shadows.

She had never known anything save this strained driving on. Jeff and Milt were old tales, and untrue. Was it ten hours before that she had cooked dinner beside the road? No matter. She wasn't hungry any longer. She would never reach the next town—and she didn't care. It wasn't she, but a grim spirit which had entered her dead body, that kept steering, feeding gas, watching the road.

In the darkness outside the funnel of light from her lamps were shadows that leaped, and gray hands hastily

(Continued on Page 134)

"What d'You Think of a Man That'd Go Off and Leave a Lady Without Half Enough to Eat, While He Caliivanted Round Trying to Raise Money by Gambling?"

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

There Was a Look in Lord Marshmoreton's Eyes Which Was the Look Alex Had When He Defied the Lightning

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXI

MR. AND MRS. Reginald Byng, seated at a table in the corner of the Regent grillroom, gazed fondly into each other's eyes. George, seated at the same table but feeling many miles away, watched them moodily, fighting to hold off a depression which, cured for a while by the exhilaration of the ride in Reggie's racing car—it had beaten its previous record for the trip to London by nearly twenty minutes—now threatened to return. The gay scene, the ecstasy of Reggie, the more restrained but equally manifest happiness of his bride, these things induced melancholy in George. He had not wished to attend the wedding luncheon, but the happy pair seemed to be revolted at the idea that he should stroll off and get a bite to eat somewhere else.

"Stick by us, laddie," Reggie had said pleadingly, "for there is much to discuss, and we need the counsel of a man of the world. We are married all right ——"

"Though it didn't seem legal in that little registrar's office," put in Alice.

"But that, as the blighters say in books, is but a beginning, not an end. We have now to think out the most tactful way of letting the news seep through, as it were, to the mater."

"And Lord Marshmoreton," said Alice, "Don't forget he has lost his secretary."

"And Lord Marshmoreton," amended Reggie. "And about a million other people who'll be most frightfully peeved at my doing the wedding glide without consulting them. Stick by us, old top. Join our simple meal, and we will discuss many things."

The arrival of a waiter with dishes broke up the silent communion between husband and wife, and lowered Reggie to a more earthly plane. He refilled the glasses from the stout bottle that nestled in the ice-bucket—"Only this one, dear!" murmured the bride in a warning undertone; and "All right, darling!" replied the dutiful groom—and raised his own to his lips.

"Cheero! Here's to us all! Maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year and so forth. And now," he continued, becoming sternly practical, "about the good old sequel and aftermath, so to speak, of this little binge of ours. What's to be done? You're a brainy sort of feller, Bevan old man, and we look to you for suggestions. How would you set about breaking the news to mother?"

"Write her a letter," said George.

Reggie was profoundly impressed.

"Didn't I tell you he would have some devilish shrewd scheme?" he said enthusiastically to Alice. "Write her a letter! What could be better? Poetry, by Gad!" His face clouded. "But what would you say in it? That's a pretty knotty point."

"Not at all. Be perfectly frank and straightforward. Say you are sorry to go against her wishes ——"

"Wishes," murmured Reggie, scribbling industriously on the back of the marriage license.

"But you know that all she wants is your happiness ——"

Reggie looked doubtful.

"I'm not sure about that last bit, old thing. You don't know the mater!"

"Never mind, Reggie," put in Alice. "Say it, anyhow. Mr. Bevan is perfectly right."

"Righto, darling! All right, laddie—'happiness.' And then?"

"Point out in a few well-chosen sentences how charming Mrs. Byng is ——"

"Mrs. Byng!" Reggie smiled fatuously. "I don't think I ever heard anything that sounded so indescribably ripping. That part'll be easy enough. Besides, the mater knows Alice."

"Lady Caroline has seen me at the castle," said his bride doubtfully, "but I shouldn't say she knows me. She has hardly spoken a dozen words to me."

"There," said Reggie earnestly, "you're in luck, dear heart! The mater's a great speaker, especially in moments of excitement. I'm not looking forward to the time when she starts on me. Between ourselves, laddie, and meaning no disrespect to the dear soul, when the mater is moved and begins to talk, she uses up most of the language."

"Outspoken, is she?"

"I should hate to meet the person who could outspeak her," said Reggie. George sought information on a delicate point.

"And financially? Does she exercise any authority over you in that way?"

"You mean has the mater the first call on the family doubloons?" said Reggie. "Oh, absolutely not! You see, when I call her the mater, it's using the word in a loose sense, so to speak. She's my stepmother really. She has her own little collection of pieces of eight, and I have mine. That part's simple enough."

"Then the whole thing is simple. I don't see what you've been worrying about."

"Just what I keep telling him, Mr. Bevan," said Alice.

"You're a perfectly free agent. She has no hold on you of any kind."

Reggie Byng blinked dizzily.

"Why, now you put it like that," he exclaimed, "I can see that I jolly well am! It's an amazing thing, you know; habit and all that! I've been so accustomed for years to jumping through hoops and shamming dead when the mater lifted a little finger, that it absolutely never occurred to me that I had a soul of my own. I give you my honest word I never saw it till this moment."

"And now it's too late!"

"Eh?"

George indicated Alice with a gesture. The newly made Mrs. Byng smiled.

"Mr. Bevan means that now you've got to jump through hoops and sham dead when I lift a little finger!"

Reggie raised her hand to his lips and nibbled at it gently.

"Blessums 'ittle finger! It shall lift it and have 'ums Reggums jumping through . . ." He broke off and tendered George a manly apology: "Sorry, old top! Forgot myself for the moment. Shan't occur again! Have another chicken or an éclair or some soup or something!"

Over the cigars Reggie became expansive.

"Now that you've lifted the frightful weight of the mater off my mind, dear old lad," he said, puffing luxuriously, "I find myself surveying the future in a calmer

spirit. It seems to me that the best thing to do, as regards the mater and everybody else, is simply to prolong the merry wedding trip till time, the great healer, has had a chance to cure the wound. Alice wants to put in a week or so in Paris ——"

"Paris!" murmured the bride ecstatically.

"Then I would like to trickle southward to the Riviera."

"If you mean Monte Carlo, dear," said his wife with gentle firmness, "no!"

"No, no, not Monte Carlo," said Reggie hastily, "though it's a great place. Air—scenery—and what not! But Nice and Bordighera and Mentone and other fairly ripe resorts. You'd enjoy them." Reggie broke off with a sharp exclamation.

"My sainted aunt!"

"What's the matter?"

Both his companions were looking past him, wide-eyed. George occupied the chair that had its back to the door, and was unable to see what it was that had caused their consternation; but he deduced that someone known to both of them must have entered the restaurant; and his first thought, perhaps naturally, was that it must be Reggie's "mater."

Reggie dived behind a menu, which he held before him like a shield, and his bride, after one quick look, had turned away so that her face was hidden. George swung round, but the newcomer, whoever he or she was, was now seated and indistinguishable from the rest of the lunchers.

"Who is it?"

Reggie laid down the menu with the air of one who after momentary panic rallies.

"Don't know what I'm making such a fuss about," he said stoutly. "I keep forgetting that none of these blighters really matters in the scheme of things. I've a good mind to go over and pass the time of day."

"Don't!" pleaded his wife. "I feel so guilty."

"Who is it?" asked George again. "Your stepmother?"

"Great Scott, no!" said Reggie. "Nothing so bad as that. It's old Marshmoreton!"

"Lord Marshmoreton!"

"Absolutely! And looking positively festive."

"I feel so awful, Mr. Bevan," said Alice solemnly.

"You know, I left the castle without a word to anyone, and he doesn't know yet that there won't be a secretary waiting for him when he gets back."

Reggie took another look over George's shoulder, and chuckled

"It's all right, darling. Don't worry. We can nip off secretly by the other door. He's not going to spot us. He's got a girl with him! The old boy has come to life—absolutely! He's gassing away sixteen to the dozen to a frightfully pretty girl with gold hair. If you slew the old bean round at an angle of about forty-five, Bevan old top, you can see her. Take a look. He won't see you. He's got his back to us."

"Do you call her pretty?" asked Alice disparagingly.

"Now that I take a good look, precious," replied Reggie with alacrity, "no! Absolutely not! Not my style at all."

His wife crumbled bread.

"I think she must know you, Reggie dear," she said softly. "She's waving to you."

"She's waving to me," said George, bringing back the sunshine to Reggie's life and causing the latter's face to lose its hunted look. "I know her very well. Her name's Dore, Billie Dore."

"Old man," said Reggie, "be a good fellow and slide over to their table and cover our retreat. I know there's nothing to be afraid of really, but I simply can't face the old boy."

"And break the news to him that I've gone, Mr. Bevan," added Alice.

"Very well. I'll say good-by then."

"Good-by, Mr. Bevan, and thank you ever so much."

Reggie shook George's hand warmly.

"Good-by, Bevan old thing, you're a ripper! I can't tell you how bucked I am at the sportsmanlike way you've rallied round.

"I'll do the same for you one of these days. Just hold the old boy in play for a minute or two while we leg it. And, if he wants us, tell him our address till further notice is Paris. What ho! What ho! What ho! Toodleoo, laddie, toodleoo!"

George threaded his way across the room. Billie Dore welcomed him with a friendly smile. The earl, who had turned to observe his progress, seemed less delighted to see him. His weather-beaten face wore an almost furtive look. He reminded George of a schoolboy who has been caught in some breach of the law.

"Fancy seeing you here, George!" said Billie. "We're always meeting, aren't we! How did you come to separate yourself from the pigs and chickens? I thought you were never going to leave them."

"I had to run up on business," explained George. "How are you, Lord Marshmoreton?"

The earl nodded briefly.

"So you're onto him, too?" said Billie. "When did you get wise?"

"Lord Marshmoreton was kind enough to call on me the other morning and drop the incognito."

"Isn't dadda the foxiest old thing!" said Billie delightedly. "Imagine him standing there that day in the garden, kidding us along like that! I tell you, when they brought me his card last night after the first act, and I went down to take a slant at this Lord Marshmoreton and found dadda hanging round the stage door, you could have knocked me over with a whisk broom."

"I have not stood at the stage door for twenty-five years," said Lord Marshmoreton sadly.

"Now, it's no use your pulling that Henry W. Methuselah stuff," said Billie affectionately. "You can't get away with it. Anyone can see that you're just a kid, can't they, George?" She indicated the blushing earl with a wave of the hand. "Isn't dadda the youngest thing that ever happened?"

"Exactly what I told him myself."

Lord Marshmoreton giggled. There is no other verb that describes the sound that proceeded from him.

"I feel young," he admitted.

"I wish some of the juveniles in the shows I've been in," said Billie, "were as young as you. It's getting so nowadays that one's thankful if a juvenile has teeth." She glanced across the room. "Your pals are walking out on you, George. The people you were lunching with," she explained. "They're leaving."

"That's all right., I said good-by to them." He looked at Lord Marshmoreton. It seemed a suitable opportunity to break the news. "I was lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Byng," he said.

Nothing appeared to stir beneath Lord Marshmoreton's tanned forehead.

"Reggie Byng and his wife, Lord Marshmoreton," added George.

This time he secured the earl's interest. Lord Marshmoreton started.

"What!"

"They are just off to Paris," said George.

"Reggie Byng is not married!"

"Married this morning; I was best man."

"Busy little creature!" interjected Billie.

"But—but ——"

"You know his wife," said George casually. "She was a Miss Faraday. I think she was your secretary."

It would have been impossible to deny

(Continued on Page 66)

"I Went Down to Take a Slant at This Lord Marshmoreton and Found Dadda Hanging Around the Stage Door"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1919

Follow Your Nose

THE official text of the Constitution of the League of Nations has been published by every important newspaper in the United States. Get that official text and read it for yourself, with plain horse sense.

You will then see what ground there is for these senatorial bogeys. It does not destroy the sovereignty of the United States. It does not and cannot infringe the Constitution of the United States, for that cannot be changed in any respect except in the manner which itself prescribes. It does not put our army and navy at the arbitrary disposal of anybody. It does not in the least restrict our freedom to protect ourselves from attack by Mexico or any other state. It does not leave us helpless to determine our own immigration policy.

Any possible federation of nations must be essentially like a partnership among individuals. If each prospective partner is going to assume, to begin with, that the other prospective partners are seeking a partnership in order to take every possible advantage of him and injure him at every opportunity the partnership will never be formed, for legal ingenuity cannot frame a compact under which a set of rogues, working together, will not find a chance to gouge each other. But if each prospective partner takes the common-sense view that, as the partnership is for the mutual benefit of all concerned, every partner will wish to keep on good terms with the other partners and will act toward them with a reasonable degree of honesty and good faith, then a legal document, satisfactory to all of them, can be drawn.

If the United States is going to assume that it can trust nothing at all to the good faith and common honesty of any of its prospective partners in the League, or to their desire for friendly relations with us, then any league is out of the question. If we can take no chance on international friendship we must turn vigorously to competitive armaments, with a million men and equipment ready for instant call and a billion a year for navy. That is the choice before us.

It is the most important question before the country and the world. It will be extensively debated. Picking flaws, and magnifying them, is to be expected—especially as the discussion has a strongly partisan hue. Keep the official texts and read them over for yourself, with plain horse sense, not of course forgetting that the sincerity of the signatory powers is the essence of the contract.

The Association of Soldiers

AMERICANS who took arms to make the world safe for democracy will, of course, form an association. Given a large number of men with that great common experience such an association is fairly inevitable in sociable America. It is fitting and admirable.

We hear considerable discussion as to what sort of association it will turn out to be in actual practice, with what aims and what effect upon national life—and whether it will be purely sociable, or take on some political complexion and be an object of lively political intrigue, or perhaps devote its attention mainly to self-interests.

What called these men together was a unique service to the country and a unique sacrifice for the cause of democracy throughout the world. We should say that motive might well be the guiding principle of the association. Democracy nowhere is made safe simply by fighting for it with arms in a great crisis. Its safety is a matter of daily living and thinking and acting. There are plenty of enemies that wear no Prussian helmets.

That democracy shall be kept safe and effective; that the will of the majority as constitutionally expressed in duly enacted laws shall be respected and obeyed in all cases—might very well be a prime object of the soldiers' association. They might stand as formidably as in France against seditions, Bolshevism, mobs. They fought for the ballot box. They might well say, first of all, "The ballot box shall rule."

Soldiers, Keep Up Your Insurance

WAR put the Government into life insurance. It rightly assumed the war risk to which its soldiers exposed themselves in defense of the country. Two million soldiers are returning from France. More than ninety per cent of them carry government war life insurance, the average policy being about nine thousand dollars, and the aggregate eighteen billion dollars. Unless they take some further action this insurance will lapse automatically. The country's obligation to these men does not lapse when they receive their discharges. They offered all in its defense. The account is not settled when the last pay voucher is signed. This government life insurance is now in force. The equipment for continuing it is in working order. The Government ought to continue it, and will. Any returning soldier can have, for life, government life insurance at cost.

It is a rare opportunity for them. No soldier can any more afford to throw it away than he could afford to walk over a ten-dollar bill that he might have by simply picking it up.

Nearly all these soldiers are young men in prime condition—mainly unmarried. They are of the age and condition when life insurance can be bought cheapest, but when commonly it is not bought at all because a man feels no immediate need of it. In the normal course of life he will presently feel the need of it. It will cost him more then, and if he has let this opportunity to get government insurance on a strict cost basis go by it will be gone for good.

So far the soldiers have been buying their life insurance from the Government on a year-to-year basis, which is impracticable when they are off the government pay roll and scattered in civil occupations. A long-time contract is the advisable one now. Such a contract involves higher payments in the earlier years. Through the War Department and various other agencies the Government is prepared to explain the technical points and to offer various kinds of policies from which an individual may select the one best suited to his needs.

The important point is that soldiers now have the opportunity of getting life insurance backed by the Government at actual cost. It is an opportunity that no soldier can afford to neglect. Such a policy is a mighty good asset to begin any career with. Every soldier ought to look up this chance.

We do not believe in government life insurance as a general proposition. This does not imply government life insurance as a general proposition. The country owes a peculiar obligation to these men. In proper discharge of that obligation it insured their lives for the war period. The insurance is in force; the machinery for continuing it is there. Now that the soldiers have won victory the Government should not simply cancel the special relationship that the war set up. It can well afford to continue the soldiers' insurance. They cannot afford to overlook the opportunity thus offered them.

Candidates

YOU are already aware of a persistent noise. It will increase in volume and pitch for the next twelve months. It is the mentioning of candidates for the presidential nominations. Some of these mentionings sound to us like a coal scuttle with the tongs and fire shovel in it falling down the backstairs. Others strike the ear more agreeably. It is agreeable, for example, to hear mention of men like Gov. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, because, though a lawyer by profession, he has spent considerable time in rather intimate contact with those practical affairs by which the world gets its living. We should judge from hearsay and observation that he would know offhand that for the purpose of driving industrial machinery steam is more dependable than wind.

We don't pretend to have followed the governor's utterances with Boswellian exactness, so we speak subject to correction, but our impression is that he does not regard business as a crime which may be good-naturedly tolerated when it is in the small or petty-larceny state, but which requires the sternest repression when it assumes the larger or homicidal state. We suppose if anyone began talking to him about proletariats and wage slaveries and plutocracies, what would rise in his mind would not be Page Three Hundred and Six of Karl Marx's Capital, but a picture of an actual American community, with its actual shops and factories and pay rolls and people and ballot boxes; and he would want to know exactly what the talker meant by those mouthy terms as applied to America.

Because of these somewhat sketchy impressions the mentioning of men like Governor Lowden is agreeable. You know what happens when a board that has long laid on the ground is suddenly moved. The war was a universal mover of lumber, usefully and otherwise; so in the collective human mind every solitary bug, from venerable old great-grandfather bug down to the newest hatched, is now up and moving. Put a handful of them and a presidential bee under the same bonnet and you have a bad combination.

We say to both parties: "Trot out your men of weight and poise and solid understanding; men with a grip on those practical affairs upon whose sane management not only our bread and butter but our happiness, as a matter of actual experience, largely depend. We want nothing resembling a Bolshevik Utopia in which theory flourishes while the real human beings hunger and perish. Give us candidates with horse sense and practical experience."

The Real Job

THERE are more than two hundred million people in what used to be Austria-Hungary and in Germany, Belgium, France, Italy—the people most vitally and immediately involved in the peace settlement. Many of them are farmers, but their farms are run down from four years of scamped cultivation, lack of fertilizers, lack of tools or from direct ravages of war. Many of them are workmen, but they have no jobs. There are merchants with scant stocks of goods and dubious credit. There are factories with damaged machinery and little raw material to run on. There are railroads with dilapidated rolling stock. Industry is much disorganized. Nobody knows what to count on or how to start up again.

Now writing down words in a palace at Versailles can affect all that comparatively little. It can make a proposal, hold out a promise or a threat. But whatever the peace treaty contained, it would be, so to speak, only a gesture. The real job of getting two hundred million people at work again in systematic efficient production would remain to be done. No matter what is done or not done at Versailles, the situation of two hundred million people will be a war situation of want and waste, and not a real peace situation, until industry is restored. That work is bound to lean pretty heavily on the United States and there will be more or less menace to our security and prosperity until it is accomplished. The real job over there still has a call on our industry and thrift. With a peace treaty signed Europe and our own enlightened self interest respecting it will need our best effort at production and saving.

No Analogy

HERBERT HOOVER is quoted as having said in a recent speech: "The world has spent infinite blood and has suffered infinitely to destroy the misuse and inheritance of political power. We are yet faced with the unsolved problem of the misuse and inheritance of economic power."

Cut out of its context and standing alone that makes a pretty good revolutionary text, for which purpose it has been used. It implies that in our economic affairs there is still a sort of Prussian autocracy or Romanoff tyranny. A Prussian autocracy and a Romanoff tyranny make the law. They are the law. The only way to overthrow them is by revolution.

Whatever of misuse and inheritance of economic power there may be in the United States does not make the law and is notoriously weak in political power. Congress or Government investigates and regulates at will; and has already imposed a great many limitations, as by regulating railroad and public utility charges, by the antitrust laws, by heavy taxation, and so on. Congress or Government can impose further limitations on economic power in any direction and to practically any extent; and everybody who knows anything about American politics knows it will do so whenever it feels like it or public opinion seems to demand it, with no regard for the wishes or feelings of whatever persons are misusing economic power. If "inheritance" is synonymous with "misuse" we have a tested and proved implement for correction in the Federal and state inheritance-tax laws. Labor's right to protect itself by organizing and collective bargaining is undisputed.

In short, we are on every hand subject to public investigation, cross-examination, restraint and correction by well-established, undisputed constitutional means. Getting up a revolution to deal with that is as ridiculous as invoking revolution to subdue a drunk and disorderly, when all you need do is speak to the nearest policeman. No doubt the full text of Mr. Hoover's speech would give a different impression.

BULLS LOOSE AGAIN

By Albert W. Atwood

ONCE more we have with us our old friends, the bulls. They are loose again, no longer bound by the deadening restrictions of the war. They have got away from the stockade, free and clear, and have started on a mad rampage, an ecstatic joy ride all over the lot. A wealth of pent-up power in the form of money and optimism, free at last, has begun to pour out into a real, good old-fashioned bull market for stocks.

Now there is nothing new exactly about a great bull market. It is as old as the industrial system itself or the economic structure of modern civilization—perhaps older. And as with wars, peace conferences, politics, and the like, the new generation forgets the experiences of those that have gone before.

Nevertheless, a bull market is a marvelous phenomenon as regards both men and things. It is something to wonder and gape at, to study and profit by, mentally if not financially. It is a great national landmark, a whole chapter in the history of the country, perhaps of the world, and not more to be sneered at or made fun of than wars, epidemics, inventions, panics, big crops and new discoveries of gold and oil.

Booming Markets Rouse the Sleepers

I SAY that bull markets are not to be sneered at, because they nearly always seem to have an intimate relation with the fundamental movements of industry and commerce, with the ebb and flow of prosperity and wealth. The pushing up of stocks is generally overdone; speculation is often attended with grotesque evils; but the fact remains that the flushed excitement of the bull market and the dour depression of the bear variety both strike deep roots into the whole fabric of the country's material well-being. Nearly always the major movements of the market foreshadow, if they do no more, the as yet unseen tidal waves of national prosperity and depression. They may be but shadows, but shadows sometimes point straight to the substance.

Now a bull market is not a thing to be analyzed calmly from start to finish like a guinea pig in a laboratory. For a real boom in stocks steals upon the country silently and stealthily, like a thief in the night. Yesterday no man saw it; to-day it is raging full blast; to-morrow it may be gone. A bull market is with us before we know it. Men are suddenly wakened with a start. They rub their eyes at new scenes and cannot explain the rapidity of the shifts.

For just before a bull market gets under headway it always seems as if speculation in stocks had died and been laid to rest. A large portion of the community finds a positive indecency in the abrupt and unexpected coming to life of the corpse. These naturally are the persons who did not get in early on the rise. They nod their heads gravely and condemn the rashness of these speculators.

Even more unreliable is the testimony of the fortunate ones who did get in early, the bulls with their paper profits. To them the whole face of Nature has been changed. They have turned from ordinary men into great financiers, their wisdom is that of Solomon, their touch is that of Midas. They tell you that the bull market means that the greatest prosperity the country has ever known is on the way. They may be right and they may be wrong.

"Why such a bull market now, when the world is poor from the destruction of the war and has huge national debts to pay off, together with industries to reorganize?" is the question I put some weeks ago to one of the veterans of Wall Street, a man who knows the ins and outs of the market, who is connected with several large corporations and influential capitalistic groups, and who is much respected and looked up to.

"It is because the people of the country have a great oversurplus of money, and when that is the case they are bound to take chances and speculate. We as a nation have too much money. There is inflation, and when that condition exists people always want to do something with their money. We have most of the money in the world. We have become a creditor nation, occupying much the same position of advantage as England held just after our Civil War."

Now it is safe to say that if the stock market is performing any function at the present time, and it is always supposed to perform some function, it is bringing out in striking relief—indeed in the most hectic, sensational and spectacular prominence—the wealth of this country. We knew we had grown wealthy, but it needed a great bull market to dramatize and visualize that condition. I went into a brokerage office a few weeks ago and met a Wall Street newspaper man coming out in a great rush.

"What is going on down here in Wall Street?" I asked him as he hurried past.

"Oh, they're just waking up," he called back as he sped away. The wealth of this country has increased, so it is said, thirty billion dollars since the war began. Nor has it all gone to the millionaires.

"You ask why the stock market is booming," was the reply to my question from an old friend who delightfully combines work in Wall Street with an active participation in socialism. "In the last couple of years we have raised here in this city $140,000 in cash to put up a building for the Socialist Party. It has all come in small sums from working people."

The Swollen Ranks of Millionaires

"FIVE years ago if you had suggested to me that we could raise that amount of money I would have said you were a liar. It would have been a pipe dream. Why, we would have stood as much chance of getting that much money as of persuading J. P. Morgan to join the Socialist Party. And yet with money flowing like that you ask why the market is booming."

"But the working classes who are contributing to your Socialist Party aren't buying stocks?" I queried.

"No, of course not," was the answer. "But if the workers are as flush as all that, what must be the condition of the new rich, of the new millionaires? Have you ever thought of that?"

It is literally true that there are thousands of new millionaires in this country, of whom the reading public has yet heard of only a few. There are at least a half dozen crops or layers of them, each from its own industry.

There are the millionaires of the automobile industry, there are the manufacturers and contractors, and there are the oil men. Finally there is the agricultural prosperity of the South, Southwest and West, which has formed, in the aggregate, a whole new stratum of wealth. All these are absolutely new, or relatively new, as buyers of stocks, as factors in the markets, as powers of finance.

The bull stock market is first and primarily nothing but a reflection of this new dispersion of wealth, of this new creation and to some extent redistribution of wealth. For new-found dollars must always find an outlet. Their owners are all dressed up and must have a place to go.

Nationally speaking this new wealth always goes first into the market for stocks. For that is easiest and takes

Won't This Congress Give the Wallflowers a Whirl?

the least trouble. It is the first stage in a cycle of employment. General business, manufacturing, and the like, may come next. Real estate often comes last. But stocks have the first call on new riches. It is always in the stock market that the new millionaire takes his initial fling.

The public does not fully appreciate the fact that hordes of small manufacturers have become big ones in the last few years, that a thousand little steel mills, automobile shops, oil companies, and so on through a long list of industries, have become great instead of small in the mighty crucible of our industrial expansion.

Nor does the public appreciate the fact that it is no longer a startling sensation for a farmer or stock breeder in the South, Southwest and West to make profits comparable to those of the successful business man. The great majority of farmers are, of course, a long way from being rich as yet; but in the aggregate there are enough whose incomes in the last few years have been really large to make a marked and radical difference in both the amount and distribution of national wealth. I asked a broker if there were any big buyers of stocks in the market.

"Why not?" was his reply. "There is a man who buys through my office who less than ten years ago had a business worth about $200,000, which is now a $10,000,000 affair."

I went one afternoon shortly after three o'clock to see a broker who had just come off the floor of the Stock Exchange. He is a tall, handsome man, who had been dressed immaculately that morning, but he sat slouched before his desk, his hair rumpled, and the carnation in his buttonhole wearing a dejected, battered appearance. He said that he felt frazzled, that he was a wreck, and it was no wonder that he should feel that way after the immense market which had broken out that day in the stocks in which he specialized.

Every few minutes as we talked a sharp-faced, curt-mannered chief clerk, cashier, accountant, or something of that sort, interrupted us to demand in a rasping voice why the broker had not turned in his slips more promptly, whether he had bought it at 106 or 107, whether he had sold two hundred, as he had said he had, or really had sold three hundred.

The broker wearily went over his little memorandum books, trying vainly time after time to recollect the details of this or that sale. But it was a failure, and he gave it up as a bad job.

"Well, will you take that hundred yourself?" demanded the hard-voiced clerk.

"Yes, yes, anything," said the broker as he tried to wave the clerk away. "I am perfectly willing to carry it overnight."

A mere trifle of $10,000.

"You ask me who is buying all the stocks?"

He tried wearily but politely to fix his attention upon me as the clerk retreated, muttering to himself, probably on the inefficiency of floor brokers.

High Prices and Easy Money

"HOW do I know who is buying the stocks? I am too busy executing orders to know anything. But I will tell you something: On Easter Sunday my little girl thought it would be pleasant to buy three carnations—one for her mother, one for herself and one for me. So she went out and brought back three rather ordinary pinks, three for a dollar. Why, I used to buy them on the street for five or ten cents apiece.

"I bought a pair of boots the other day and did not ask the price. The bill came in, twenty-eight dollars a pair. A friend of mine took three ladies to a well-known hotel for tea. He had to pay admission to get into the dining room—that is, he paid for the privilege of spending money! He didn't like it there, however, so they went to another dining room, and he had to pay admission all over again. Then he thought it would be nice for the ladies to have some violets and he motioned to a boy to bring some in. Only five dollars a bunch!

"You think this hasn't much to do with the market: Listen for a moment longer. I am somewhat interested in art. I go to the sales now and then." He pointed to an art catalogue on his desk. "Who do you suppose buys the most expensive pictures, the antiques, the rare books? I swear to you that I have never heard of any of them. You know I have been down here more than twenty-five years and I have known pretty nearly every great financier in New York. I tell you I don't know who buys these things, but once in a while I have taken the trouble to look them up and find that this man is president of an automobile company in Detroit and that one is in an oil company in Oklahoma.

"I tell you Wall Street doesn't know what has struck it yet. It hasn't classified or analyzed these new people. They haven't emerged or appeared upon the surface as individuals and personalities. But they will. Meanwhile, with all this new money there is no limit to the grotesque turns the market may take."

Wall Street has only recently wakened to the fact that a new public has invaded its holy precincts. This public has jumped into the saddle—or, if you prefer a different metaphor, it has taken the bit in its teeth and run away with the stock market. At any rate it is flush enough with money to give itself a tremendous run for its dough in the great game of stock speculation.

But this public, mind you, is not the miscellaneous collection of bootblacks, parlormaids, waiters in Broad Street restaurants, young curb brokers, newsboys and delicatessen storekeepers that gave the old market wagon such a ride in 1915–16—not as yet, at any rate—not at this writing.

That stage has not been reached. Wall Street has been having a roaring, boiling market, engineered by a new crowd, but not of the piker, shoe-string variety. In 1916 it was said that even convicts in Sing Sing were operating in stocks. That was a regular South Sea bubble.

What Wall Street has experienced this spring has been a huge boost from a flush country, and especially from the West, the Middle West, the South and the Southwest. It is not the first time that waves of Westerners have rolled into Wall Street, that the Chicago, Pittsburgh and other varieties of millionaire have expressed their convictions through the medium of the Stock Exchange. Perhaps, as before, their grasp of fundamental conditions, their vision of the future, is keener than the Easterners'. Perhaps the West and South see prosperity ahead, or perhaps they merely have the money to speculate with and are no more clairvoyant as to the future than the hardened old professionals and financiers of Manhattan Island.

The Shortsighted Insiders

EVIDENCE of these assertions is overwhelming, both negative and positive. When the breakers of stock buying began to surge in, the most powerful financial institutions in the country, perhaps in all the world, were surprised and startled. I wish I were at liberty to mention the names of some of them, for they are names that inspire financial awe wherever business is done.

Secret inquiries were set on foot by these interests to determine who was responsible. They knew they were not buying, and if they had any suspicions that their immediate associates or competitors were in the market they soon learned better.

Most of the brokers whose business originates in New York itself, most of the brokers actually on the floor of the Stock Exchange, many of the insiders, the directors, officers, and very large stockholders in many of the big corporations—were skeptical and ignorant of what was going on. Many of them were like the director of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation who early in the war sold out all his Bethlehem stock at 75, at what he thought a fine profit, only to miss 625 points more.

I asked a broker, whose business is largely of New York origin, what he thought of the market. He shook his head sadly and told a story which to his mind illustrated the madness of the public which had then begun to buy on such a scale. Evidently there were at least a few people right in or near New York who were trying to get in on the rise. The broker lived in a somewhat distant suburb and he was riding in to New York on the train one Monday morning.

"Last night," he said, "I was just going to bed, well after ten o'clock, when I was called to the phone by a man who wanted me to buy four hundred shares of stock for him right away. He asked me what to buy and I replied that I wouldn't buy anything.

But he insisted upon a purchase, so I said: "If someone hitched a pair of horses to me, dragged me down into the middle of the floor of the Stock Exchange, sat on my head while holding a revolver over me and ordered me to buy four hundred shares of stock I would probably buy X Y Z and A B C.

"So my client told me to go ahead and buy those stocks, and then asked me to telephone the order in the first thing Monday morning.

"'How can I do that?' I replied. 'I take the eight-forty-five train. I can't telephone from the train; and besides, there is no one at my office at that hour. I get to my office at ten-fifteen, only fifteen minutes after the opening. If you want to get in ahead of that you can telephone yourself or give your order to another broker.'

"And do you know," the broker said to me, "that man wanted my opinion on a certain stock which I had never even heard of!

"'What! Never heard of it!' exclaimed the customer. 'Why, it's a listed stock all right.'

"'Maybe it is,' I said, 'but there are a lot of listed stocks I know nothing about, and wouldn't have in my house if I did.'"

I repeated the gist of this market philosophy to another broker, also a New Yorker, but a member of one of the great wire houses which have been getting the lion's share of the stock business, and who himself has been operating on a big scale in a certain stock which he and his associates had driven up to a point which fairly made the directors' eyes bulge out. He sniffed his contempt for such conservatism.

"These New Yorkers," he snorted, "need to buy a railroad ticket and ride a few hundred miles. They can't see beyond their noses."

Another member of the same firm, resident partner in a Far Western state, who happened to be in New York at the time, added that the West was flush with money, not only because of the high prices which it has received for its products since the war but because the Federal Reserve system has been gradually shifting much of the money power of the country away from New York. He said that he did not believe the country as a whole, including the West itself, had begun to realize the importance of this change.

The stock market, like any other aspect of business or finance, is a constantly shifting, changing panorama. It is a motion picture, a series of new scenes, of new faces, groups, persons and situations. A group of capitalists, a type of broker, a type of market operator—all these become prominent, wealthy, successful, and therefore fixed in the public mind as representative. But they are not really fixed or permanent. They are subject to change and decay like other mundane things, and the first the public knows they may have passed away, to give place to something new.

Or it may be that what seems fixed, leading and representative is brushed aside temporarily only to appear again later on. However all that may be, the fact is at the moment that the stock market means nothing but the wire houses, those brokerage firms whose telegraph connections reach directly to many or to all parts of the country. They have been the first naturally to feel the quickening impulse of new business from the country at large. In over these wires is pouring at this writing a volume of speculative business and quasi-investment buying of stocks that is the most eloquent testimony possible to the money resources of the great far reaches of America.

Someone once wrote a book called Wall Street and the Country, but Wall Street, or at least that part of it known as the Stock Exchange—and the curb as well—is the country, as far as stock purchases and sales are concerned. San Francisco is as near the Stock Exchange as Fifth Avenue in New York City. The stock market is merely a center from which the elements of distance and geography have been eliminated. Mister San Diego California barters directly with Mister Portland Maine, for the wires are no respecters of miles or state boundaries.

The Activities of the Wire Houses

NOW of course a large part of all stocks bought and sold even in the main Wall Street offices of brokerage firms are for the account of operators who have migrated to New York from interior points. Many of them are relatively newcomers. But in addition to this the wire houses have an amazingly complete system for gathering in orders from distant points. I have before me what is called a wire map issued by one of the largest houses. It looks like a complete railroad guide of the United States.

This one particular firm reaches by private leased duplex wire from its main Wall Street office to such cities as Baltimore, Washington, Charlotte, Charleston, Atlanta, Savannah, Augusta, Jacksonville, New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Denver, Salt Lake City, Butte, Spokane, San Francisco, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Coronado Beach and San Diego. It also has wire connections to Boston, Portland, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Gary, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Winnipeg. This particular firm has six branches in the state of California alone.

Remember that this is only one of possibly half a dozen equally large houses. These wires from the main New York office may run to the firm's own branch offices or merely to correspondent firms. The effect is exactly the same. Another house has no less than thirty-nine branches. Still another has branches in Indiana, Iowa, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, Canada, New York and Virginia.

Still a fourth firm, whose main office is in Chicago but which has a New York Stock Exchange membership and must therefore turn the bulk of its stock business into New York, because that is where the great majority of well-known stocks find their market, has no less than ten branches in the state of Iowa alone, five in Illinois and ten in Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska. A fifth similar house has nineteen branches in the state of Illinois alone.

There is a sixth house, whose business is probably no larger than several of those already referred to. It does not reach nearly so far south or west as several of the other firms. It does not reach Cleveland or Detroit directly or get into the resort business of Florida or California. Yet on two successive days for which I saw the firm's sheets it handled 75,000 and 60,000 shares from outside of Greater New York. On the first of these days its outside business was almost exactly double its New York City business, and on the second day—for which detailed figures are here

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Nature's best—
made better by Campbell's

We use hand-picked beans from selected crops, a particularly tasty sauce made from vine-ripened tomatoes, and fine-flavored bacon-pork.

By Campbell's method the fresh natural tomato flavor and the richness of the pork are blended completely with the beans, giving them a distinctly pleasing quality. They are thoroughly and evenly cooked, inviting, tender, easy to digest. A dish the whole family will enjoy.

One size 15c a Can One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' PORK AND BEANS

RED-AND-WHITE LABEL WITH TOMATO SAUCE

(Continued from Page 28)

given—it will be seen that outside business far exceeded that in New York City:

	SHARES
Albany	738
Bridgeport	425
Newburgh	720
Newark	1,947
Wilmington	405
Washington	645
Cincinnati	275
Minneapolis	2,200
Toronto	1,440
Chicago	25,544
Boston	2,550
Baltimore	3,117
Philadelphia and vicinity	13,054
Pittsburgh	5,845
Branches in Greater New York	2,907
	62,712
Local business at main office	46,272
Total	108,984

This new generation of speculators, this newly rich public, which has been giving the stock market handcar such a grand old ride, has certainly been working the game for all it is worth. It has rather shocked the staid old-timers by plunging, in an apparently reckless but up to this writing dizzyingly successful manner, in specialties rather than in standard stocks.

When there are no great forces at work upon the stock market and the trading is confined to relatively few more or less professional operators instead of being shared in by an enthusiastic public the standard stocks are usually favored. The regular professional speculators—especially the members of the stock exchange who buy and sell on their own account—stick fairly close to what they know. It is difficult to point out the distinction between standard and specialty stocks or to define them exactly, but the real differences probably suggest themselves to the reader.

The standard seasoned stock is one out of which speculation has gradually been squeezed by the mere process of time and seasoning. It is usually well known, of established reputation, and concerning which pretty general confidence is felt as regards future dividends. It is usually a company whose stock has long been listed and which has a large capital widely distributed among many holders, including numerous investors.

Mystery Stocks Always Favorites

THE specialty is the relatively new, unseasoned stock, comparatively unknown and often mysterious, which latter word Wall Street gloats upon. The way to conjure up a following in a stock is to convey the impression that there is some mystery about it. And this is natural enough. Speculation from its very nature rarely deals with the known. Where everything is known there can be no speculation. It is nothing but an effort to profit by foreseeing the generally unknown. From its very nature speculation thrives on mystery—or "mystery plus," as Wall Street says.

Reports and rumors rather than facts are the life of speculation of the lusty, vigorous, natural variety. When the facts actually become known, when they are out—then the move in the stock is commonly over, the fizz is out of the soda.

Now and then, when speculation is at a low ebb, feeble, discouraged and anæmic, it has not the courage or strength to seize upon the unknown and mysterious. Or rather the professionals who engage in speculation in and out of season merely confine themselves to a spiritless, meaningless, unimportant effort to catch the little fluctuations in the price of stocks which they know about and which are not likely to contain any element of surprise.

Usually the standard stock of to-day was the specialty, the mystery, the prize speculation of yesterday. The speculations that turn out very well, that pay fabulous dividends, are simply taken out of the market and disappear. Those that become seasoned, steady, regular investment dividend payers but without being gold mines, become the standard stocks. Fifteen years ago the mad speculation was in stocks like American Sugar, Amalgamated Copper, and their like. These rarely cause any excitement to-day because the limits of their assets and earning possibilities are pretty well known.

But there has been nothing feeble or professionally cautious and listless about the new orgy of speculation. It has gone right after the bacon. It has gone where riches are to be made quick—which is always in new and uncertain things; or perhaps strict accuracy requires me to say, in propositions the merit of which is not generally recognized or established in the general view. The result has been more sheer, sudden, unexpected—to the old-timers—and extreme advances in a wider variety of stocks than ever before known on the Stock Exchange, except perhaps in 1900 and 1901. It has all been very startling and bizarre.

There are many reasons why this most recent wave of speculation did not in its first onrush embrace the standard stocks. The most conspicuous and numerous of the standard issues are the rails, and the new generation of speculators were afraid to approach stocks whose future depended so largely upon governmental and possibly political policies. Besides, it was felt, whether rightly or wrongly, that the days of unrestricted railroad profits had passed. It is always on the basis of expected future rather than realized past profits that the speculator operates.

"This market," said a broker who thoroughly believed in it and had perhaps more to do with creating it than any other individual, "is nation-wide. Every nook and corner of the country is trying to discover where profits are concealed and retained; and they are bent on acquisition of an interest in something that has book value in excess of its selling price, this selling price being described in cheapened dollars."

This same broker said that the specialties had been favored because of their concealed, their hived-up equities. Whether this is wholly true or not, there is little question that the new generation of speculators have shown no little astuteness in their initial operations. They kept away from companies with large capital issues and stuck pretty closely to those that have not increased their stock in recent years. They carefully avoided a few very large concerns part of whose stock is held abroad and therefore is likely to be dumped back on this side.

Of course the smaller a company's floating supply of stock the easier it is for a few purchases to drive up the price. Never in the history of markets has there been such a search for stocks with a small floating supply.. Groups of speculators have made it a regular business to hunt out such concerns. In many cases they might know less about the firm's actual trade affairs than a group of directors or old stockholders. These latter, well aware that trade conditions were not of the best at the moment, took a bearish view of their stock and in some cases even sold short.

But the outside boomers, though knowing less about immediate trade conditions, had studied the technical condition of the stock market and had confidence that in a year or two the company's trade situation would be bettered. So they would whoop up the price and run in the disgusted shorts.

"The worst of it is," said one disgruntled old-timer, "that some mere pups of companies, started a few years ago on the curb by bunco steerers, have made good and are in the way to earn profits."

"The public certainly hit upon the right idea for once," admitted one conservative broker. "They went for shares of companies that had or seemed to have no peace adjustment to make; for the food, oil, road, shipping and others. They left the companies alone that had a difficult adjustment of raw materials to make or that were so large and conspicuous as to feel it their duty during the war to build big and expensive munition plants from which they could expect little if any subsequent profit."

Every great market boom centers chiefly about one group of stocks. Others may go up enthusiastically enough, and for a time the sideshow seems to obscure the big tent; but the chief feature is there, all the same. The four greatest bull markets of recent times have been those of 1900–01, 1906, 1915–16 and that in the spring of 1919. The big tent has been occupied respectively by steel, railroads, war orders or munitions, and now by the oils. Each time it has been a different industry which has been exploited.

When one of these major booms is on, anything that partakes even in the slightest degree of the magic word of the hour—steel, railroads, munitions or oils—is given a run. In 1915 any company that had a lathe was touted as a second Bethlehem Steel or Krupps. In 1906 almost any old railroad was considered ripe for combination and exploitation. But the railroad aggrandizements of 1906 turned out to be perfect lemons in numerous cases, as did the war-order contracts of 1915. It remains to be seen whether the speculation in oil companies and other concerns that own land under which oil may be found will not also be overdone.

A Good Thing Carried Too Far

THOUGH freely admitting that the unknown, the mysterious, is the life of speculation, yet there is always danger of carrying it too far.

The point is finally reached where people will buy anything. They will take anyone's word.

One broker telephones another and asks: "What do you see in this market?" Whatever he is told he repeats to his customers, who buy at once.

New things come to the front daily, and speculation seems to strike one stock after another without rime or reason. But it is a form of exploitation that works fine as long as it lasts. A customer in a brokerage office complains to his fellows that he has bought a stock which won't go up.

"It takes a pretty shrewd operator to pick out a stock that hangs back in this market," they laugh at him.

Writers of market letters and men who make it a business to analyze stocks are in a feverishly jubilant mood because all their predictions have come true.

"You can shut your eyes and make money in this market," said one of them to me, with that short little hectic laugh that always marks the participants in a great boom.

I went into a crowded brokerage office and tried to find a seat in the front row where I could see the quotation board with the perspiring boys running to and fro and up and down in a vain attempt to keep their chalk markings up to the minute. But seats were as scarce as at a popular show. So I lounged up against a post and fell into conversation with a rather distraught young man. Pierce Oil was then capering upward from 20 to 24.

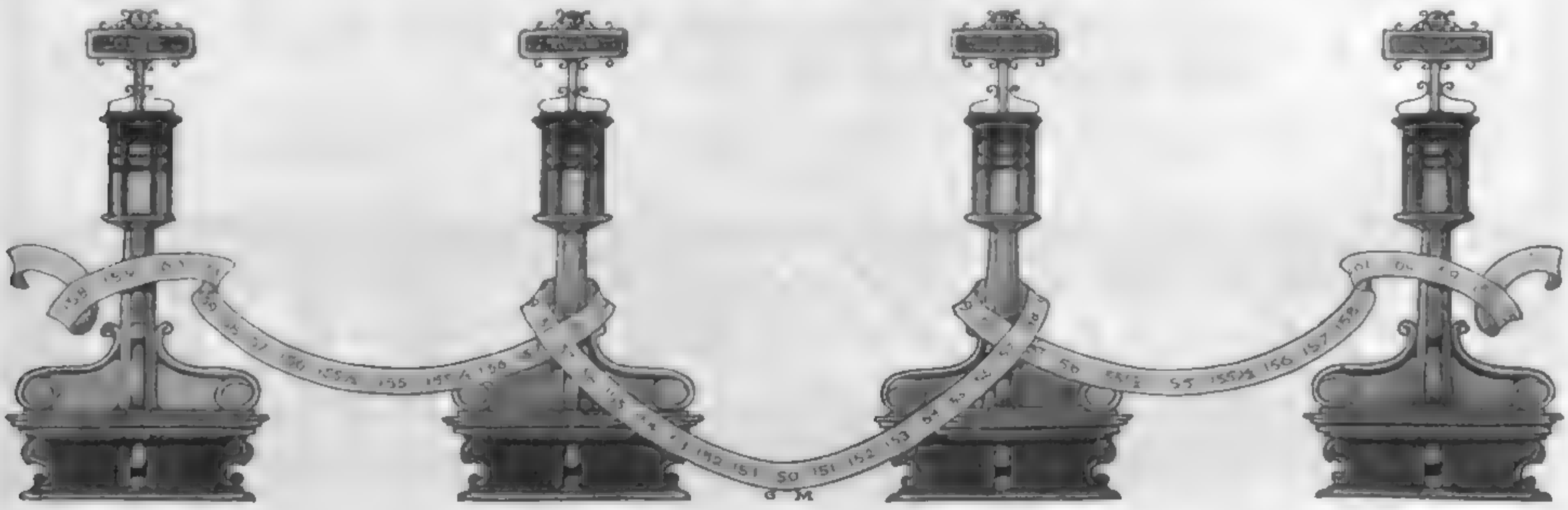
"I was told last week to buy Pol at 20 and now it's 24," he said sadly.

"What is the par value?" I ventured to ask him.

"I don't know," he replied impatiently.

Of course when speculation reaches a certain pitch of excitement many people who ordinarily investigate carefully will buy more or less for the fun and excitement of the thing. A man with high connections and excellent sources of information told me he had bought two shares of a certain mysterious stock at $1500 a share.

(Continued on Page 154)



IF you ever chance to see two cars on the same high-crowned, slippery dirt road—one with Republic Tires—you will get a graphic illustration of the *value* of Republic Staggard Studs.

What usually happens on such a road is this:—

The long, oval-shaped Staggard Studs keep one car *on the crown*, and drive it steadily forward, without slide or slip.

Even with the other driver exerting all his skill and strength, his car slithers from one side to the other in the mud.

The reason for the difference is very simple.

Republic Staggard Studs actually do hold the road with maximum grip.

Their shape and position are scientifically determined. They always head in the direction of wheel travel.

They stubbornly resist every tendency of the car to leave the track in which it is steered.

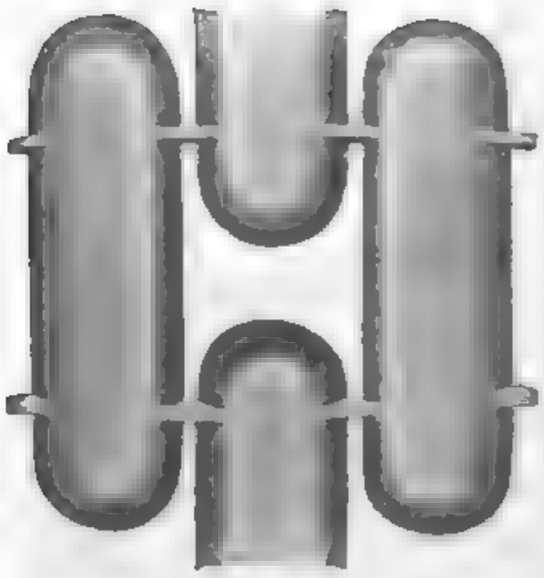
Like Republic Tires themselves, they *do* last longer; and they retain their really wonderful non-skid properties until they are worn smooth.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black-Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread



REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

LIVING THE LIFE OF REILLY

By Maude Radford Warren

Mrs. Warren's Battalion Being Presented to Her After She Had Been Made a Major

THE late war, among its minor activities, was a great little enlarger of the civilian's vocabulary. We were always picking up trench slang, from the days of the earliest rest sector, through all the three American drives, to the current moment of what is probably the last sketch of the occupation of Germany. Sometimes the expressions were germane to the whole A. E. F., sometimes to an army, sometimes to a division, but they were always so striking that they stuck in the memory whence necessary French idioms would helplessly fall.

Of all this new learning my favorite expression was "Living the life of Reilly," which I heard first at the beginning of the St.-Mihiel drive. I shall not mention the name of the town for fear of starting an expensive hunt for buried treasure. Sufficient to say that on the first day of the drive a certain company of infantry reached a certain village. Very tame words, these, to express the way those boys came in. They did not know whether the Germans were still in the place or not; the process of information would be a spray of machine-gun fire from some cottage window. Not shrapnel; the Germans were too busy retreating to shell immediately the abandoned villages; but they nearly always left a rear-guard sacrifice in the shape of machine gunners to cover their retreat.

The Loot in the Cabbage Patch

SO THESE Americans came on, 105 paces to the minute, shoulders up; they expected machine-gun bullets from a distance of one thousand feet. They would be hit first in the ankles, a few dozen steps nearer; then the knees; then midthigh; then the much dreaded stomach wound; then the chest. But just nothing of all this happened. The rear sacrifice had refused to be a sacrifice, had folded their machine guns like the Arab and silently faded away into a good deep dugout in front of which they stuck up a white flag. Some of the German burnt offerings began even before the Argonne drive to exhibit toward the fatherland a spirit peevish in the extreme—not to say Bolshevik.

These men in khaki, then, reached the outskirts of the village without a casualty. You can fancy their relief when they gained the shelter of the first wall. But still and all, as Reilly would say, there was always the danger of a German trap. There might be machine guns farther up the street. The whole town might be mined. It was impossible to tell whether the next step would take them so much nearer Germany—or a much farther distance. They proceeded cautiously. Then of a sudden those in the rear forgot caution; they forgot everything except what they saw. As Mr. Pattullo says with so much clever economy of emotion, "Oh, boy!" Likewise, "Boy howdy!"

For through one open window they beheld a kitchen with its German fire yet burning, its German soup yet bubbling. Through another window they beheld a wineshop, its bottles unemptied, its casks unbroached. Through another they saw the contents of a jewelry shop—German watches, horrible German brooches, fat German gold rings. Through another they saw the makings of a German musical-dump, if there is such a word: violins and trombones, clarionets and horns. And for all they knew, all the way up the street there might be other such treasure houses.

The warrior bowed his crested head and tamed his heart of fire, each one of him, and bolted in through windows and doors. Any casualty that occurred in that village occurred from the vice of overcrowding. Ensued for a few minutes a sense of jocund rivalry. Those who were so hungry that they had lost the sense of financial values leaped for the food and the drink. Others more æsthetic selected choice violins with wild romantic notions of maybe discovering a Cremona if not a Strad. Others, still more thrifty and mindful of the people at home writing for souvenirs, rifled the jewelry boxes.

All was going full merrily when a colonel arrived. So many colonels in the drive turned up at the Front when they might have been relatively safe in regimental and brigade P. C.'s. They waived the point that it costs so much to make a colonel that it seems economy to save their lives. They waived this point in favor of taking risks with their men. Officers like Colonel Babcock of the 354th, and Colonel Garrett of the 117th Signal Corps, and Col. Bill Donovan of the 165th have to be forcibly restrained from the assumption that a leader's place is indeed to lead his men.

This colonel plunged, as the soldiers said bitterly, with a sure instinct into the wineshop. As he plunged through the door the most agile of the men departed by way of the back window.

"Looting!" cried the colonel. "This is monstrous. American soldiers looting! You are under arrest!"

He went outside and beckoned to some innocent looking soldiers across the road. They were yet panting from their egress through the windows of the jewelry shop and the musical-dump. He didn't perceive that. He placed a man or two on guard over each shop and then went on with the drive

It is curious, but a man may be in his own conscience merely salvaging; yet once make him into an M. P. and salvaging turns into looting. These guards became strictly moral. All the same, their morality did not extend to what was in their pockets or what was stealthily cached behind doors and in cupboards. Presently along came various stragglers—here an ammunition boy who had apparently fallen off his wagon in the dark and was trying to get up to his outfit on foot; there an infantryman and his brother who had overslept under an apple tree and been left behind; here again a couple of engineers who ought to have been some five miles in the rear, but who pretended they thought their company was up ahead. They arrived dead tired and hungry, and warned off by the guards they began exploring the unprotected shops, yelling forth from time to time incoherent and mysterious chortlings intended to harass the guards.

Enter another officer with a company of men. He said that his outfit was to take the town and his outfit would take the town and the guards could get to—could get out of this and keep up with their own crowd! And he would put his own guards over the shops. The deposed guards did depart—to the outskirts of the village, where they made peace with the five stragglers and joined forces with them, with this result: First, the choice of the most remote back garden, full of purple German cabbages; the uprooting of a dozen of these in the exact center of the field; the digging of a deep narrow grave; in this the caching of two German wooden boxes in which lay ten bundles of treasures—jewelry of sorts, and packets of German marks, field glasses and compasses, German cutlery and various odds and ends, all valuable. This done, one soldier, who had read many Treasure Island tales, took careful markings for identification. Many of these were essential, for, as the wayfarers well knew, in a couple of hours or so the Germans would begin to shell the town, and shells in any drive had a way of changing the landscape. A man could live in a woods for six weeks and know it as he knows the multiplication table, and behold—an hour's shelling would so change it that he would be hopelessly lost in finding his way out.

The identifications effected, the Treasure Island lad made a rough drawing of the garden and adjacent cow stables, with a stretch of the street and the meadow beyond.

Treasure Island Explains

"WE'D be Jake if we just knew the name of the town," he said cheerfully. "It would add to our chances of getting back here to dig this up again. But someone will come along and tell us. There'll be sure to be other heroes of other best divisions in the A. E. F. turning up to take this village once more."

About three hours later a Y. M. C. A. man and I drove a car past the group; we supplied them the name of the town—though it was weeks later before we heard of the buried treasure—and they supplied us with luncheon. They had just finished cooking it, having come upon a German officer's dugout. We had cabbage soup and beefsteak, pâté de foie gras, French-fried potatoes, pickled beets and pickled plums, pickled currants, cake and sparkling Moselle—I think it must have been a general's dugout.

And one of the boys, the Treasure Island one, passed his hand suggestively over his recently rounded stomach and remarked with a heartfelt sigh: "Oh, say, ain't this living the life of Reilly!"

I reached for a pencil.

(Continued on Page 34)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

style : good materials : careful tailoring : moderate price

The points a man always looks for in good clothes he finds in Styleplus.

You want the style *right.* Styleplus offer the correct style for smart dressers, young or less young.

You want the materials *right.* Only substantial, good quality materials go into Styleplus. Carefully tailored to yield faithful service.

You want the price *right.* Our method of marking each suit with the price at which it is to sell proves that Styleplus meet all comers successfully.

Styleplus style and Styleplus quality will impress you at once, if you visit your local Styleplus Store. Do it today.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

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Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35-$40
"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

"What did you say? What does it mean? Why Reilly? Is it an army expression or was it civilian?"

Its origin was apparently cloaked in mystery. One boy said he had heard it long before the war was thought of. Another said it had come into being in the 165th, where so many of the men were Irish. Another said it couldn't have, just because the 165th were Irish.

The one who had used the expression—I'll call him Treasure Island for short—said:

"You see, the Irish like to be comfortable. I wouldn't say they are lazy, for you never can tell when an Irishman may be in the crowd you're talking to. Their name may be Eisenstein or Capri, but if they had an Irish mother they're Irish. Well, the Irish like to have it soft and easy, we'll say. So some guy, army man or civilian, when things were coming his way, when he had no work to do and all the chow he could stuff, no one to give him orders, and was good and warm and free of shells and cooties and officers and M. P.'s and such like for a little while—why, then he's living the life of Reilly."

"Yeh," criticized a listener; "but where do you get the name 'Reilly'?"

The light of creation shone in Treasure Island's eyes.

"I'll tell you about it," he said. "Once there was a guy named Reilly who was always looking forward to the time when he'd have it entirely soft; when there wouldn't be an eight-hour day or any other laboring hours in a day; when money would spring up spontaneous; likewise pleasure and people, movies and girls and food and drink! Likewise free rides. He was looking for everything he wanted. So one time he was in a climate that wasn't too hot and wasn't too cold and in a swell furnished house for which he didn't have to pay rent. He was lying in a hammock and within his reach was a table on which was a bottle of—a bottle of ——"

"Malted milk," suggested the ammunitions boy.

"Cider," said Treasure Island firmly. "And all he had to do was to ring and order food——"

"Didn't he have a beautiful pippin to feed him?"

"No, a man has to make a little exertion—even a Reilly—or he isn't a man, but a slave to riches. So Reilly ate and drank, and being Irish and imaginative he thought he would like to make a poem praising the good things of the world, but all he could say was 'Oh, gee! This is the life! This is the life!' So after that they called it 'living the life of Reilly.'"

Liz Winters' Boy Breaks Into Print

THIS was the artless nonsense I was listening to, what time the Germans were getting ready to shell the town. But it served to fix in my mind that expression which I was often afterward to hear, for it is almost as common as "I'm sitting on the world," or "I'm sitting pretty," or even "I'll tell the world that." It describes a state of mind; or, rather, a state of being when a soldier has everything he dares to want. It is not exactly the case of the time and the place and the loved one all together. But it is parallel to that in that it enfolds all that the soldier's imagination, limited by the restrictions of war, dares to reach forth for as within the bounds of his own compass.

I have also heard it used ironically. I recall a miserable evening in the last phase of the Argonne drive. The time was the fourth or fifth of November, the place a village a few miles from the Meuse—a village that had no dugouts but did have an ample field hard by the main street in which was a battery for which the Germans were feeling, with the result that shells were coming down thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. The landscape was anything but stationary. The actors in the scene were a group of mud-battered boys from various units—tired, hungry, wretched, and I am afraid a little bit savage. I was plying a dreary task in a neighboring room—a room carpeted with litters on which lay broken bloody men. From time to time my duties carried me into the room where sat the miscellaneous group of soldiers. One artilleryman sat in a corner, his chin on his fist. Three or four men from his outfit sat in an opposite corner.

From time to time one of them would approach and say to him in tones of exquisite politeness: "You have a wife and child, have you not?"

The artilleryman would respond with an inarticulate grunt of rage, or with an oath, or perhaps would not reply at all, upon which the tormentor would drift back to his corner.

Later I was told that a few hours before, when the battery to which the artilleryman belonged was being shelled, he had said in a loud solemn voice: "They should not have let me into this. I have a wife and child."

Beside a sickly fire was an engineer who made a cheeping sound with his wet boots at intervals, and said: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept."

From time to time someone would ask aimlessly what the chances were of salvaging food. Once a boy, who coughed heavily, broke the silence with a short laugh and said: "Gee, it's my birthday! This time last year—Lord!"

Then the shells that had been falling in the neighborhood of the church began falling in our neighborhood, and a soldier said bitterly: "We're living the life of Reilly, ain't we? I'll say so!"

Not to leave a dark shadow on this scene I'll tell what occurred after an hour or two, when wood had been found and the materials for a stew and a little bread and coffee had been rustled, and the shelling had stopped. An artilleryman entered who had been sent back to headquarters on an errand.

"Now listen!" he said. "There's no mail for anyone here but Arch. But there was heaps for him, and I brought it along. I know why he gets it all. Hold him off me and I'll tell you."

Some ten willing and strong hands held Arch, and the speaker continued:

"As you know, we're from the same burg. Just got a letter from my mother. 'Bill,' she writes me, 'why can't you learn to spell good enough and tell things, so I could give your letters to the editor to print in the paper? Arch Winters has written a letter that came out in the paper yesterday, and his folks have bought up the whole edition, and his mother was sitting on her porch all yesterday afternoon to give us a chance to come up and congratulate her. If Liz Winters' boy can write a letter good enough to be printed I should think you could.'"

Liz Winters' boy plunged and reared in vain in a tenfold clutch.

"I read the letter," continued Bill. "I'll tell you the part his mother cut out. I bet he began it something like this: '*Dear Maw:* Now, I do hope it won't enter your head to have this letter printed in the paper; it isn't good enough for that, but if you go against me in this, for Pete's sake, see that you give them the photograph in profile and not that one you like with the dying-calf expression!'"

The son of Liz Winters tried to drown out the speaker with loud protests. The interested audience from other outfits would have liked to help gag him, but this was not a case for mixing in. They were glad enough to be allowed to listen to an agreeable martyrdom.

The Unwilling Hero of the Hour

"I SPARE you," continued Bill—"I spare you the full recital and I spare Arch the full shame of that printed letter. Sufficient to say that every bright remark we have made from Champagne up to the present he did feloniously appropriate and write down as if he said it. He is an agile thief. I will say that he gave the battalion lots of credit. If you could believe him we, and we only, won this war. We have traveled night and day, firing as we went; and we have never even lost the shoe off a horse. Our officers did noble under fire and our attitude toward them was full of excessive reverence. Under ghastly shelling we pulled our forelocks and said, 'Sir, have I permission to report?' That's his translation of 'Say, captain, listen here! Get out of this position if you want to get out in one piece.' Oh, Arch was writing with his eyes on promotion all right. He hopes to be made a first-class private. I haven't Arch's gall, and so I won't read you the full letter. But listen here to this paragraph:

"'All night long the enemy shells have been crashing on this field where our battery is dug in, and we have momentarily expected them to crash upon our devoted heads!' Isn't that a pretty way of saying, 'Bounce off our beans'? 'We are constantly buried by the earth cast up by the exploding shells.' He must be referring to that little spat of mud he got on his blouse that time at Château-Thierry, when the shell struck a hundred yards away from him. 'Each moment we expect will be the last.' Yeh—the last the Germans will shell. They'll think we have gone up ahead with the other batteries. 'But we are willing to die if that is our duty. We came over here to make the world safe for democracy.' Methinks I have heard those burning words ere this. 'All the boys of the battery feel that way. We often speak of it.' Say, I'll say there's some sorts of lying deserve a term in Leavenworth. 'But much more than democracy I remember a phrase from my Latin: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"' I ask you, fellows, can you beat it!"

Apparently they couldn't, and Bill continued:

"Now you see this bunch of mail I've got for Arch? It's the result of that letter in the newspaper. Half the girls in town have written to him. I know their handwriting. Girls that never thought of Arch except as someone you sent down word you had a headache when he called. And now they're all writing to him. I've seen that work out before. A fellow at headquarters had a mother who sent an editor something he wrote her, and I'll swear he had a dozen goo-goo letters, and one proposed.

(Continued on Page 36)

The measure of a car's merit is the general eagerness to own it.

In that respect the Cadillac is surely fortunate in its following.

Never, perhaps, in history, has any product been so greatly desired.

That eagerness is tempered by a willingness to wait for Cadillac delivery, that constitutes the highest sort of tribute.

People appreciate that even large production cannot always insure immediate ownership in the face of a preference so universal.

Many are placing their orders for delivery months hence, content in the thought that they will eventually acquire a Cadillac.

It is not too much to say that no one questions Cadillac greatness, now—not even those who are not yet of the family of Cadillac ownership.

In the light of its splendid record in France, the car has assumed almost heroic proportions

The one thought of the Cadillac Company is to keep alive, by transcendent merit, the eagerness to own the car, which exists, the world over, today.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

So what I propose is, since Arch has been swiping our brave and brilliant phrases, what say, we swipe these letters and read them?"

It was unanimous, except for the vote of Arch.

"It don't matter which letter you take," Bill said nonchalantly. "They'll say pretty much the same thing except that they'll say more of it. Here's one in a pink envelope. It's prettier, she thinks, than the Y. M. C. A. paper we guys write home on. So she'll cheer Arch up with pink. Here we go.

"'*Dear Archibald* ——'"

"'*Dear Archibald!*'" came a jeering comment. "She must think he's a corporal or something."

"'*Dear Archibald,*'" resumed Bill: "'I have just finished reading your letter in this week's Herald and we are all proud to know a boy who has done so many brave things as you have ——'"

"Oh, gee! The bravest thing Arch ever done was to run up to the kitchen after it was shelled to see if he could save a little chow for himself."

"'You'll be getting leave soon, and when you do be sure to drop in and see me ——'"

"Sure!" interrupted an artilleryman. "Don't just rush overseas and right back."

"Glad to have her mention that leave," remarked another artilleryman. "Those home-fire stokers, they've got a great conception of what we do."

In the Hoosgow for Repartee

"'WHEN you come home,'" continued Bill, "'I'll be waiting for you. By the way, you haven't seen any German helmets, have you?' Say, I'll bet every letter Arch gets will have a hint for a souvenir. 'Do artillerymen after they have shot the cannon rush forward and take the prisoners they have wounded?' Oh, naturally, naturally! What is a little run through the mud of five or ten kilometers to us? We do it between shots. 'I hope you will soon write more letters to the paper about your wonderful adventures. If you were to write a letter to me I would see that it was printed in a big city paper.' Yes, she would, with her own name on in full; and then all the other girls in the place would envy this peach who had for her own one of our noble heroes. 'I hope you will write. Of course it is nice that there are a good many boys left in town.'"

"Yes," came a cynical chorus; "the slackers that have our jobs and our girls."

"'But still,'" continued Bill, "'we don't forget the boys way off at the Front. We hope the French girls are not making you forget us. I read the other day how they pelted a company of infantrymen with roses ——'"

"If it was us it would have been bricks," growled a pessimist.

"'But remember,'" went on Bill, "'we want you for ourselves. Remember, we'll have a band at the station just as soon as peace is signed ——'"

"There's a peace proposal now," intimated someone as a shell crashed down in the street.

"'And I am always your true friend,

"'BERTHA.'"

"You don't remember anyone by the name of Bertha, do you, Arch?" inquired a listener.

And so the tormenting went on. The smell of stew over the waxing fire grew stronger, and a wounded infantryman in the next room, to whom I was feeding cocoa from a tube, said with a wistful smile: "They're living the life of Reilly in there, I'd say."

Up in the Rhineland I considered that the soldiers were living the life of Reilly. The war was over, the long hard march into Germany was done; each unit was settled into its appointed niche in the lovely Rhine Valley. There were no devastated villages to live among, no poverty-stricken French civilians. The billets were tolerable, the army food was regularly served, and when they wanted to supplement it they could, at least in the beginning, buy from the German civilians. The weather was mild for the season; the enemy was docile. In place of the thousand uncertainties of wartime there was but the one uncertainty—When were we going home? Yet, when I remarked to a group of my buck-private friends, among them Treasure Island, that I supposed they were now indeed living the life of Reilly they deplored my surmise.

"Yes, we are!" said Treasure Island bitterly. "Why, my Lord, I'd rather be fighting than going through the motions the way we are now!"

"I'll tell you what makes me lose my goat," said Binks, a tall wiry private from the Middle West. "It's all these staff officers that come up here winning the war, now we are safe in Germany. Officers I never saw before. I got a pass and went up to Remagen the other day. I'm looking sidewise in a drug-store window where they've got everything up to date—fancy cold creams and all sorts of concentrated medicines—and I'm wondering over all this German holler about lack of medicines, and along comes one of these dolled-up officers. I see him reflected in the glass, but I don't turn round. If he'd had any tact he'd gone on and left me alone. A real he-officer that had been through it with the boys would have. Not this bird.

"'At-tention!' he says; and I wheels round stiff.

"'Why didn't you salute?' says he.

"'I didn't see you, sir,' says I.

"'There are two views about that,' says he. 'I observe that your blouse is unbuttoned.' There was one button undone where I'd left it after feeling after a cootie. 'The trouble with too many of you men,' says he, 'is that you are fighters, not soldiers.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I. 'That's the trouble the Germans found with us—that we were fighters.'

"Well, I got hoosgow for that, and I believe he'd given me Fort Leavenworth if he could. No sooner am I out than along comes a general to review us. For all I know he's a great general, but I never heard of him before. How did I know he was one of these here officers you call a martinet? Anyway he is reviewing us and we are all standing at attention, and ready to give brisk snappy salutes. He passes me, and while he does that I'm sitting pretty. The minute he passes me what does he do but wheel round to see if I am stiff at attention. Well, my eyes were following him—and gosh! the calling down I get! And all in this world I was doing was taking a extra squint at his overcoat to see if it was longer than the regulations dictate to a general. It was too, but nobody called him down for that. But all I do is look after him admiringly and I'm treated like a first-class thief or something 'casting discredit on the army,' eh? There wasn't any jaw of that sort when we were plunging through the mud up to the Meuse. A button off or a sleeve off wouldn't have bothered them then."

I tried to expound the connection between morale and "eyes right" and trimly buttoned blouses, and they listened as half of the people in the world do listen to justification—as something that one must allow for but needn't be convinced by.

"Binks here growls about the staff officers," said Treasure Island. "What makes me sick is how different our own officers are here from what they were at the Front. Up at the Front they were glad enough to creep into shell holes with us or holler at us to come in with them. They just plain loved us."

The Litany of the Army

TREASURE ISLAND is a source of happiness to me, but I defy any officer to love him. He's too brilliant, too impish to induce love in any man who has authority over him. His captain can't look him full in the face, because whenever they meet Treasure Island begins to smile as if he expected some consummately idiotic remark or order. The captain can hardly punish Treasure Island for making him feel ridiculous. The boy used to like to ride toward the Front, rather than walk. It was his way to put on what he called his "alibi shoes" and mount the first wagon he saw going his way. If a second lieutenant on guard made as if to investigate him Treasure Island would give such a snappy salute that the officer would no more than have returned it when the wagon would have gone by.

If that failed Treasure Island would show his shoes with the toes sticking out and remark: "What! Do you expect me to march in these?"

He is nearly always undergoing punishment of some sort, mostly stable duty. There he talks to the horses, expressing in clear, carrying tones his opinion of the officers. Dignity forbids that any officer should notice such childish exhibition, but they overhear some very telling descriptions of their characters. I shouldn't care to be any officer over Treasure Island, short of a general.

"Oh, sure they loved you!" said Binks, harking back to Treasure Island's remark.

"At least we were on human relations with them," Treasure Island said. "We could save their lives without getting an engraved permission so to do. But look at the way it is now. If I want to speak to the battery commander I must mention it to the corporal, who tells the sergeant, who tells the platoon commander, who tells the battery executive, who tells the commander's dog-robber. Then in reverse order I am informed that I may speak to the battery commander about the lack of dubbin.

"First, I go into that holy of holies where he abides. I click my heels and stand at salute till he notices me. He doesn't notice me for some time. He is writing at a table with a whole carload of terribly busy props round. He hasn't noticed me coming in with a shotgun. His ear isn't attuned to such sounds.

"By and by he glances up and I say, 'Sir, Private —— has the permission of the ranking personage to speak to the battery commander. Is it the battery commander's pleasure that Private ——,' and so on. He will retaliate: 'It is the battery commander's pleasure,' and so on. Regular litany. Then he will say, 'What is it you want?' and I say, 'Private —— requests the battery commander's permission,' and so on. It makes me sick!"

"All that palaver means just this: 'Look here, you guys put over a good job and we're terribly scared you'll lose your heads over what you've done.

(Continued on Page 149)

An American Camp in the Bordeaux Vicinity

----CURTIS----
SANDWICHOLA

For Sandwiches—For Salads

It Makes His Favorite Sandwich

She Says It Makes Her Favorite Salad

The Captivating New Food
That Every Home Should Try

A NEW food, Sandwichola, after four years of increasing popularity in California can now be purchased in every community.

Californians first used Sandwichola on motor-picnics to mountains or seashore. Then they adopted it for its wider field in the home.

It makes delicious salads, breakfast dishes, sandwiches, and soups that will lend new charm to your meals.

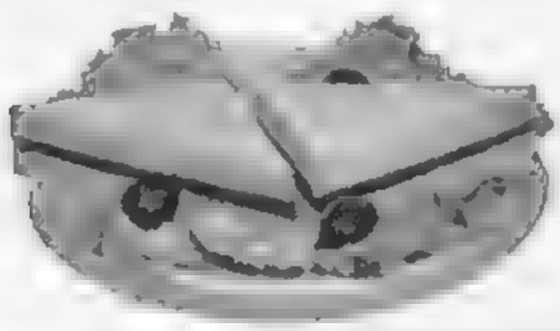
It contains ripe olives, pimientos, fine herbs, and just the proper touch of tuna, combined with olive oil—all rarer products of Sunny California—all delicious foods.

A connoisseur created it. There is no other food like it. Its flavor is piquant and alluring—

It's hermetically sealed in clear glass jars.

And its cost is a trifle—15c the jar.

When you have tried it once you will use jar after jar. Try the first jar now.



Taste This New Salad

Try a new "Sandwichola Salad,"—see recipe below.

Old style salads made with vegetables and cheese become new and captivating when Sandwichola adds its luscious flavor.

Try it on lettuce and serve with French dressing. Or serve with asparagus or string beans.

Hear your friends comment when they taste these salads. They'll ask at once for your recipes.

Serve These Sandwiches

Now Sandwichola sandwiches are essential on a picnic. This change from the usual cheese, ham and other meats is what everybody wants.

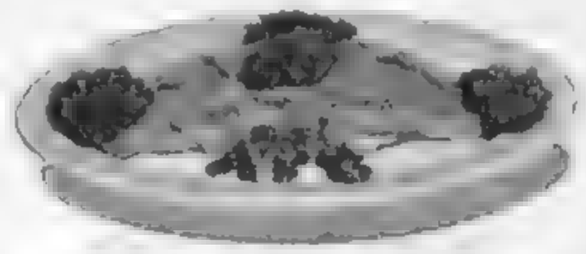
This new food wins scores of new devotees each day because it gives the palate a new treat.

For Breakfast, Too

Make an omelette with Sandwichola. You'll have that omelette often.

Try Sandwichola with scrambled eggs.

It makes excellent croquettes, mixed with cereals or meat.



Get your first jar now—one price, 15 cents. Try it according to the recipes below.

If your dealer is out of Sandwichola, send us his name and address with 15 cents, and we'll send a jar to try, direct.

Sandwichola comes from a strictly modern plant by the ocean-side at Long Beach, California. Only rare, native products are included.

Learn what this new food means to you. Enjoy its witching flavor.

SANDWICHOLA CLUB SANDWICH

Toast three slices of bread to a delicate brown; spread one slice with Sandwichola and place on an attractive dish; put three slices of crisply cooked bacon on the Sandwichola; then another slice of toast; then a thick slice of tomato spread with salad dressing, and lastly the remaining piece of toast. Cut the sandwich across diagonally once, garnish with parsley or water cress and serve immediately.

TASTY SANDWICHOLA SALAD (Serves 6)

Four or 5 medium size potatoes; 1 glass Sandwichola; 1 head lettuce, 1 cup mayonnaise; 2 or 3 sprigs parsley. Dice cold boiled potatoes, mix with Sandwichola, serve on bed of lettuce leaves and moisten with mayonnaise. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Other advertisements to follow will contain additional recipes

IT'S "CURTIS KNACK"

It's the "Curtis knack" in putting up extra fancy foods that gives Curtis Quality Products their distinctiveness.

Look for the red ball with green band bearing the words: "Curtis Quality."

CURTIS RIPE OLIVES

These olives are fully tree-ripened. Rich, nutritious, wholesome. Try them instead of green olives for a delightful change. Curtis Olive labels illustrate plainly the EXACT SIZE and state the NUMBER of olives in the can. This is your insurance.

CURTIS PIMIENTOS

These [illegible] are demanded by epicures for [illegible] salads, gravies [illegible] cheese. They [illegible] garnish [illegible] roasted and packed by the Curtis Process.

THE CURTIS CORPORATION

LONG BEACH (Los Angeles Harbor) CALIFORNIA

Packers of Sandwichola, Ripe Olives, Curtiola, Olive Oil, Pimientos, Artichokes, Chicnic, Tuna Fish, Sardines and other AMERICAN FANCY GROCERIES.

Canadian Wholesale Distributors: MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Toronto, Ont.; Rose & LaFlamme, Montreal, Quebec; A. Magnano & Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

THE CURTIS CORPORATION LONG BEACH, CAL. U.S.A. CURTIS QUALITY

The Curtis Red Ball with the Green Band—Assures Supreme Quality of California's Rarest Foods.

THE CURTIS CORPORATION
Box F,
Long Beach, Cal.

I enclose 15 cents for which send full size jar of Sandwichola and your new booklet, "California Picnics—Outdoors and Indoors." My grocer's name is

Street Address

My Name

Street Address

City State

The Romance of the Bolshevik Ruble—By Robert Crozier Long

EIGHTY billions of rubles in paper money—three-quarters of them new, crisp, unimpeachable Bolshevik rubles—are wandering over the vast lands of Russia, upsetting in obedience to inexorable financial laws all normal standards of value and wealth; making out of beggars rich men—on paper; raising the dock laborer's wages till he earns more—in paper—than a cabinet minister; and turning moderately wealthy men into paper millionaires, who die of hunger and whose heirs cannot pay for a coffin with the splendid inheritance.

The story is an amazing one, and without a worthy precedent in the fantastic history of paper finance; for compared with Soviet Russia's present paper experience the gamble of the adventurer Law in eighteenth-century France was miserably tame. And further, it failed. But the Bolshevik finance system which produced the eighty billions of paper, worth nominally forty billion good American dollars, is up till now a triumphant success. By its means, and its means only, the people's commissaries in Moscow are anchored fast in power; they have extended in the past year their dominions by 1,700,000 square miles; and their rubles, worthless assignats as they may be, are not only accepted freely at home but are also bought up greedily in the other European states, whither they come to finance the indefatigable propaganda which is to transform an unenlightened, gold-ridden world into a Bolshevik heaven on earth.

Queerest indeed of all things in this romance of assignats is the complacent, philosophic attitude of the non-Russian financial world. I shall give an example. A week before this was written I called on a Stockholm banker known for dealings on the ruble exchange, who had promised to give me some facts. He called in his clerk. The clerk brought with him an elaborately sealed, as yet unopened package, much adorned with inscriptions in Russian Cyrillic characters, and weighing, I should think, several pounds.

It had been brought from Petrograd by a refugee. The refugee was waiting outside. When the parcel was opened it proved to contain exactly one thousand finely designed, pink-edged 500-ruble notes, totaling half a million rubles, all issued, they themselves proclaimed, by the Imperial Bank of Russia, all numbered in sequence, and all unmistakably brand-new and straight from the printing press.

New Bills From Old Plates

HAD I not some time before investigated Russian Revolution finance on the spot this package would have caused me surprise, because the Imperial Bank of Russia ceased to exist immediately after the Revolution of November, 1917, when Lenine, Trotzky and Kameneff seized power. I should have been even more surprised to see that each note bore the facsimile signature: "Director of the Imperial Bank, I. P. Schipoff." This was the Ivan Pavlovitch Schipoff who was Minister of Finance in 1905–06, who before that came to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as Count Witte's financial adviser during the peace negotiations with Japan. Of course Schipoff was never director of the bank under the Soviet government, which nevertheless puts his signature daily to notes for tens of millions of rubles; in fact he was dead months before this particular batch of credit notes left the Bolshevik printer's hands.

That is the customary method of Bolshevik state finance. Morally it may be forgery; but governmental forgery seems to differ from individual forgery; and that the system is successful is proved by the fact that a neutral bank when presented with these forged credit notes gives its own country's good money in exchange. The Stockholm exchange bank in question and most other exchange banks get every month many millions of this Russian paper money; and though some of it does not emanate from the Soviets, having been printed by the former imperial or provisional government, most, as proved by its clean condition, is unquestionably Bolshevik; and such part as comes in sealed packages with numbers in sequence is known for certain to be Bolshevik. Yet it continues to bear not only the superscription Imperial Bank and the dead director's signature but also other emblematic trifles which according to Bolshevik doctrine should be banished forever: The effigies in ink or water mark of Romanoff emperors; the imperial eagle, orb and scepter; the cap of Monomakh, which is the symbol of autocracy; and of course the bank's impressive undertaking to redeem honestly in gold. The notes—as is natural—forget to mention that the total gold reserves in the state banks of the six great European Powers, the United States and Japan, which are estimated to amount to seven and a half billion dollars, would suffice to redeem only a fifth of the paper ruble circulation, which is now the only asset of Russia of the Soviets.

Katitsa russki rubl, says a Moscow proverb: "The Russian ruble is a-rolling." This expresses Russia's traditional extravagance, recklessness, exuberance in material life. And to-day, though the Soviet's commissariat of health admits that 1200 persons die weekly of hunger at Petrograd, the proverb applies. But as no coins have been seen since the outbreak of the war it should read, "The Russian ruble is a-crackling." Sixty-three billions of brand-new assignats have crackled forth from the Bolshevik printing press so far; and that, with the eighteen billions in circulation at the date of the Bolshevik Revolution, makes a total of eighty-one billions. The flood is still rising. At the end of 1919 it will be nearly 185,000,000,000 rubles; and at the end of 1920 it will be about 600,000,000,000 rubles. The last of these figures is an estimate; but the first Finance Commissary Krestinsky admits. He not only admits; he boasts. For his favorite doctrine is that the more notes he prints and the lower their purchasing power falls, the nearer Soviet Russia will approach the yearned-for goal of automatic devaluation, at which the worthless ruble will abolish itself, allowing trade thenceforth to be carried on honestly in kind.

The Prodigy Becomes a Monster

THIS is no theory. Automatic devaluation will be achieved when the purchasing power of rubles has fallen so low that they will no longer pay for printing ink, paper and printers' wages. This day is approaching. The Soviet budget accounts for the second half of 1918 show that on the printing of 25,000,000,000 rubles of credit notes 227,000,000 rubles—which exceeds the budget of many a respectable state—was spent; and as the cost of production doubles about every three months, the attainment of automatic devaluation is a certainty if the government of people's commissaries stays a few years longer in power.

"The one industry that flourishes in our country," as Finance Minister Shingarioff put it some months before Bolshevism came to power, differs in material respects from the foreign notion of it. The foreign notion is that the Soviets issue a specific Bolshevik paper money—that is, credit notes which are Bolshevik in design or which in some other way are distinguishable from the notes of their predecessors; and that Russia has therefore two paper currencies, consisting of good money issued by former governments and bad money issued by the Soviets. Foreign enthusiasts for legality have even proclaimed that when Russia is restored to a constitutional basis the good money may be redeemed and the bad annulled.

This is a delusion. For practical purposes the eighty billions of assignats are all of the same kind. No Bolshevik money is printed. The Soviets have merely taken over the existing mechanism of paper finance and developed it from a prodigy into a monster. In principle they did nothing new, because paper circulation increased everywhere during the war. Between July, 1914, and the signature of the armistice in November, 1918, the six great European Powers, the United States and Japan increased their collective paper circulation from $6,635,000,000 to $121,360,000,000. In financially strong countries the paper increase was necessitated by the lower purchasing power of money, combined with the enormous growth of war business, which together resulted in a tremendous increase of total trade values.

The financially weak countries, notably Austria-Hungary and Russia, needed paper money also to balance their budgets. Worst off of all was Russia. When war began she lost her two chief sources of revenue—customs, which ceased with the stoppage of all imports except munitions; and the state vodka monopoly, which in peacetime yielded $500,000,000, or a third of the whole revenue. Domestic war loans brought in very little; and foreign loans were spent abroad in paying for munitions and in meeting the national-debt coupons. So home war and administration expenditure had to be covered by printing unbacked paper money.

At the end of 1914 the paper circulation was 3,050,000,000 rubles; at the end of 1915 it was 5,622,000,000 rubles; 1916, 8,896,000,000 rubles; and in October, 1917, a few days before the Bolshevik revolt, 18,362,000,000 rubles.

By the end of the year the Bolsheviks had raised this sum to approximately 20,000,000,000 rubles. The next year the circulation went up with a jump. On November 9, 1918, when the first and last complete Bolshevik report was issued, it was 50,000,000,000 rubles; and according to estimates based on irregular statements of weekly and monthly printing since November, the circulation at the end of March, 1919, was about 81,000,000,000, which, calculated at peace exchange rates, exceeds sixfold the combined pre-war paper circulation of all the world's great Powers, Russia herself included. And of the total paper circulation of these eight Powers to-day Russia, which has only a dwindling fraction of the collective wealth, is responsible for a full third.

The one original factor in this is its intentional lack of originality. The Bolsheviks broke the rule observed by most revolutionary governments. Such governments usually advertise their authority and new principles on notes and postage stamps of their own; but the uninventive Bolsheviks continue tamely to print from the old plates. They realized that specific Bolshevik money would be repudiated everywhere. When they seized the vast Petrograd printing establishment known as the Expedition of State Papers they found plates for printing three different kinds of paper money. First were the plates of credit notes designed under the czardom; next, the plates of the notes issued by the first provisional government with a vignette of the Duma building; and third, small simplified notes without numbers issued by Kerensky when the Expedition proved unable to meet the growing demand for the elaborate Czar and Duma notes.

Down to the day of its overthrowal the Kerensky government printed notes of all three kinds. But the Bolsheviks suspended the printing of the third kind of notes and set all their energy to printing Czar and Duma notes as quickly as they could. The demand grew, and still grows, at breakneck speed. Every note thrown on the market diminishes the purchasing power of the notes already in circulation; the state expenditure rises in proportion; and in turn the daily output of notes needed by the administration has to be increased.

The rate rises in geometrical progression. In 1918 it took all twelve months to eat up thirty billions; to-day thirty billions cover expenditure for only about five months; and a year hence expenditure will have risen so high that thirty billions will not cover the deficit of a single month.

The Vast Deficits of Inflation

THESE deficits are the origin of Bolshevik paper finance. The government of people's commissaries rules without revenue, but with vast expenditure. Its peace budget to-day—if it can be considered at peace—exceeds the war budget of the greatest European Power. In 1913 Russia's annual budget of three billion dollars was considered a prodigy of finance possible only because the state owned most of its railroads and conducted its own vodka trade. This three billions was the budget of the whole vast Empire. Before the Bolsheviks drew up their last budget they had lost Poland, the Ukraine, the Baltic Provinces, the Caucasus, Eastern European Russia, Archangel, Siberia and Central Asia. They governed more or less insecurely only sixteen provinces in Europe. In these sixteen provinces in 1918 the expenditure reached the unprecedented total of forty-seven billion rubles. Many single departments of state are spending much more than the whole Empire spent in 1913. The Commissariat of War spends eight and a half billions; the Commissariat of Communications, seven and a half billions; the Commissariat of Food Supply, four and a half billions. And the whole revenue collected for the covering of these forty-seven billions was a little more than a billion rubles.

A disparity so incredible needs explanation. The Bolsheviks, like the government before them, lacked the chief pre-war resources—customs and the vodka monopoly. But another important resource, direct taxation, also dried up. Direct taxes cannot be collected because the individuals and businesses which used to pay them have been plundered, and because practically all transactions in land and capital have come to an end. In the first six months of 1918—that is, a year before paper finance reached its present extreme—as compared with the same months of 1917, the Bolsheviks lost three-quarters of the industry and dividends taxes, and more than nine-tenths of the taxes on sales of real and personal estate. The Soviet Finance Commissariat expected some such development, but

(Concluded on Page 41)

ESSEX MOTORS

Join The Half Million

Used In 3000 Cities, Its Admirers Are Now Legion

Who Praise The Essex

The Essex is now known in more than three thousand towns and cities.

Deliveries of new cars approximate a hundred a day.

Thousands, through demonstrations made by dealers and rides with friends, are daily learning the qualities that account for Essex popularity.

Their knowledge, like those who have not yet ridden in the Essex, was limited to hearsay. But their impressions were most favorable because of what others had told them.

Won't You Too Join Its Army?

You, too, will volunteer your endorsement, we are sure, if you will but ride in the Essex.

It has never failed. Our estimate is that more than half a million have ridden in it and are telling their friends about the Essex.

Such praise is not misplaced. We don't believe it greater than the car deserves. But that you will be able to judge after you have ridden in the Essex.

Points Others Speak Of

Note how motor car talk quickly turns to the Essex. When light, cheap cars are spoken of, their qualities are usually compared with the Essex. Then someone says, "But the Essex also has——" and from then on Essex qualities are compared with large costly cars.

It isn't likely that anyone will say any light similarly priced car approaches the value of the Essex.

In performance, for instance, you won't hear it classed with any but the most powerful.

And so with its riding qualities, which are invariably compared with high priced large cars.

So is the detail of finish and beauty judged by such standards.

Comparison with other light weight, moderate priced cars can be made only with their respective first and operating costs.

Can You Resist The Invitation?

We hope you won't delay in accepting our invitation to ride in the Essex.

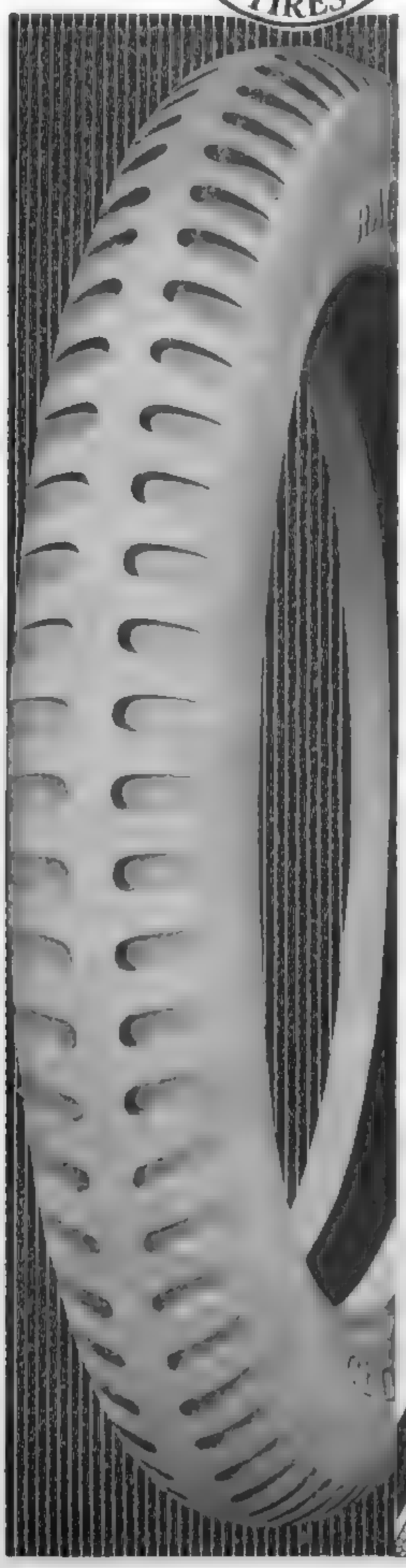
The result, we think, will be your leaving an order to be filled as soon as possible. We know you will help spread the news about the Essex, for it must inspire you with the same admiration others voice for it.

$1395
Detroit

(50)

RACINE TIRES

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY · EXTRA TESTED · TIRES ·



Your Money's Worth In Miles

YOU can place absolute confidence in Racine "Country Road" and Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires. Both are Extra Tested products of Racine Rubber Company, Racine, Wisconsin. Both are built to deliver service up to, and beyond *your own* standard of true tire service.

Whether you use the Racine "Country Road" or the Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" you can depend upon getting your full money's worth in miles.

Racine "Country Road" Tires

are specially designed to meet the all-round service needs of the man who uses his car on country roads as well as city streets. They have the rugged character to stand up under severest wear. 5000 mile guarantee—and you may expect big dividends in miles beyond this distance.

Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" Tires

are cord tires of blue-blood quality. Their extra value shows, both in their appearance and in the extra mileage which they give. They are featured by the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip, the exclusive development of Racine Rubber Company chemists. This mileage-adding feature is an extra strip of blended rubber of graduated resiliency. It creates a neutral zone between carcass and tread. This neutral zone takes up road shock, and prevents tread and carcass separation.

The tread designs of both these Racine Rubber Company tires are the results of scientific study. They reduce skid danger to a minimum.

Racine Extra Tested Tires are sold by the best tire dealers.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears The Name

Racine Rubber Company

Racine, Wisconsin

(Concluded from Page 38)

grievously underestimated its extent; it estimated its total revenue for the six months at 2,852,000,000 rubles, which is a small fraction of the estimated expenditure; but even of this modest sum only 500,000,000 rubles were received; and in the following half year out of a total estimated revenue of 12,730,000,000 rubles—swollen by inclusion of a fictitious tax of 10,000,000,000 rubles on the hated bourgeoisie—only 700,000,000 rubles were received. The year's revenue was therefore 1,200,000,000 rubles, or about one-fortieth of the year's expenditure of 47,000,000,000 rubles. So it is hardly exaggeration to say that the government of people's commissaries rules its sixteen provinces and in addition maintains quasi-warfare on eight thousand miles of front, north, south, east and west, without any revenue at all. Or rather, with the unfailing, easy, munificent source of revenue, the well-lubricated printing press. That is the secret of the eighty billions of assignats which have turned a great part of Russia's once poor but well-fed population into starving millionaires.

But the eighty billions do not exhaust the tale. They are merely the money legally issued. The total of paper issued by Soviets for strictly local circulation has never been computed. It is further known that Czar and Duma money in excess of the admitted eighty billions has been printed and issued by corrupt Bolshevik officials for their own pockets and without the knowledge of the Finance Commissariat. As complete confusion exists on the subject of note numbers this fraud is easy. Only one case, I believe, became public. A Soviet Assistant Controller of Finance, by name Malinoff, committed suicide. It came out that the grim Pole, Dzerzhinsky, who is chief of the Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution, Speculation and Sabotage, and whose energy in fighting Soviet corruption led him into collision with the Interior Commissary Petrovsky, had demanded that Malinoff be handed over for trial. Malinoff had printed for himself 200,000 rubles in 1000-ruble Duma notes.

In addition to such genuine but unauthorized notes, are in circulation many bad copies of Soviet notes—forgeries of forgeries. The Soviets themselves failed to reproduce the plates of the higher-priced Czar and Duma notes, so naturally no ordinary forger can do the work; and the forgeries are done clumsily and can be passed off only on peasants who cannot discriminate. Most often is forged the 500-ruble Czar note. As the peasants usually choose this note for hoarding, the fraud often passes undetected. When detection does take place, lynch law, the only justice now known in the villages, sets to work. The question is not asked whether the tender of the note may not have himself been victimized. He is put incontinently to the torture known as "soft cushions"—in Russian, *miagkiya podushki;* that is, he is first made to dance on a red-hot iron plate; after that his hands are cut off and his eyes torn out; and what is left of him after further hours of torturing is buried alive.

Immense Sums for Propaganda

THE Soviet government does not take forgers so seriously as that. Forged notes cost it nothing; it can always turn out what money it wants; and the only result of forgeries is to depress a little further the ruble's purchasing power, which, forgeries or no forgeries, is bound to keep going down unceasingly and at a giddy speed.

Money lightly come by is lightly spent. Having an inexhaustible asset, the Bolsheviks spend inexhaustibly. In January last, Commissary Krestinsky told the Central Executive that probably ten billions could have been saved in 1918. The Soviet bureaucracy is costly. The commissaries follow slavishly Count Witte's system of multiplying the officialdom beyond real need, because the more persons drawing state salaries the more persons there will be to support obediently the system on top. The Supreme Council of National Economy, which from the building of the former Ministry of Trade in Petrograd directs the vast nationalized industry apparatus, employs forty thousand officials. Many nationalized factories have nearly as many officials and clerks as they have workmen. And the bureaucrats, as well as the Red Guards, draw—in paper—enormous wages and live extravagantly.

True, the standard of comfort is low, and hunger is general; but side by side with hunger are luxury and ostentation. Early in Bolshevism's history I saw Soviet leaders drinking champagne at 150 rubles a bottle in a clubhouse at Ochta; and to-day in Petrograd one may still see champagne drunk at 1500 rubles a bottle. With bread costing 28 rubles a pound that is a moderate price.

Enormous sums are spent on propaganda in the lost Russian provinces and abroad. The Moscow financier, Vasilieff, says that 674,000,000 rubles went for propaganda in 1918. This estimate would be incredible were it not for the admission of Rakovsky, the "apostle to the Ukraine," and now present head of Ukrainia's self-styled "Soviet Government," that he spent 47,000,000 rubles in propaganda in six months. The central propaganda of Radek, which sits in the Moscow Hotel Metropole, allotted 60,000,000 rubles for agitation in Finland.

Of all Bolshevik departments the Propaganda is the corruptest, because it is the hardest to control. Some of its agents, having got safely abroad with millions destined for the Bolshevization of benighted foreigners, appropriated the money for their own use and defied Moscow with impunity. The genuine Bolshevik agents who teem in Scandinavia, Germany and Holland live well. To "keep the Russian ruble a-rolling" is the best way, they reason shrewdly, to serve a proletarian cause. In Stockholm they eat, drink and make merry in a way that dumfounds even the by no means ascetic Swedes; and so, where the ordinary unwashed soap-box agitator would be expelled as an undesirable, they exact the admiring respect which is paid everywhere to boundless wealth.

The system, in short, is beautifully rounded and impressive. But though it has nothing to do with that thorny and obstacle-strewn subject, real state finance, it has to face one chronic trouble. This is the mechanical difficulty of turning out sufficient credit notes. On the outbreak of war the Imperial Government, and after it the first provisional government, had to face the same difficulty, in less extreme measure. Russia beats the world for variety of notes. Before the war she had notes for 1, 3, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100 and 500 rubles; and when war broke out and copper and silver coins disappeared token notes were printed for 1, 2, 3, 5 and 50 kopecks, the gap between 5 and 50 kopecks being filled in with indorsed postage stamps. Three years later the Lvoff and Kerensky governments were printing in addition 250 and 1000 ruble Duma notes; and Kerensky next printed the unnumbered 20 and 40 ruble notes already mentioned.

The Military Money Mill

FOR turning out all these notes in sufficient quantities Russia has always been short of paper, ink and expert printers; and she was also short of engraved plates. Of the Imperial Government's employees in the Expedition of State Papers who were capable of making fresh plates for the staple 500-ruble note two were Germans. One of these was not in Russia when war broke out, and the other succeeded in escaping abroad. In April, 1917, the Revolution's first Finance Minister, Shingarioff, stated that the Expedition, though working night and day, could hardly turn out all the money wanted. During the Brest-Litovsk negotiations Trotzky tried to entice back to Russia one of the German engravers, a certain Hermann Deich, but Deich refused to come.

The resourceful Soviets overcame the difficulty by reorganizing the printing offices on military lines and by increasing proportionally the production of high-priced notes. They marshaled the printers in six lightning shifts of four hours and paid them for a whole day's work. Judging by boasts in Soviet newspapers the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation was a snail in speed compared with these militarized printers, for one shift turns out more notes in its four hours than Kerensky's printers turned out in a whole day. Of course the undue proportion of high-priced notes leads to a famine in small currency. But the famine is relieved by hoarding; the high-priced notes disappear out of circulation while the low-priced notes remain.

Hoarding of paper rubles goes to extremes. The peasant, who is the chief hoarder, cannot deposit in a bank, because banking operations are strictly limited to certain classes of transactions, and any day a bank deposit may be confiscated. So the rubles are buried in a pot in the garden, or under the earthen floor, or in a cavity in the wooden *polati* on which the peasant sleeps. Commissary Krestinsky asserted that at least three-fifths of the rubles that have been issued are hoarded; and a Soviet magnate told me of a Red Guard raid that unearthed about 700,000 rubles hidden in a village of only a thousand inhabitants. The peasant, for no good reason, prefers notes of Czar design to the later Duma notes; and as it is a universal law of finance that worse notes push better notes out of circulation, nearly all the money now to be seen is of Duma design. The hoarding is in the interest of the Soviets; were all the hoarded money suddenly thrown on the market, prices would rise far above even their present exorbitant level; and instead of a daily 200,000,000 rubles, as at present, the Soviets would have to turn out perhaps half a billion.

When the Soviet government failed to entice its German engraver back it tried to reproduce the plates of the high-priced notes. It failed; and the great problem since then has been to protect the precious plates against loss. No part of Russia is absolutely secured against attacks by internal or external foes. Soon after the Bolsheviks seized power the three existing plates of the 500-ruble Czar note, which is Bolshevism's greatest financial treasure, were sent respectively to Kazan, Nijni-Novgorod and Penza. The first two are cities on the Middle Volga; the third is a province capital four hundred miles southeast of Moscow. In May, when conditions in Central Russia looked threatening, the Kazan plate was removed to Ekaterinburg, the Ural mining center where Czar Nicholas II was afterward shot. There the plate is said to have fallen into Czechoslovak hands. Removals of the plates are sometimes chronicled in the Bolshevik official press; but the destination is always kept a secret. The same rule applies to the transport of money.

Fourteen years ago the predecessors of Bolshevism, the Maximalists, originated the system of expropriations—that is, of attacks on bank messengers; to-day the Bolsheviks are themselves victims of expropriations. During the recent Soviet campaign against Esthonia soldiers convoying 3,000,000 rubles to Narva were butchered by bandits and all the money was carried off.

The Soviet's one heavy real loss—in paper—was suffered when Admiral Koltchak's Siberian Army captured Perm in northeast European Russia. The Koltchakists seized 180,000,000 rubles. That is probably the largest sum ever taken by a victor as booty; but it is less than one day's output of the untiring Bolshevik printing press.

The depreciation of the ruble to a hardly paralleled extreme is the result of paper finance. Four months ago Commissary Krestinsky estimated the ruble to be worth one-eighteenth of its peace value; but since then prices have doubled. Wages double every three months. In Moscow skilled labor costs 3100 per cent more than in 1913; in Petrograd, 2900 per cent; and for unskilled labor in the country the rise is between 2000 and 5000 per cent. Six months ago the Soviets issued a wages schedule for their employees, according to which the worst-paid, a janitor, was to get 500 rubles a month; the wage has since risen to 1100 rubles. Dockers at Samara, on the Volga, last fall struck work until their wages were raised from 85 to 120 rubles a day. Their wage before the war was one ruble.

Scarcity of commodities accounts in part for this rise; but the main cause is the superabundance of money. Even where wheat is plentiful it cannot be bought for less than seven rubles a pound; sooner than sell it cheaper the peasants let it rot, this though perhaps only a few miles away people are dying of hunger. Before the war a peasant worth a thousand rubles was considered a prosperous man; and that was a reasonable estimate in a country where a good farm horse could be bought for twenty-five rubles; to-day the most ancient jade costs 5000 rubles; and to be well-to-do a peasant must have at least 100,000 rubles. And every village boasts a dozen millionaires in paper who cannot write their names; and if they could write them could hardly afford to pay for the necessary pen.

The Ruble Smugglers

THE greatest triumph of Bolshevism is won not at home but abroad. Measured by what economists call inner worth—that is, purchasing power at home—the ruble should sell in America at about two cents, in England at a penny and in Scandinavia, where are the great ruble markets, at about eight öre. But the Bolshevik ruble even when at its lowest has been sky-high above these prices. That is the result of a conscious Russian policy. All three governments that have ruled since 1914 restricted ruble export and thus kept down the supply abroad. The Imperial and the first provisional Government forbade travelers to take abroad more than 500 rubles; and the Soviets allow the ruble to go abroad only for the support of their diplomats and their agitators. The foreign demand for the ruble is kept up by persons entering Russia; by the Scandinavian merchants who occasionally manage to import Russian flax and hemp; by the Ally forces in Archangel and Odessa; and by speculators who fondly imagine that some day the credit notes will rise to their gold parity exchange. Formerly Germany and Austria needed rubles for use in Poland and the Ukraine. The demand at that time so far exceeded the supply that rubles bought in Petrograd for 30 Swedish öre were salable in Stockholm for 92 öre. The history of the ruble abroad since then has been largely a history of smuggling out. Travelers from Petrograd smuggle rubles across the Sister River into Finland; and from there smuggle them into Sweden by going far north and crossing the Tornea River. On moonless winter nights white-dressed smugglers with their rubles in white sacks cross unnoticed the river ice.

Ruble smugglers make fortunes. In all neutral countries within reach of Russia the ruble millionaire is a familiar figure. Usually he was a small trader or agent before the war; now he may be seen in the best restaurants and hotels competing in ostentation with other goulash barons enriched by smuggling of commodities. The day of most goulash barons has gone forever; but the ruble speculator flourishes still, though his operations became less profitable last winter when Sweden forbade all import of Russian paper, and so brought the ruble exchange heavily down.

But the sale rate on the exchanges abroad is still well above the purchase rate in Petrograd and smuggling will flourish as long as that is so. And now and then a Bolshevik official, proclaiming virtuously that he has fled in disgust from the corruption and violence of his fellow Bolsheviks, escapes into security in Sweden or Denmark, bringing with him a load of rubles which, changed into solvent crowns and öre, will keep him in luxury as a bourgeois capitalist for the rest of his life.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER

By ENOS A. MILLS

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I TOOK shelter from a thunderstorm in a prospector's cabin far up a mountain slope. Jerry Sullivan and I stood in the open doorway watching the breaking clouds over us and the drifting clouds in the cañons below, when out of an almost clear sky came a bolt of lightning. It struck an aged fir tree and blew it as completely to fragments as though dynamited from top to bottom. Splinters and chunks of wood were showered round us. A shattered stump two feet in diameter and not more than a foot high was all that remained of the eighty-foot fir. Booming and broken echoes of the crash resounded among the cañons.

To camouflage my feelings I turned to Sullivan and asked, in a matter-of-fact manner:

"Why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

Like lightning came the reply:

"It don't need to!"

But lightning does strike twice in the same place, though this is exceptional. Within one mile of my mountain home was a Western yellow pine that, during thirty years, was struck fourteen times. It was rapped three times in a single season and twice during one storm. And it is likely that it was hit a number of times during its earlier years. A scar just above the roots, nearly a century old, showed that one lightning stroke had torn out a chunk of wood several feet long.

Most trees appear to be good conductors, and rarely is one killed. None of these strokes did serious damage. This pine, when finally killed by beetles, was probably more than three hundred years old. Another pine, twenty-five feet from this one and nearly as large, was struck three times while its neighbor received fourteen strokes.

In various parts of the country I have dissected trees and occasionally found one that bore unmistakable evidences of having been struck a number of times. John Muir told me that the head of a sequoia tree is sometimes struck repeatedly. He had seen living trees struck and had examined the lightning-scarred tops of fallen dead ones.

It is a common belief that lightning does not strike twice in the same place; but a colored man was convinced by appearances.

"Dat tree has been struck three times by lightnin', boss," said Sam.

"Impossible, Sam! Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, you know."

"Well, say, boss; the thing what struck it yesterday bore a strikin' 'semblance to what struck it before!"

The Lady of the Mulberry Tree

IN MY years of camping I pretty well covered North America, and on scores of occasions lightning appeared to see how close to me it could strike without hitting me. I once held the common and preconceived notion that there were some species of trees that lightning was pretty certain to strike and other species which it never struck. But lightning, more than any other natural agency I know, has a speedy and one-hundred-per-cent efficient way of eradicating superstitions concerning itself. The only certain thing I have discovered concerning lightning is that there is nothing certain about it. It cannot be anticipated. It never encourages one to predict where it will strike next. Its strategy is of a spectacular order and its attacks are ever a successful surprise.

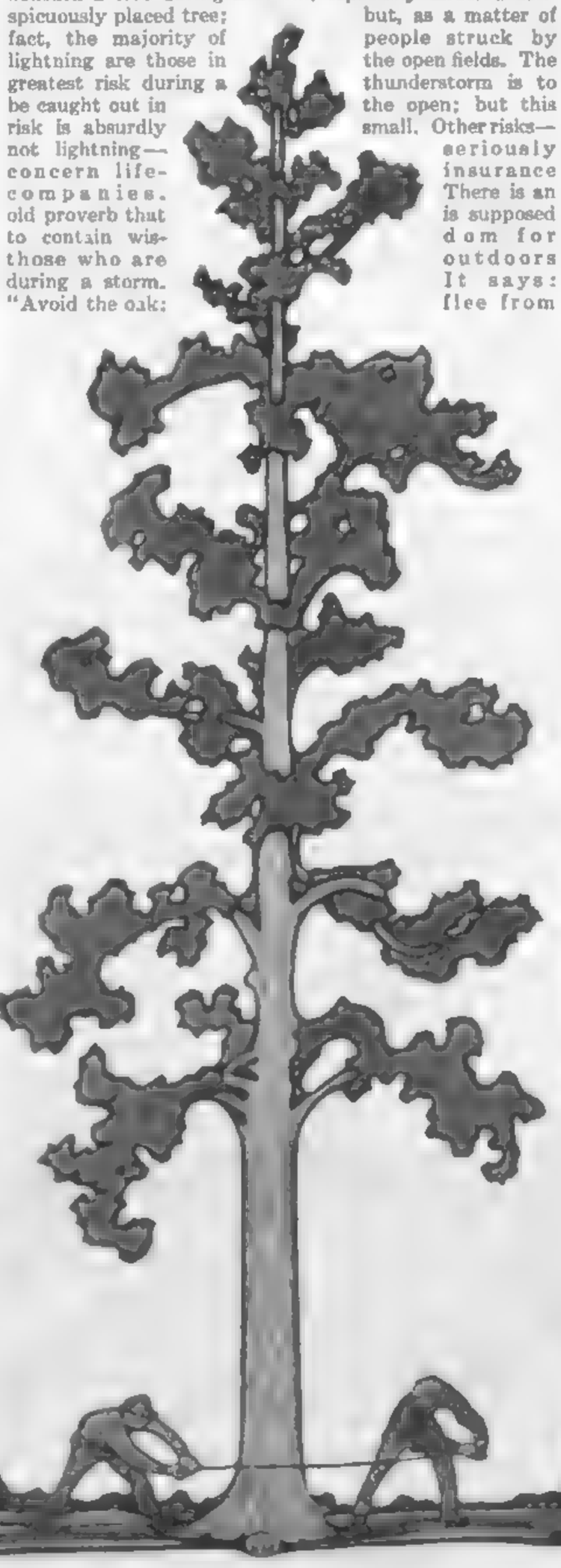
Lightning strikes every known species of tree. It not only strikes trees that stand on summits but it comes down to those that lead lowly lives in cañons. However, there are conditions that cause a tree to be struck frequently. A tall tree of any species is more likely to be rapped on the head than its contemporary of conventional height. A tree on a hilltop, being closer to the electrical field, is more likely to be struck than the tree in a ravine—a lone tree much more likely than one in a grove; in fact, the one in a position to intercept most electrical discharges and to offer these discharges the best local conductor into the earth is the tree most likely to be struck.

In this connection it is said that trees rich in starch are much more frequently struck than those rich in rosin—that is, an elm or poplar is more likely to be hit than a pine or a spruce; and trees deeply rooted are more frequently struck than the shallow-rooted ones. A struck tree appears to be largely a case of favorable current transmission.

Then, too, if a tree is shallow-rooted, or is rooted among dry rocks, instead of being a good conductor, and thus attracting the lightning, it is something of an insulator or poor conductor. There is little likelihood of its being used by a lightning bolt in reaching the earth. A green tree rooted in a moist place or among mineralized rocks is an excellent conductor and offers first-class shelter for members of the Suicide Club. The old pine struck fourteen times was rooted in an outcropping of iron ore and a number of its roots penetrated the moist soil to a near-by brook.

Years ago, while making a Nature address, I was asked the question: "Does lightning ever strike a mulberry tree?" I did not know; so I answered another question asked at the same instant, ignored the mulberry tree, and went on talking. At the next pause, however, the lady repeated her question in these words: "If I take refuge beneath a mulberry tree during a thunderstorm shall I be safe?" Being young, wise and impertinent, I could not miss the opportunity to say: "Madam, it all depends upon the kind of life you are leading."

Many believe that it is most dangerous to take refuge beneath a tree during a storm, especially under a conspicuously placed tree; but, as a matter of fact, the majority of people struck by lightning are those in the open fields. The greatest risk during a thunderstorm is to be caught out in the open; but this risk is absurdly small. Other risks—not lightning—seriously concern life-insurance companies. There is an old proverb that is supposed to contain wisdom for outdoors—those who are during a storm. It says: "Avoid the oak; flee from the spruce; seek the beech." This advice is obsolete. The beech receives proportionally as many raps as any other species.



In the nature of things it should be the best conductor of the three named.

Incomplete European records concerning lightning show that members of the poplar family, the aspen and cottonwood, are the species more frequently struck. It is quite probable that an investigation concerning the why of this would show that these trees stand in the most inviting places, or in soil that renders them easy and even alluring conductors for lightning in its zigzag journeys from sky to earth. If in any locality any particular species of tree is more frequently struck than other species, the species most frequently struck is either the most numerous or located in the most exposed places; a combination of conditions makes it the superior local conductor.

In Western Africa is a species more frequently struck than all the other local trees; this the natives speak of as being "hated by lightning." In contrast with this expression is one I have heard the cowboys use. In certain small zones of Arizona and New Mexico lightning strikes with remarkable frequency, and the prevailing species struck is "loved by lightning."

The High Explosive of the Heavens

SOMETIMES lightning is a high explosive. So far as I have noticed, the particular species of tree most likely to be badly smashed or blown to pieces by lightning is the fir. I cannot account for this, unless it is due to a peculiar combination—much moisture, which is a good conductor for lightning, and much pitch and rosin, which are supposed to be almost nonconductors. At any rate, I have seen numbers of fir trees, from forty to one hundred feet high, that were cut down to the roots by a single stroke.

Over an extensive area on Mount Meeker, Colorado, balsam fir is the species most frequently struck—or rather, which shows the most lightning wounds—with limber pine second in numbers. Yet the dominant species in this zone, which lies between the altitudes of nine thousand and eleven thousand feet, is the Engelmann spruce. The spruce is several times as numerous as the two other species combined, and in most areas is taller. It is possible that it is struck with equal frequency, but rarely receives wounds that record the experience. In the fir a slit or burst rent through the bark down one side of the tree was the lightning's mark. This is the common lightning sign.

I have always considered storms especially good exhibitions; and during camping trips I often sought a commanding place to watch one. From the rim of a cañon, the top of a towering cliff, and through wind-swept treetops, I have watched rain, hurrying clouds and illuminating lightning. These spectacular displays, with the rumbling roar roused and repeated by the mountains, were among the most stirring contributions to my outings. Each experience was an adventure and never was a storm in any way dull.

One of the many surprises lightning gave me happened near my camp in Arizona. The bolt struck and wrecked the roots of the tree like a high-explosive shell, but blew the trunk and top uninjured into the air. Again it struck the side of a tree like a projectile, cut out a piece of wood, and then completely wrecked a tree several yards beyond. A lodgepole pine about sixty feet high, and without a limb for forty feet, was struck about twelve feet above the earth and cut off as though by a shell. Neither the stump below nor the trunk or top showed any trace of the bolt. Another time lightning struck the top of a tree and ran down its trunk into the earth, where it apparently came into contact with the roots of another tree, standing several yards off. Both trees were blown into the air, together with the rocks in which their roots were entangled.

Twice I have known bolts to wreck entire clumps of trees. One of these contained nine and the other five. Another bolt near my camp in Southern Colorado blew all the leaves off of a cottonwood clump without other visible injury.

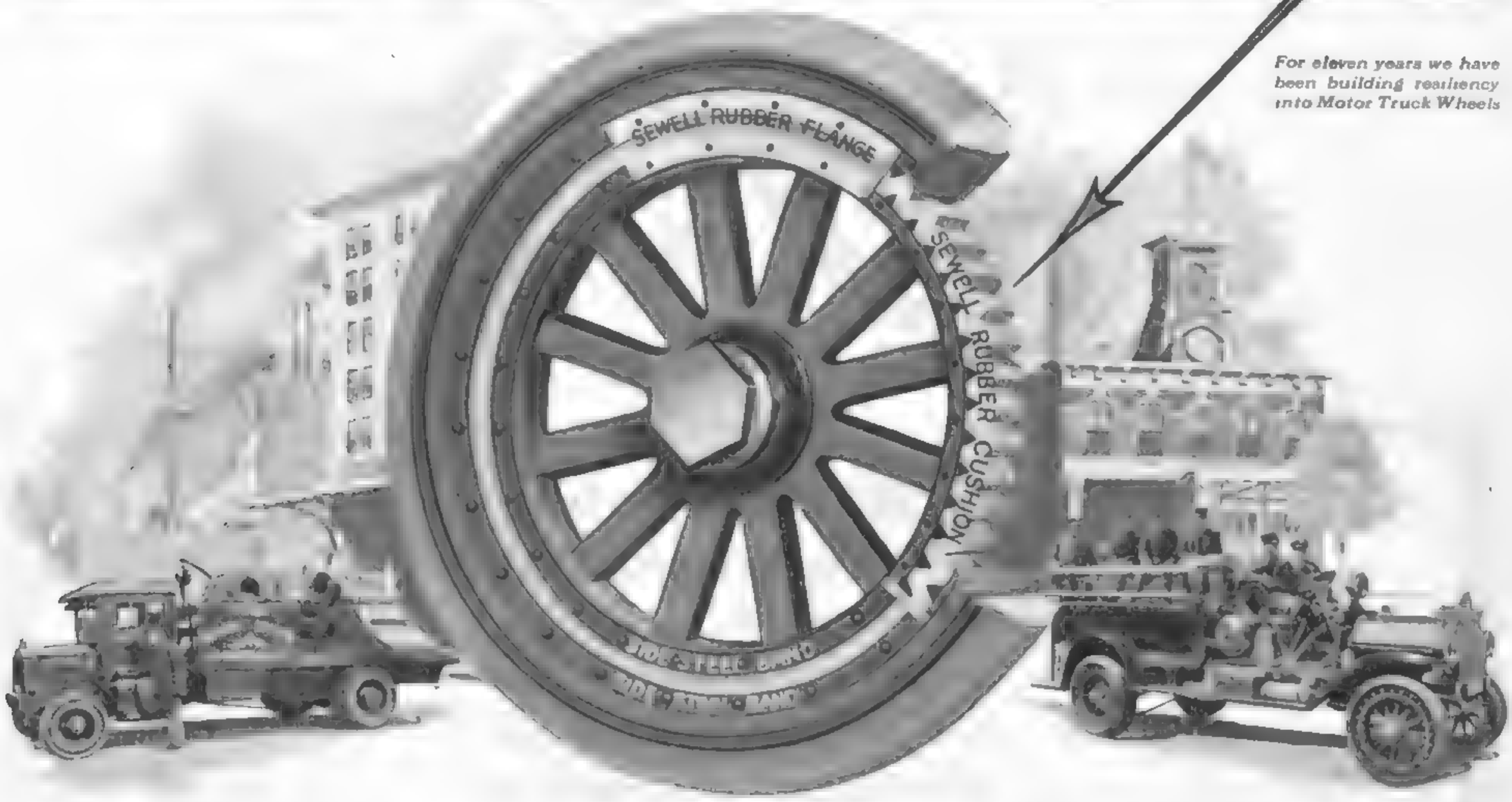
Neither the wood in struck trees nor the chunks of exploded trees, as a rule, show signs of heat or fire injury. Some oak limbs in Southern Colorado were shattered and frayed out so that they appeared more like shredded hemp than anything else. On examining a tree that I saw struck, there were two parallel lines of rupture grooves about four inches apart down the trunk. Either two bolts had struck the tree at about the same spot and instant, or else the bolt had divided before striking.

Apparently a bolt striking a treetop follows down the

(Continued on Page 45)

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

For eleven years we have been building resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels



Sewell Cushion Wheels

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Is not the truck-wheel itself, then, the logical place for this all-essential Resiliency? Is it not scientifically sound and scientifically inevitable that this all-essential Resiliency be Built in the Wheel of the Truck? Is it not logical that this all-essential Resiliency can and should be made to conserve tires, instead of consuming and destroying them?

That is precisely what the Sewell Cushion Wheel really is—a wheel of rubber within a wheel—a wheel that carries its own roadbed with it—a wheel that eliminates friction and, so, eliminates wear—a wheel that takes from the tire the burden of Resiliency and so reduces tire wear and tire-cost—a wheel that adds years to the life of the motor-truck and dollars to the "ton-mile" profit of truck operation—and a wheel, withal, that is *guaranteed for five years*.

Eleven years ago we decided that the solution of the Problem of Resiliency must be found in the truck wheel. For eleven years we have been designing, manufacturing, perfecting Sewell Cushion Wheels. Today, the best evidence we have to offer of the efficiency and economy of the Sewell Wheel is the testimony of the largest truck operators in the country.

On June first there were 26,000 Sewell Cushion Wheels in operation. It is significant that 850 firms in 135 American cities have re-ordered Sewell Wheels. A few of these are Marshall Field & Company, 86 sets; Sears, Roebuck & Company, 48 sets; Cincinnati Fire Department, 30 sets; Boston Fire Department, 50 sets; Crane Company, 61 sets; Bell Telephone Co., 68 sets; Liquid Carbonic Co., 43 sets; Edison Company, 25 sets.

The experience of these Companies proves the scientific accuracy of the Sewell Principle—

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On June 1st there were 26,000 Sewell Cushion Wheels in actual operation

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(Concluded from Page 42)

grain of the wood—follows even the intensive twists of a tree from the top, where it strikes, to the earth. In some cases this twist of the grain was so spiral that the bolt passed three times round the tree's trunk in its descent to the earth.

Usually the bolt plows a tiny U-shaped groove through the bark, without otherwise injuring the tree. The lightning-struck tree, unless shattered to pieces, usually survives; but the openings the lightning makes through the bark allow the entrance of insect enemies, which frequently are detrimental.

There is not a complete agreement as to just what produces this wrecking explosiveness of lightning strokes. It is generally believed that the explosion is due to the superheated steam in the tree's trunk. But in most cases the injuries are slight and the tree lives on.

I doubt that more than one per cent of the lightning-struck trees are set on fire. Of course it is the dead tree that is most inflammable; but many times lightning fires the trash accumulated against the base of a green tree. Lightning struck a green spruce on a slope visible from my camp. In a few minutes a column of smoke enveloped the tree. Then rain poured down. Half an hour later I found that a square yard of trash and spruce needles at the foot of the tree had been fired before the rain drowned the fire.

Storms in the Mountains

ONE evening in the Mesa Verde National Park lightning struck a dead pine on a cañon rim opposite where I was camping. There was no sign of fire at the time. A steady rainfall continued for three or four hours after the stroke, but about midnight the treetop burned off and fell with a crash. I leaped up to see sparks and chunks of fire bounding down the side of the cañon, while the tall snag held up a flaming torch. May it not be that lightning, by starting a woods fire, brought fire to our primitive ancestors—if not to all tribes at least to many of them?

The ancients are said to have had many excellent legends concerning lightning. One of the most appealing and poetic I have heard says that originally all the river channels of the earth were plowed by lightning.

Lightning is a common accompaniment of summer rains. Repeated lightning strokes may be the chief feature of a summer storm; but there may be rain without lightning being seen or thunder heard. Lightning is occasionally noticed during early spring and late autumn, and on rare occasions it makes startling appearances during winter storms.

Lightning seems to strike more frequently in the plains and valleys than in the mountains. During three hundred and five climbs to the top of Long's Peak I knew lightning to strike the summit but twice. Both bolts struck in precisely the same spot and in both cases the storm clouds were high above the summit.

Most rainstorms in high mountains are on the slopes, while the peaks and high plateaus are in sunshine. Sometimes the summit points are in the midst of the storm. Being in and not beneath the storm, they are therefore less frequently struck than the slopes or the lowlands. There may be exceptions in peaks of moderate height or those highly mineralized; but when storms cover the mountains the summits of peaks are rarely below—within range of thunderbolts.

But peaks often are in the upper edge of the storm cloud and frequently are enveloped in what may be called an invisible zone of electricity. This may ziz, ziz, and crackle round rock points, and give a tingle to the hair and finger tips; yet there is no striking in this zone. Here the fluid may concentrate and descend upon lesser heights.

These so-called electrical storms are common on mountain peaks. I have not heard of these being fatal, or even serious; but, as Muir says, they often cause every hair on one's head to stand up like an enthusiastic congregation and sing.

However, lightning is said to assail frequently the summit of Little Mount Ararat, in Asia, and numbers of rocks on the top are shattered, bored through and in places fused into glass by lightning strokes.

Lightning sometimes strikes a gravelly or sandy place and may penetrate for twenty feet or more, leaving a tiny ragged-edged hole an inch or less in diameter. Round the edges of this the sand and stone are fused into glass or near glass. Sometimes a bolt penetrates solid rock and makes a glassy hole; but more often when rock is struck the bolt seems to explode as though resisted.

It was Benjamin Franklin who turned electrical energy to constructive work. And it was he who brought forward the lightning-rod plan as a means of protecting buildings from lightning damage.

In May, 1904, I happened to be on Specimen Mountain, about thirteen thousand feet above the sea, during the gathering and continuance of a storm, with frequent lightning strokes, which deluged and greatly damaged the lowlands of Northern Colorado. The air was surcharged with electricity. This twitched and contracted my muscles and pulled my hair, with an accompaniment of snapping, crackling, buzzing and humming.

The following day, while the storm was at its wildest in the lowlands, I was descending the mountains between eleven thousand and nine thousand feet. Much of the time I was in the broken storm cloud; and, as I wrote in my notebook, "For two hours the crash and roll of thunder was incessant. I counted twenty-three times when the lightning struck rocks; but I did not see it strike a tree."

Freaks of Lightning

THOSE who have not been in a violent thunderstorm in rugged high mountains perhaps cannot appreciate the remarks of an old mountain guide, who said: "The best thunders are always saved for the mountains." The mountain walls, cliffs and long receding slopes break, repeat, prolong and compound the thunders into a deep-toned orchestra.

I have heard of people having their shoes burst off by a lightning bolt without receiving serious injury.

In Cripple Creek I saw a man at a windlass in an open space slightly injured by a lightning bolt that burst his shoe soles and uppers completely apart and tore off most of his clothing.

A dry dead tree or limb is an extremely poor conductor; but during a rain, when covered with a film of water, these are converted into excellent conductors.

Apparently a lightning bolt will not leave a good conductor for a poor one. While working in a tunnel, nearly a thousand feet in a mountain side, lightning struck the water pipe outside and followed this into the tunnel, giving me a shake-up. All the way through the tunnel the pipe was in contact with the dry rocks; but my foot, resting on the pipe, was covered with a water-soaked shoe.

The records of the Agricultural Department indicate that lightning strikes far more frequently in the East than in the West; Illinois and Florida being most frequently struck. Yet in these states death and damage from lightning are almost negligible.

It is extremely rare for a big wild animal to be struck by lightning. Yet the woods and the mountains are peopled with moose, deer, elks, bears and mountain sheep. Birds and squirrels, however, with roosts and nests in the treetops, and woodpeckers, with homes in the trunks of trees, are occasionally killed.

Fear in the Heart of Satan

ONCE I was out for a few days with a burro—Satan—who was totally depraved. He wanted to leave undone everything that he was asked to do. In all his dreams a self-starter had not occurred to him. Once in motion, he had but one speed—always on low. I found myself wondering whether lightning had any affinity for burros. He was supposed to be the burden bearer of the expedition. Yet, under a psychological test or in the field test, his usefulness would have been rated low; and I personally told him he was wholly nonessential to this so-called vacation trip, and to the happiness of the world as well. A vigorous expenditure of energy and expletive did not get us anywhere.

One day we turned into camp during a downpour of rain. We asked Satan to move a few yards farther, so we might unpack under the shelter of a tree. But, with feet outbraced at every corner, two storms at once failed to move him. He pretended to go to sleep while we removed our bedding in the rain.

Just as the last of the pack was removed two terrific lightning bolts struck close by. These resounding crashes instantly put life and fear into Satan. When a smashed treetop fell near him he rose on his hind legs and put his forelegs affectionately round me, hitting me over the eye with one shod hoof. I tolerated this demonstration simply because, except for his firmness, we should have been in the shelter of the tree the lightning had hit on the head.

Once I watched two black and broken cloud strata that were piled against the horizon, with a misty peak of summit cloud a thousand feet or more up in the sky. From this cloud peak burst out, together, three golden rivers of lightning. These separated, ran vertically along the sky several thousand feet and united in the lower cloud stratum.

A number of times in the mountains I have seen shafts, zigzag flashes and sinuous golden lightning burst out of an absolutely clear blue sky and descend to the earth. I have also seen trees struck by what appeared to be a golden ball of lightning that rolled in horizontally. On one occasion a globe was followed by a number of other golden globes that traveled slowly over the same course.

Once, near camp, I saw golden globes and golden rivers of lightning playing liquid fire over high mountains, against the clear stars of night. These spectacular fireworks were accompanied with rumbling and crashing, as though a violent thunderstorm was in progress; yet nowhere in the sky or on the horizon was there a cloud in sight.

The only possible explanation I could make of this exhibition was that beyond and below the high mountain horizon, and not many miles off, a storm was in progress.

TIMOTHY J.—By Richard Cameron Beer

IT'S hard to begin this narrative because I've got to do some necessary talking first—to save my face, for one thing, as well as to set the stage for a more or less intensive comedy in two acts.

Some years back an awfully lonesome American in a country that borders on hades wrote the words to Home, Sweet Home. Every soul in the English-speaking world knows them now, everyone believes them to be true and loves the thought therein expressed. That's all right. But wait—wait until the time comes when you've been exiled in a foreign land. I don't mean when you've simply been off on a long tour; what I mean is when an actual state of exile exists. When the sun rises and sets over the United States for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year without once shining on you in your rightful habitation, be it Los Angeles or Bangor, to say nothing of the numerous places of residence in between. That's what I call exile, and when you've experienced several years of it you'll begin to have some faint understanding of the above-mentioned song.

Right now the population of America is using up a good deal of its time and wind in grumbling—grumbling at the Administration, prohibition, the income tax and anything else it feels is due for a grumble. The what's-this-country-coming-to sentiment is broadcast. Well, there's a very good remedy for that. Get out of your country, grumblers; get out and stay out!

Stay out! Burn a few bridges behind you so that you can't get back too easily. Try doing without the morning headlines, hot and cold water of the running variety, elevators, theaters, Christian food and your own language. Try it, and then see how your country begins to look to you. Go broke a thousand miles from an American restaurant, dream about a stack of wheats with sirup, honest-to-Henry butter and a cup of American Java alongside. Go on—I dare you! Find out for yourself just how much better your own country is than any other.

And with these few remarks we will now introduce Timothy J.

The doors of my office ought to have been hung on a saloon. I mean by that that they swing either way, are frosted, and placed so that I can just see the top of the hat and the other extremities of the person coming in. Timothy J. didn't let me hear him come, though, in spite of the tiled floor.

A cloud of dust swirled up from the street, over the three-foot-wide balcony that goes with the second story of every Cuban house as a nigger goes with a team of mules, puffed in through the balcony door, and eventually divided itself between my eyes and the inkwell, with the majority in favor of the first mentioned. We had had a measly dry spell. I cussed, yanked out my handkerchief and leaned back from the desk preparatory to removing a few ex-sections of sugar land from under my eyelids, but there I stopped.

Standing inside the door, with a straw hat in one hand and a light-colored stick in the other, was a man. The dust must have been pretty thick in my eyes, because I gave him the usual greeting:

"*Qué hay, señor.*"

There was no answer, and after I'd blinked for a second or two I saw why, and got up out of my chair. No Cuban ever owned hair of such a peculiarly violent red.

"What can I do for you?"

He emitted a long sigh, transferred the stick to his left hand and held out his freed right to me with a swinging gesture. We shook.

"Excuse me," he said in a rich throaty barytone, "for pullin' that silent entrance on you, but I didn't want to make a crack till I was sure that brass tag down at the front door wasn't an orphan whose parents had passed on into the Great Beyond."

Thus he referred to the dignified nameplate of our company which adorns the wall downstairs.

I took a good look at him. He was of medium height, clean shaven, aged probably about thirty-two or three. A well-tailored, brownish palm-beach suit was fitted to his slender figure. Neat brown shoes, a modestly striped shirt and a plain black tie completed his costume. Handsome, however, is a word that did not apply to his face; pleasing describes it better. His nose was long and thin and his mouth was a little wide, showing to advantage therefore a full set of exceptionally white teeth. His eyebrows were of the same color as his hair and not very heavy; but his eyes were blue, and at their corners were a multitude of tiny wrinkles caused by the upward movement of his whole face when he grinned as he was grinning at me then—not a silly grin, but a sensible, heaven-bless-you sort of grin, with plenty of warmth behind it. There was a certain sharpness in his eyes, too, but they were human and kindly—kindly even as they looked swiftly into mine and then traveled over me in a frank appraisal.

For some reason I had to return that grin of his, and I waved him into a seat beside my desk. He deposited his hat in his lap, and grasping his stick in both hands took in the near horizon with one sweep.

"Ain't this the hell of a town?" he began, and chuckled while he spoke.

"It is," I agreed, chuckling a little myself, and wondering at the same time what in the world had got into me.

He looked out over the balcony and down into the thriving, bustling heart of Malacate. A dust-raising yoke of sober-minded oxen were dragging a rumbling, squeaking two-wheeled sugar cart across the blinding glare of the central square. In the shade of the arched entrance to the crumbling custom house two ragged venders of lottery tickets squatted. Several other forms, all of them ragged, sprawled out in more shady spots "dreaming the happy hours away." A deserted hack with the ghost of a horse reclining against one shaft was the only additional object of possible interest.

"How long have you been here?" inquired my guest; and as I live I saw all the signs of suppressed laughter in his eye.

"Two years," I replied; and with that I thought he'd die.

He laughed and laughed with the tears rolling down his cheeks, a rich "Ho-ho!" that he couldn't seem to stop, and every few seconds he'd look at me, gasp "Two years!" and then go off again.

Now, thank heaven, I'm still young, and I don't suppose I had more than a year or two the better of him. As yet my boilers are not scaly with middle-aged dignity, and, well—I've been round quite a bit too; so that suddenly I got it and began to laugh with him.

You see—if I can possibly explain our temporary insanity—he'd made me. That is, during the first five minutes that he had been in the room he had sized me up as human, given me credit for a sense of the ridiculous and some knowledge of the world outside Malacate; and, of course, the fact that the average person has absolutely no idea of the awfulness of Malacate makes this laughing business rather difficult to understand. But at any rate we laughed, and I seemed to feel that he was laughing quite as much at himself for being in the ghastly town as at my having stayed in it.

To prove which he faltered finally: "Oh, Lord! The joke's on both of us! I might as well introduce myself, I guess. I'm Timothy J."

And he grinned, still gurgling a little.

"Any more to it?" I asked.

"Nay, nay, brother," he answered. "And it's not my name, anyway, so don't bother. I borrowed it from a race horse in Havana, which was about all I could borrow from that dog. Ten-to-one in the seventh race on the last day of the meeting. Played him across the board in the mutuals, and prayed over him like a mother all the way round the track. Fourth was the best he could do. Seeing that I'd only bet on him on account of his name I lifted that and called things square between us."

I smiled tolerantly—not at Timothy J., however—and swung round just a shade toward my desk. But that was enough.

"Now you're getting me all wrong!" he exclaimed mournfully. "I'm not making a touch at all. I've got a return ticket on the rattler to Havana, and there ain't no mortgage on the old homestead yet. I can blow any time. But I had a kind of a long hunch to come down here and throw my feet for a sugar job."

"Oh!" I said, and put him swiftly through the sugar catechism.

"Speak Spanish fluently?"

"No."

"Are you a good accountant?"

"No."

"Chemist?"

"No."

"Engineer?"

"No."

He grinned at each question, and at the end looked round the dusty office with its one typewriter, two cluttered tables and sugar literature hanging from rusted hooks on the bare walls.

"Anything stirring here?" he inquired politely.

I smiled and shook my head.

"Not a thing," I answered. And a strange impulse made me add: "Speaking personally and confidentially, I'm about at the bottom of the grade myself."

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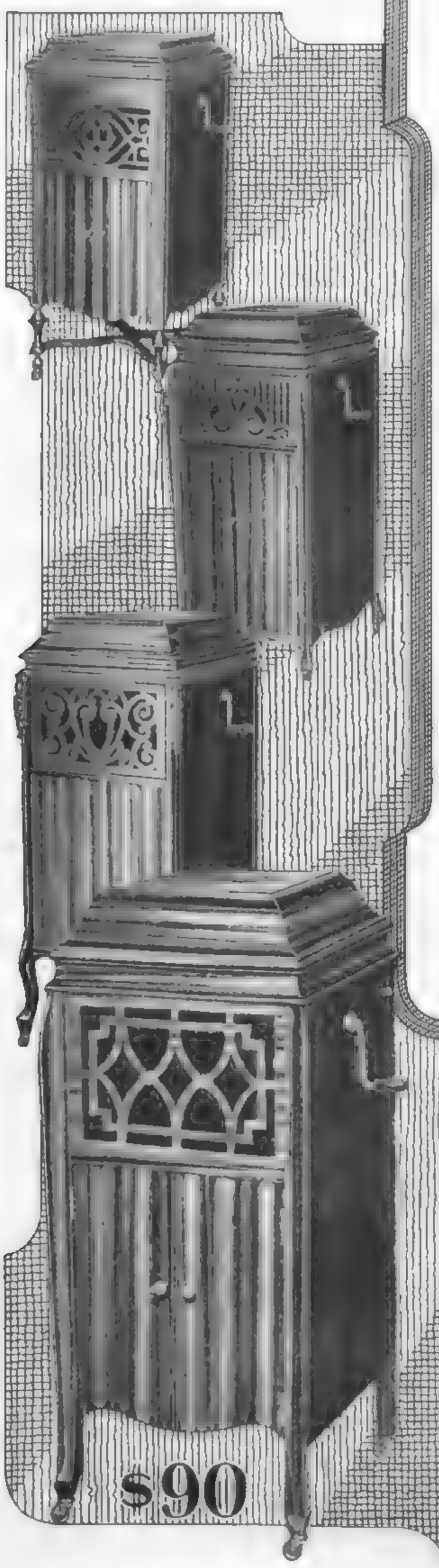

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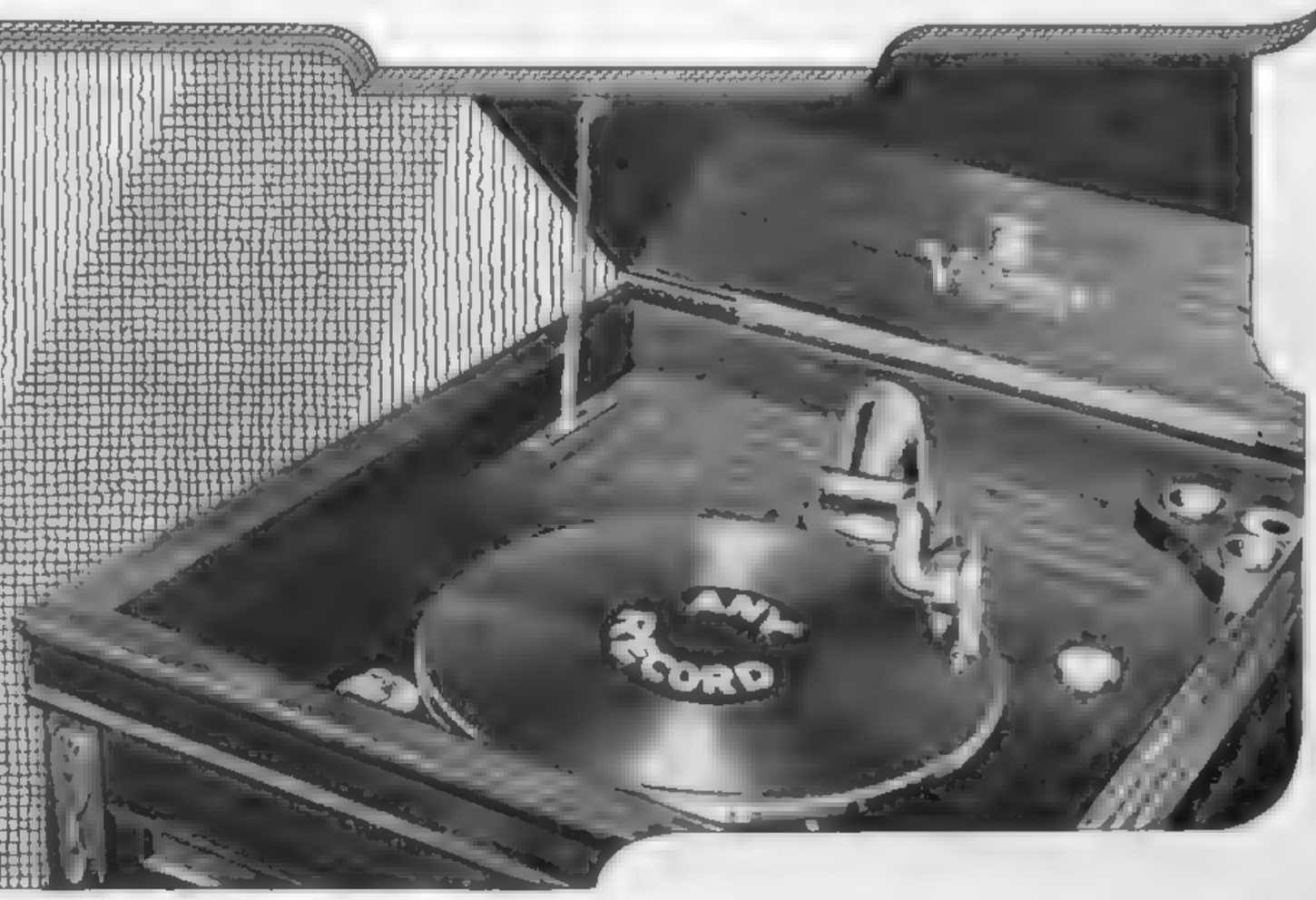

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He stopped smiling instantly.

"Are you far in?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied, looking away from him.

"Cleaned?"

I nodded.

With a swift movement he reached into an inside pocket, took from it a black leather wallet and extracted therefrom a thin sheaf of bills of small denominations. This he held out to me.

"You're welcome," he said quietly, "to all or any part of it."

And he meant it, too, the amazing man! His action was just as spontaneous and natural as his blue eyes were free from all calculation. I felt like a dog.

"Put it away," I said, nearly blushing. "I'm not in as bad as all that, and I'm more than grateful to you for the offer."

He hesitated for a second, looking at me keenly. Whether he guessed the truth of my maneuver or not, I don't know; but at any rate he replaced the money and got up. With his inevitable smile quickly returning he tucked his cane under one arm, lit a cigarette—refusing my offer of a cigar—and then while his twinkling eyes took in every aspect of that forlorn parque central began to hum a tune.

Now about a century before, when I never had heard of Malacate, and only knew sugar as something that went in coffee, I had been acquainted with that tune—a little syncopated jingle that never quite reached the dignity of being real music. I was still trying to place it when he broke into the words, not loudly but with that certain swing and manner that defy imitation:

Oh, leave de cocaine be!
Oh, leave de cocaine be!
Drink de ole rye whisky straight,
An' leave de cocaine be!

Oh, de preachuh stood
'Ith de Bahbul in 'is han',
An' all de sistuhs oovh
In de Aymen cawnuh
Holla'hd, "Dass mah man!"

Ah bin aroun' dis worl' ——

When he'd reached that verse I could hear the tenors coming in at the end of the first line with just the proper slur that puts the right amount of barber shop to the harmony.

"Shades of Baltimore!" I said. "Where did you get to know that one?"

He broke off, laughing, and slapped his leg.

"Why, brother," he cried, "I know 'em all! There ain't a real song that ever went out over the big time or the small that I didn't get. I've lived with 'em, see? I've heard 'em practicin' their parts from morning till night in the hotels where I've stayed. I've been in the alley with 'em when they'd have to come off and sit there with their make-up on, waiting. That was in the eight-a-day in Chi. 'Don't vamp, kid,' they'd say; 'it's a short reel!' Y'know what I mean. Not enough time before their next act to change and go out for a beer! Movies in between the acts, see?

"I was ridin' the gravy then; two hundred berries a month and cakes, feed. Workin' for a Scotchman, accountant, typin' his audits. Say, we made 'em all—Seattle, Spokane, Frisco, Dallas, New Orleans, Savannah, Richmond, Washington, New York, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, St. Paul, Duluth and all intermediate points! On Track Fi-ive! Made 'em? I'll say so!"

And again the song:

Out on de road somewheah—
Out on de road somewheah—
D'eys a big fat choc'late drop
Out on de road ——

He stopped as the customary riot of a Cuban political discussion rose from the street below—whirlwind machine-gun Spanish in crackling falsettos.

"Revolution?" he inquired.

"No, they're just talking over the next election."

"Good night!" he murmured. "And you've stood it for two years."

"Well, when you're supporting someone ——" I began.

"I know," he said softly. "Mine's back in Bird Center, Illinois. My mother. I'll be seein' her soon."

The tumult and the shouting died out below as the speakers moved off round the corner toward the nearest *café-con-leche* establishment, and the square became quiet again except for the hollow plopping of hoofs as a horse and rider passed at the far end. Timothy J. was smiling reminiscently with his eyes half shut.

"Times are hard now in the States," he mused, "but hell! The States are home from Key West up. I'd heard there was money in Cuba; but there's not enough, or I'm not built that way, I guess. Think of what you're passin' up! Look at that cemetery outside there, and then think of Connecticut Avenue in the spring of the year. What if Washington is dry? With the crocuses comin' up in the parks and the nigger mammies tendin' the annual crop in the new perambulators. The Potomac on a June morning, with the mists just risin' and the sun beginnin' to shine on the old river—d'you ever see that? D'you ever cross Hampton Roads to Old Point at the same time of day? Man, think of the New England resorts in summer, and the swimmin' and the shore dinners and all! With every office slave on lower Broadway wonderin' if he'll get his two weeks in July or August, and the electric fans runnin' second to the typewriters, and the racket on the Curb at two-fifty-five when the boys have got their handkerchiefs tucked in over their collars. Can't you smell the fruit on the wop stands and hear the kids yellin' the late edition with the box scores? Why, d'you realize that in about three hours it'll be dusk along Fifth Avenue with the lights just comin' on, and the autos'll jam between Fortieth and Forty-second while the crosstown crowd heads toward the Grand Central and the five-twenty-five? They'll be swarmin' out of the theater district for tea about then too—snappy new spring styles and hats, with just a whiff of perfume as they float by! There won't be any tea after July first, but, say, what would you give for a dinner—a dinner! I mean—at the Biltmore to-night, and the best show in town to follow? Who'll we see?"

I named one of the most famous.

"What? Him?" cried Timothy J., bending over with delighted laughter. "Why—say!"

And a transformation took place before my eyes.

His hat went on at a cocky angle, his shoulders drooped forward, arms swung wide, and the stick was twirled between expert fingers:

It's a grand old rag,
It's a high-flyin' flag,
And forever in peace may she wave!
It's the emblem of
The land I love—
The home of the free and the bra-ave!
Every heart beats true
Under red, white and blue ——

The nasal voice, the swinging swaggering walk, the quick turn and rhythmical bend of the knees as he came down front at the finish—they were all there. Then he stopped singing and began to hum the tune in double time, and I leaned back in my chair with a sigh of pure joy, to watch as perfect an exhibition of eccentric step dancing as I had ever seen on any stage.

If the man he was imitating is the king of American dancers Timothy J. is the heir to the crown. For fully five minutes I forgot the deadliness of Malacate, sugar, Cuba and all; for five blessed minutes there was only the door of a theater between the nightly glitter of Broadway, the roar of the city and myself. Carried on the wings of Timothy J.'s flying pattering feet my homesick heart was transported for just that length of time out of the stale routine of a tropical existence and borne back into a land of happy memories. Laugh at that idea if you will, but first show me one instance where an American audience has not applauded a good step dancer to the echo! And to describe the polish and cleverness of Timothy J.'s work is something I wouldn't attempt.

When he dropped, flushed and panting, into a chair, I came to with a jerk.

"Man," I said, "you're a wonder! Who are you, anyway?"

He laughed.

"Timothy J., I told you. Why, you haven't seen the half! I've got 'em all, I tell you. Legitimate—heavy and light. Shakspere, Barrie ——"

He was on his feet again. In a melting, cooing voice that is worshiped by matinée girls in every city from coast to coast, he began:

"'For every time a little baby laughs a new fairy is born. . . . But every time a baby says "I don't believe in fairies!" why, somewhere a poor lit-tle fairy just drops down dead!' The Never-Never Land stuff, y'know?

"Or would you rather have The Music Master, or The Wizard of the Nile—yes, I can go back that far too; or San Toy; or I can sing you the score of The Geisha from John Keena to A Goldfish Swam in a Big Glass Bowl. Or Justice, hammering on the prison doors, 'member? I can do that whole act from start to finish. I can be Weber and Fields in the old days; I can be Bill Sykes or Nancy or—

You-ah beautiful, you-ah mahvellus!
But you-ah a daw-gone, dangerous gurl!

"Y'know him? Or Diplomacy or Rip Van Winkle or America's oldest living minstrel in his famous silent clog. Why, good Lord! I can be a bloodhound in an Uncle Tom show if I've got the props.

"Just let me lay my fingers on a tame piano and I won't need an orchestra."

There was a pause while he lit a fresh cigarette. Naturally I thought he would continue in the same vein. Then:

"But you"—he laughed oddly, and pointed an accusing forefinger at me—"you're a traitor to your country! Yes, I know you've got a legitimate excuse and your income tax is probably paid right up to the hilt. But you're out of touch; you'd feel strange back home now, because you don't know what the people there are feeling and talking about. You read the papers, yes, but the papers don't tell the whole story.

"They're forgetting how to laugh, some of them, I tell you, because they're worried and they're losing faith in ideals. Rich people are talking about moving to Europe on account of prohibition; poor people listen to Bolshevism. They're beginning to forget already that twelve months ago the tears came to their eyes when the boys marched away down the Avenue for service over there, that they stood bareheaded when the flag went by and prayed for the lives that were passing! Losing faith, I tell you, and forgetting how to laugh. But don't you do it! I came to Cuba for—business reasons. When that business is over I'm going back because I'm an American, and I wouldn't stay away if they offered me a throne. 'Better a year in Pittsburgh than a cycle ——'"

Now during this tirade the intonation of his voice had changed abruptly, had taken on a polish that is not acquired in theatrical hotels or in back of the scenes. He must have caught the expression in my eyes, for he didn't finish his altered quotation, but stopped short, and looking away began to sing:

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of rags and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby ——

"I'll say you are!" I cut in. "And where do you go from here, Timothy J.? And how?"

"Back," he answered, "to Bird Center, Illinois, and I'll boom."

"You'll what?"

"Boom, brother. A boomer is a man who's an expert in his line, so that he finds a market for his stuff in any burg he makes. There's barbers that are boomers, typesetters, garage men, waiters and lots of others. They don't like to stay in one place too long, that's all. I'm good in one line. I'll boom."

I thought a minute.

"Are you anxious to boom; or would you rather go straight through?" I asked.

"Told you I wasn't making a touch," replied Timothy J. briefly.

"You're not," I said. "I'm going to give you a chance to play a one-night stand in Cuba. Big money and an appreciative audience. What do you say?"

His next question rather surprised me. Mind you, I had seen his bank roll.

"Who are they?"

"Four middle-aged men," I said, "who are like me; they've been down here quite a while. A little dose of American amusement would do them good."

"Know them pretty well?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I work for them. Let's see: Johnson's from Detroit, Wilson's from Chicago, Stone's from Kansas City and Waverly's from New York. All human beings. Waverly's a widower, and his only boy was lost in the war."

"Oh," said Timothy J., and walked over to the balcony door. His next two questions came back to me over his shoulder.

"Where are they?"

"At a sugar mill on the main line back to Havana," I replied. "Not far from here. Place called Caldezan."

"How much would they pay?"

"I'll ask them," I said, and took the telephone receiver off its hook.

Timothy J. never turned.

Stone answered the call.

"How much would you give," I asked him, "to be on Broadway to-night with all the shows in the city to choose from?"

Stone is a man of sudden action and strong words.

"Five hundred dollars!" he snapped back. "What the devil's the matter with you? Homesick?"

"You bet I am!" I responded. "But if you'll make good on that five hundred I'll send Broadway out to you to-night."

His next remarks were almost entirely concerned with my marked aptitude for lying, and further libel to the effect that I was in a state of maudlin intoxication due to bacardi rum. Of this latter condition he became thoroughly convinced when I refused to give him any particulars, but made him swear to the five hundred. Moreover, I arranged that they should be in the drawing-room—the residence at the mill is quite as luxurious as any *casa vivienda* on the island—by seven-thirty with the cover off the piano.

"Well?" I asked Timothy J. when I hung up. "They're still Americans, you see. How about it?"

"Let me at 'em, brother!" he exclaimed, grinning joyously. "When can I get a train?"

"In fifteen minutes," I answered, after looking at my watch, and gave him careful directions as to how to find the house at Caldezan.

"All set!" he cried. "I've got to get my bag. It's at the city's leading hostelry. Thank heaven, I don't have to

(Concluded on Page 51)

The
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ABOVE are shown five from the brilliant group of young artists who are making records exclusively for the Aeolian-Vocalion. Those familiar with the music of today will recognize them as the rising luminaries of the operatic stage. Their names are already graven in the top-most niche of the hall of musical fame.

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VOCALION PRICES—Conventional models, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upwards; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models priced from $240. All prices subject to change.

IN THE GROUP ABOVE
Photograph © Mishkin
Left to right—
MAY PETERSON
EVELYN SCOTNEY
FLORENCE EASTON
MARIE SUNDELIUS
ROSA RAISA

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(Concluded from Page 48)

sleep there to-night! That's good for five minutes. Back to the station, five more. That leaves five to amuse you in and to say good-by. Talk fast! What'll it be? Song, dance, recitation?"

"Song," I answered.

"What one?"

"Pick your own."

He stood quiet for a moment, and the smile faded from his lips. I only saw his face in profile, too, for he was staring out through the doorway, leaning a trifle on his stick; but he seemed suddenly much older. Then he sang, very softly and sweetly.

That song shall be nameless here, for several reasons. It was a song that came out of the trenches, out of the cold and the mud and the hell.

It was home and all that home meant to those men; it was the manhood of America with the grim fighting mask laid aside, calling back through the black night of battle to the days that were far behind.

So that all at once Timothy J. was bending over my desk to say good-by, and what I saw—hitherto hidden—was seen through a veil of wet on my eyelashes.

"I've got to run," he was saying. "Time's up."

He slid back his left coat sleeve with the quick movement that is so commonplace nowadays, and I saw above the wrist watch, chained there, a small oval plate of bright metal. And as he straightened up I saw, too, in a flash, pinned inside his coat to that modestly striped shirt, a tiny bronze cross.

"Why, man ——" I stammered, jumping to my feet, for he was already at the door.

"Sure, brother!" he laughed back. "But I don't trade on those things. A thousand thanks, and we'll have that dinner at the Biltmore yet!"

For a moment I stared at the silly doors as they flapped to and fro. Then I turned and raced out onto the balcony. Regardless of my dignity, three fat señoras, a blue-uniformed policeman and the fact that my late caller was halfway across the square I shouted after him:

"Who are you, Timothy J.?"

He turned, but kept on, walking backward and grinning his everlasting grin.

"An American," he called, and vanished round the corner.

II

FOR forty-eight hours I restrained at frequent intervals a childish desire to call up the mill and ask them how they had liked the performance, but Stone had maligned me, so I wanted the first move to come from them. And let me state in passing that never had the dirty, evil-smelling streets of Malacate seemed more repellent; I was dreaming about Washington boulevards in springtime. On the third day, however, my patience bore fruit.

Stone stamped into the office in a rumpled white suit, with a chewed cigar slanting up toward his bushy gray eyebrows, and perspiration cutting twenty shining tracks across the dust on his face. At times a gift of eloquence descends upon Stone, especially when he is overheated and all wrought up mentally.

"D'you know what you've done?" he demanded, plumping his portly self down in a chair close to the desk and giving his countenance a doubly ferocious expression by the injudicious use of a damp handkerchief.

"How d'you mean 'done'?" I retorted. "I suppose you're talking about that young American ——"

"Yes, I am," he interrupted. "Why, you sucker! You're the original cause of P. T. Barnum's famous remark! You're a wise guy and a character reader, to say nothing of being a judge of amusement! Yes, you are—not!"

"Why ——"

"I know. Don't waste your breath. You meant well, only you didn't mean as well as you did. Get that?"

After which sample of ambiguity he rambled, snorting, wiping his face between snorts and glaring at me the rest of the time:

"You're an American. I'm an American. So's Johnson. So's Wilson and so's Waverly. We didn't go back to the States, any of us, not even Waverly when his boy went across. We stayed down here in this damn country and raised sugar, fought off German interests, revolutions, subscribed like hell to the Liberty Loans, and campaigned for 'em—and still raised sugar, 'cause the Allies had to have it. And now why, at this late day and date, do we have to have our hearts torn out of us and our sentiments all stewed up so we go lookin' round the mill for anyone with German antecedents that we can kill? And old man Waverly ——"

He stopped to wipe some more and snort. I handed him a fresh cigar, and after he'd got it well lighted and going he began again in something like a rational manner:

"According to your lunatic notion we were all in the drawing-room at seven-thirty, and Johnson was so carried away by the prospects that he'd opened a special bottle of ancient port, and we'd had Pablo dust off the darn piano, and Wilson had sort of switched the lights round so that they all shone that way—kind of stagy effect. Lot of old fools! Like kids going to their first circus! Wilson would have it that you'd found some down-and-out actress. Johnson thought it was an American nigger, and Waverly was sure it was some kind of a traveling movie show. Even made bets on it. None of us won.

"Quarter to eight rolled round, and we were all fidgeting and cussing you, when someone rapped three times outside the door, and we heard a voice say: 'The audience will please remain seated throughout the entire performance and choose exits now in case of fire!'

"Well, you could have knocked us all down when this young chap walks in as cool as the North Pole—and in a Tuxedo! Yessir! Tuxedo. On a hot night too.

"Never said 'Good evening' or 'How d'you do.' Just grinned at us and sat down at the piano. Well, sir, he ran his fingers over those keys kind of anxiously, but we'd paid a thief from Havana enough to buy his wife a new automobile to tune that old box up a little while ago, so it was all right.

"Then he swung round and looked us over one at a time, and he didn't hurry about it either. Never said a word. Just sat there with Wilson's amateur spotlights shining on that red mop of his and his blue eyes boring away at us. Finally he remarks, smiling:

"'Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm not counting the house; only gauging my audience!'

"He turned round to the piano again, stuck his foot on the soft pedal and began to sing with just a little tinkle of an accompaniment. Why, I thought old man Waverly would jump out of his skin! His old gray hair fairly quivered with joy, and his mouth hung open so that a caterpillar tractor could have walked into it without a scrape. I hadn't heard that song for thirty years myself, and where this youngster picked it up—I swear it's beyond me! Castles in the Air!

"Back in the days when I was a boy down along the Mississippi—and that's long before the mistake of creating you was ever considered—the circuses and the minstrel shows more or less teamed together during the summers. And in those times a minstrel show was a show, I'm telling you! When you came into the big tent and heard the music of that minstrel band floating across the ring, with the crowd all in their Sunday clothes humming the tune—that was music! And then the ringmaster would announce that Mr. So-and-So of So-and-So's world-famed minstrels would now render that beautiful vocal selection entitled ——. And the one that they all loved was Castles in the Air. Where in the world did that youngster ever learn it?

"And so he went on from song to song, half a dozen old tunes that we'd all known as boys, like Ise Gwine Back to Dixie and Champagne Charlie. Songs that had died and been buried years ago. And first we'd look at each other and shake our heads—for he never struck a wrong note or forgot a single word; and then we'd grin, as delighted as a lot of sentimental girls. But when he sang Sweet Belle Mahone I nearly cried out loud, and Johnson, the old bald weasel, drank three glasses of port in five seconds by the watch.

"Then he swung round and laughed at us, laughed out loud, with me wipin' my eyes, and Wilson clearing a whole pondful of frogs out of his throat.

"'Have I gauged my audience correctly?' he wants to know.

"After we'd managed to let him know that he had he grinned some more at us, reached in his pocket, pulled out some sand and sifted it over the tiles near the piano. Then he started to hum Ole Zip Coon, bent over, and kind of patted the time on his knee for a minute and began to dance.

"Well, sir, it wasn't two seconds before we were all on the edges of our chairs, keeping the time with our feet and patting it with our hands. He wasn't doing any heavy dancing, no clog business, but just the nicest, lightest kind of step dancing you ever saw!

"'Train comin' 'cross a long trestle!' he sings out, and pivots round and round on the ball of one foot, shuffling with the other. Sure enough! Here she comes—faint at first, then getting louder and louder till she's right on us. Honest, I could almost hear the rumble of the ties!

"Oh, what's the use! He had us going and ran us ragged. Not a one of us but for one hour was a boy again, and old man Waverly ——

"He capped the climax by sitting down on that piano stool, pulling a mouth organ out of his inside pocket and playing Old Black Joe. Most people can't get anything but a warrant for their arrest out of a mouth organ, but this boy got music! I'm telling you now! Music!"

Here Stone paused to give me an extrasuper glare before he continued: "When he got through with his performance on that mouth organ you could have heard a banana leaf drop way down in Oriente Province, and he wasn't grinning any more. 'Stead he asks in a queer kind of voice:

"'Which one of you gentlemen is A. T. Waverly?'

"We all looked at the old man, not saying anything, and he just held up one hand a little, like he was a kid in school again.

"'Thank you, sir,' said the youngster, very respectfully, and turned to the piano. He began to play very, very softly, and it was a lullaby. We were still looking at Waverly when he commenced, but we didn't look long. Waverly's wife died shortly after the boy was born, you know. Gosh! It was painful!

"The youngster didn't play it all the way through, thank God! He stopped and turned round.

"'I played that for you, Mr. Waverly,' he said, 'and I'm proud to know that tune because it was a part of your boy!

"'You don't know my name, Mr. Waverly,' he went on, and he might have been talking to his own mother, for his voice was so gentle and kind, 'but I know yours because he told it to me, time and again. It seemed to buck him up and help to keep him going through all the hell just to be able to talk about you to someone who understood.

"'And that was my business over there,' he explained with his face very grim, 'understanding men, keeping them going, keeping some sparks of love and humor alive in them. What I've done for you to-night I did for them day after day and night after night. They'd move my old piano up as near the front-line trenches as they dared, and then the boys would come in and my work would start.

"'Generally it was ragtime or dance music they wanted, poor devils! Anything to ease their minds and nerves and help them forget.

"'I never dared to play sad music for them, though once when I was new at the game I did. What stopped me was the sight of a poor devil over in one corner, with the mud caked thick on his uniform, turning a single letter over and over.

"'It was late one night, Mr. Waverly, when your boy said good-by to me. I'd been kept hard at it, hour upon hour, and my hands were swollen and nearly paralyzed from the steady pounding. The place was almost empty when Billy came in, and he walked over to where I was and leaned on the corner of the piano looking down at me. I could see by his eyes and the set of his lips that he was drawn up to the last notch.

"'"Play my tune," was all he said. So I played it, as I've played it here for you.

"'"Not much of a singin' voice, dad hadn't," said Billy after I stopped, "but when I was a six-year-old I thought it was the finest voice in the world! Adios, Guy!" And he shook my hand and went out.

"'I played rottenly the next night. Billy Waverly's name and the story of his sacrifice seemed to be on every man's lips. I heard it on all sides of me, and still they wanted ragtime and I had to do my best to give it to them. But after the crowd had cleared I played the lullaby, just once for him, Billy Waverly, my pal. And God knows I was trying to play him back to me—but the room was empty when I finished.'"

Stone stopped short and cleared his throat long and loudly, glaring at me more ferociously than ever. Not that I minded much; I was too bewildered.

"And what then?" I asked.

"What then?" he cried. "Pandemonium! We rose up in a body and fell on his neck. Wilson wanted to take him into partnership or kiss him or anything! Hell! We were all near-uncles to Art Waverly's boy. But even the old man couldn't persuade him to stay—not even overnight; so we gave it up. Said he had business engagements in New York and hurried off to the train."

"Business engagements!" I exclaimed. "Good heavens, didn't you pay him?"

"No. Nobody even mentioned it."

"Well, you're a nice lot!" I cried, having visions of poor Timothy J. booming all the way back to Bird Center, Illinois.

"Oh, that's all right," Stone assured me. "He don't need the money."

"He don't what?"

"Need the money, I said. Haven't you an inkling yet as to who he is? Well, for the love of Casey, take a look at this and maybe the light will dawn!"

He waved a clipping from a Havana newspaper under my nose. It read something like this:

SOLDIER CELEBRITY DISCOVERED HERE INCOGNITO

Few people in Havana are aware that Lieut. Guy Street, of New York, passed through this city yesterday morning on his way north. The tireless efforts of this young officer to keep up the morale of our troops through his marvelous musical and dramatic powers were of no small assistance to the Allied commanders, and that this fact was properly recognized is evident from the decorations bestowed upon him by the Allied Governments.

It is said also that the sale of one of his war songs in the United States alone has broken all recent records for popular music ——

At this point I laid down the clipping.

"Oh, I knew what he was," I said airily.

"You're a liar!" was Stone's flat retort.

But if three fat señoras and one member of the Malacate police force knew English I'm sure I could prove that I'm not.

Modernized Ignition

Delco

Delco generator battery ignition—because of its simplicity, light weight and supreme reliability—has been adopted on four of the world's newest aviation engines.

Three of these engines are American products and one a French product. This international recognition is more than an endorsement. It is the final tribute to Delco superiority.

Durability and maximum service, regardless of cost, have always been the governing factors in designing Delco equipment.

An automobile equipped with Delco apparatus indicates that the manufacturer of that automobile is willing to pay considerably more for his electrical equipment than for a less efficient system.

Delco apparatus on an automobile is a trademark of quality and dependability, not only for the electrical equipment, but also for the entire car.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.

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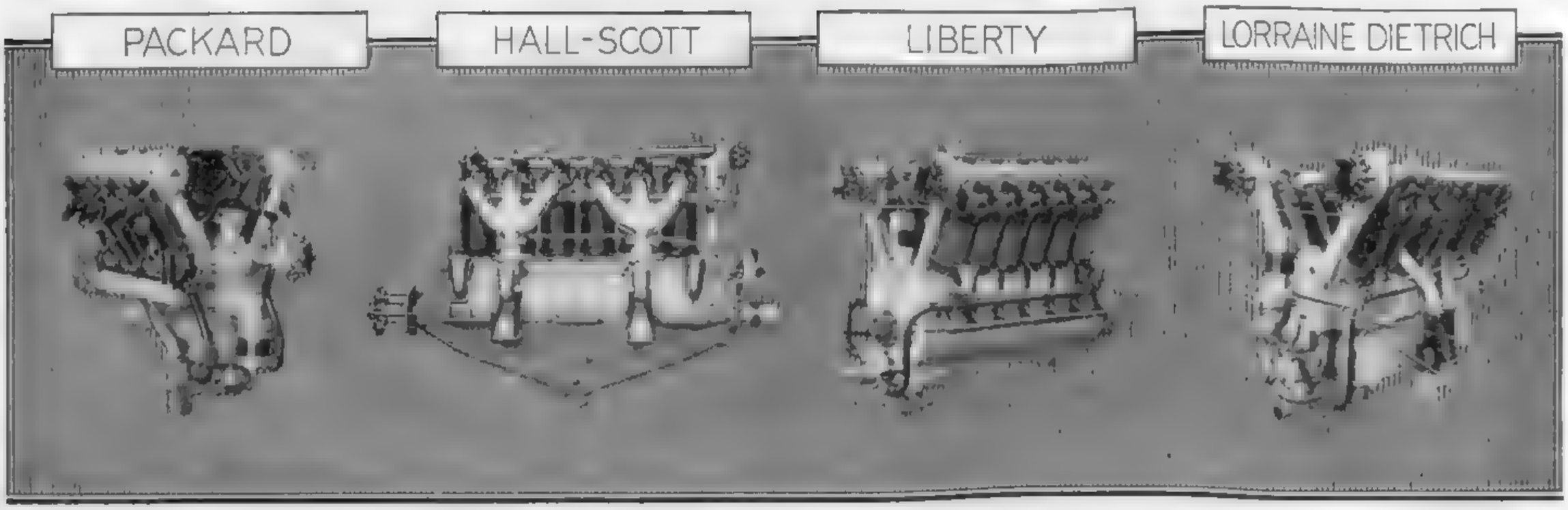


PARTNERS—By Peter Clark Macfarlane

THE office of James L. Wyman, Investments, had just been raided by secret-service men. They had ransacked the place, gathering up from every drawer and file the evidence of widespread kiting of faked securities. Taking this evidence plus its author and finisher, James Leroy Wyman himself, they had departed, leaving the suite looking as if a cyclone had swept it.

Behind them in that newly established and more newly devastated scene of improper emprise the detectives had left the innocent Miss Maisie Wells, secretary to Wyman, minus two days' pay and with her faith in human nature rudely shaken. Miss Maisie was, however, astute beyond her years, which might have totaled twenty-four, and toughened by first-hand acquaintance with adversity in many forms. She possessed a sunny nature, and was even now managing to look up out of the wreckage of one of life's young dreams with eyes still unafraid and hope that refused to be recklessly slaughtered.

Part of her present cheerfulness was due no doubt to the fact that the secret-service men had also left behind them the equally innocent Mr. Ben B. Downey, robust of figure, rotund of countenance and of a sanguine temperament. He had thriven in the atmosphere of this spinning green pebble, the world, for slightly more than one quarter of a century, and was so recently demobilized from his country's service that he still wore its uniform. For only five hours he had been a seller of investments by occupation, when the arm of the law came down with the suddenness and the desolating power of an Asiatic simoom.

Yet in this five hours Ben B. Downey, by reason of a too great optimism and a too vivid imagination too recklessly employed, had painted himself so skillfully into the landscape of his employer's enterprises that handcuffs for a few moments had actually jingled before his face also. Only the glib tongue and the quick wit of Miss Wells had rescued him, and he still trembled at the narrowness of his escape and from time to time gazed gratefully in the young woman's general direction. His optimism was, therefore, slightly out of perihelion.

A serious not to say solemn expression had invaded his usually care-free countenance.

And there was another reason for serious thinking. Breathless, jobless, bereft, orphaned as it were by business and by circumstance, these two precocious children of fortune, acting upon the impulse of the moment, had formed a daring partnership.

"And we're not so crazy at that," insisted Maisie with a flirt of her pretty head.

"You can tell the world we're not," declared Ben, turning out of profound thought to launch a glance of fresh approval at his newly gained partner. In their brief acquaintance he had found much besides a pair of gray eyes, a winning smile and a clever tongue to admire in this shrewd young woman.

"The first thing," suggested the girl, from her seat at the secretary's desk, "is to find a place to open up."

"What's the matter with this place?" inquired Ben, looking round him. "We're in here now. The furniture's here. Wyman can't use it while he's in jail. He's paid the rent undoubtedly for one month. We're safe from disturbance that long at least."

"It's hoodooed," objected Maisie with a shudder.

"Nothing's hoodooed if you've got the goods," argued Ben; "everything's hoodooed if you haven't."

"That's the spirit!" beamed the girl, abandoning her objection as she recognized the boldness of genius in this stout asseveration.

Downey drew a handful of loose bills and silver from his pocket and began to count the new firm's cash.

"Twelve dollars and eighty-nine cents," he reported, "and there's that quarter I owe you for the cigar."

"Thanks," said Maisie, taking the quarter.

"I've got to have money for a suit of clothes the first thing," announced Ben, looking down at his uniform. "I didn't seem to have any fear about disgracing Uncle Sam when I was in his service, but now that I'm out on my own, I—I'm ——"

"Yes," interrupted his partner, whom close acquaintance with life's struggle had rendered very practical; "you need to take about seventy-five dollars into Sam Berger's and tell him you want to stroll out looking like a seat on the stock exchange. Sam'll do the rest. Thank goodness, I don't need any clothes myself, and board up at my place isn't due till the end of the month. But you've got to have living money."

"And there'll be office expenses," added Ben, "salary for a stenographer ——"

"For a stenographer!" exclaimed Maisie in resentment and surprise.

Maisie Obediently Took Up the Telephone

"We're going to fire you," smiled Ben. "You're going to have that extra desk in the inside room opposite me."

"Not on your passport photograph!" the girl declared. "We're partners, Ben, but we're sensible. You stick in the big chair at the big desk inside. You look like the boss. I stick in the little chair out here at the typewriter and the telephone. I look like the office stenegambian. Get me?"

"I get you and you're sure all right," voted Ben with an admiring glance. "You'll be about the best-looking outside attraction on display in any office in this man's town too. But I can't let you, Maisie. You're my full partner, and ——"

"Ben, don't be a fool!" Maisie checked him up sharply.

"Oh, all right," Ben surrendered. "If the firm has made up her mind, why she has, that's all, and you're nothing at all but my secretary. And now, secretary, you call up the sign painter and have him get a man over here in about fifteen seconds to repaint the door."

"What name are you going to put on it?"

"Why, the firm name, of course, 'Wells & Downey'" answered Ben, looking surprised.

"There you go again," accused Maisie, "trying to queer ourselves from the jump-off. Somebody's going to ask who Mr. Wells is, and when they discover that the senior partner is out here hopping bells and licking stamps, they'll make up their mind there's something phony about the outfit. No, Ben, the firm name is Ben B. Downey & Co. Nobody ever asks to see Co."

"All right then," assented Ben seriously; "you can be my silent partner."

"Not so silent that you'll be able to notice it," tittered Maisie, and immediately became serious as she went on: "But now that the name of the firm's settled, what shall we say our business is?"

"Buying and selling," decided Ben promptly.

"What?"

"Anything—anything. Read about that fellow the other day that bought all the aëroplanes off the Government. Sounded like a sucker play, but if he bought 'em right he'll make money. If he didn't he'll lose. We'll buy right and then we can sell right. I can sell anything that ever was put together."

"But what do we put on the door?"

"Let it stand as it is—Investments."

"Don't exactly fit," objected Maisie. "Not broad enough."

"Pretty broad," meditated Ben.

"Not suggestive enough," specified Maisie. "We're going to buy, we're going to sell, we're going to trade—trade! There's your word. It covers everything: Ben B. Downey & Co., Traders."

"Not bad," admitted Ben. "Sounds kind of old-fashioned though."

"Old-fashioned and honest," persisted Maisie. "All in favor say aye. 'Aye!' The ayes have it."

"But hold on a minute," expostulated Ben with a slight frown corrugating his flat forehead. "Lemme think. 'Ben B. Downey & Co., Traders!'"

"Oh, Ben, don't you positively love it?" cried Maisie. "There's a resourcefulness about the word. It kind of throws the emphasis not on piles of money, but on the get-up-and-get, on the resourcefulness, the mental agility of Downey & Co."

Ben's face was illumined by a brilliant smile.

"Resourcefulness—mental agility—that's the stuff!" he exclaimed, leaping up enthusiastically. But presently the young man was sober again. "Even at that the firm requires some financing," he recalled gravely. "We ought to have a hundred dollars at least to start with."

The girl was thoughtful also, and presently began to strip the modest rings from her fingers and a much-prized watch from her wrist, placing them on the desk before her. Last of all she unlocked some hard-earned ornaments from her dainty ears and added them to the collection.

"I've raised as much as sixty on 'em," she remarked, thereby revealing that there had been other times in her life when Miss Wells had faced financial crisis.

"Pawn your stuff!" exclaimed Ben excitedly. "Pawn the crown jewels of the queen to start Downey & Co. in business? Never, Maisie! Never!"

There was a footstep at the outside door and a handful of letters sifted to the floor from the mail slot. Ben snatched them up eagerly and Maisie's deft fingers slit the envelopes. They were all belated answers to Wyman's advertisements with the exception of one that inclosed a bill for one hundred and fifteen dollars for the office rent.

"Well, the old smoothie!" ejaculated Maisie in disgust. "If he didn't work 'em into letting him in here without paying even the first month's rent."

"Battling Bolivar!" exclaimed Ben. "That makes it two hundred dollars we've got to raise," and for a moment his countenance was composed in shadow.

"But that's all right," he added, rallying. "You telephone about the sign and I will agitate my gray matter over the money."

While Maisie obediently took up the telephone Ben went into executive session with himself in the inner office, the door of which was allowed to remain slightly ajar. His mind was deeply absorbed in ponderings over how to make money quickly, when he became aware that Miss Wells had finished her telephoning and was talking to some one in the outer office.

"Mr. Downey is engaged just now," she was saying in her very best manner—and Maisie's best was really fine—"engaged on a very important matter. He is quite too busy to ask him to sign a check, but if you will call to-morrow morning at ten I will have it ready for you."

There was a note of absolute verity in Maisie's promise that made Ben shiver. A check! What check? For what? On what? The minute the outer door closed, Ben rushed out to find Maisie already turning toward him.

"What do you think?" she demanded. "Wyman again! Bill for eighty-six dollars and fifty cents for that very ornate letter file. I had a notion to send it back; but no, Ben, we've got to keep up a front. That makes ——"

"Three hundred dollars!" Ben exclaimed desperately and collapsed in the nearest chair. "It's too much!"

"Fate is picking on us," opined Maisie.

But her partner's rebound was quick. A big idea and a big determination had come to him.

"Maisie," he declared, leaping up, "I am going to make that three hundred dollars before five o'clock—not beg it, borrow it, steal it, but make it."

"Out of what?" inquired Maisie.

"Out of San Francisco, out of opportunity," responded Ben grandiloquently. "Out of two or three hours of God's most precious gift to the world, time."

For a moment Maisie frowned, gazing at her partner critically, analytically, almost as if considering whether she had a madman to deal with or not. Then she turned to consult something in that small aggregation of jewelry that still lay upon the end of the desk.

"It's two twenty-eight now," she announced.

"Two hours and thirty-two minutes!" trumpeted Ben, as if he issued a challenge to the fate that was tantalizing them. "In two hours and thirty-two minutes the firm of Ben B. Downey & Co. will make three hundred dollars."

Maisie was won completely.

"Ben!" she breathed, her face beaming, her hands clasped momentarily in a sort of ecstasy of admiration and enthusiasm. "How?"

"Search me! Give me the morning paper there."

For several minutes the male partner buried himself in its advertising columns.

"Hold the thought, Maisie, hold the thought!" he called out once to the girl.

"Any ideas?" she inquired presently.

"No, not yet, but my mind's working. Yes, here it is!" and Ben bounced up excitedly. "Listen: 'Wanted to invest two thousand dollars in paying business. Will manage for owner of balance or take partner. Quick action desired. Telephone Mr. Winkel, Kearny 499."

"But, Ben, don't be crazy: you haven't got a paying business for sale."

"The first point, my dear partner," patronized Ben, "in a crisis like ours, is to locate a piece of money. That's the necessary preliminary to getting some of it. Mr. Winkel here has got two thousand dollars."

"But," objected the astute Miss Wells, "quick action is desired," and she pointed to the words in the advertisement. "Somebody has got his two thousand long before half past two in the afternoon."

"Now don't go imagining things like that," chided Ben. "That isn't the way to business success. Imagine things are the way you want them to be and more than half the time they will be that way. Always back your hopes as well as your knowledge."

Maisie's cynical objections were swept away in the tide of her partner's enthusiasm.

"Oh, Ben," she gurgled, clasping her hands and gazing enraptured at the ruddy features of her partner, "you're wonderful—really you are—wonderful! What do you want me to do?"

"Telephone Mr. Winkel," directed Ben, "in your most fetching manner, Maisie. Ease the idea into his mind confidentially and importantly that if he was to bring, say, three hundred dollars cash up here right off now, we could let him right in on a bargain—a bargain that won't be here to-morrow. Hypnotize him! Let your words melt right into his heart. Get me?" Ben was dancing with excitement.

"But why only three hundred dollars? He said two thousand."

"Because three hundred is all I need to-night," explained Ben. "It will sound more reasonable to him too."

"Reasonable? That's the point, Ben," objected Maisie, growing incredulous again as each passing second gave time for additional reflection. "Do you think you are going to get any man to come down here and hand over ——"

"Wait now, wait," coaxed Ben. "What kind of a man is it that advertises two thousand dollars to invest in a paying business and will take a partnership or manage? It's some country fellow, farmer, jitney driver or somebody like that who has accumulated a little money by hard work or been left it in a will, and figures on some nice easy, lazy job. To him the notion of life amid the rattle and bang and excitement of a big city, with nothing to do but sit round and play pinochle all day, while his money earns him his living, appeals as about right. Don't you get the type, Maisie? Honest old horny-handed son of toil, shrewd, amiable and ready to put his confidence ——"

"Yes, like Doctor Maltbie, for instance."

This was a bayonet thrust. Doctor Maltbie was that Nebraska stock farmer to whom this morning Ben B. Downey had, with the employment of a string of facile fancies, sold eight hundred shares of stock in the Prune Mountain Irrigation Company, only to discover that his customer was not Doctor Maltbie at all and not a Nebraskan, but none other than William H. Haines, Chief of the Secret Service Bureau for the district.

Ben winced noticeably and a shade of annoyance crossed his face.

"Say," he protested impatiently, "are you trying to knock this game or boost it?"

"Oh, boost it, of course!" responded Maisie, a trifle contritely.

"You know," went on Ben, "I told you I never strayed from the path of rectitude before in all my life, and if I live to be a thousand I never will again, not after the lesson I had this morning"; and the young man shuddered at the memory. "But you can't beat me, Maisie Wells. I'm going to make this money and make it right. Now—are you with me, or against me?"

Ben made as if to place the tips of his fingers under Miss Maisie's chin and lift her eyes up to his for a most searching interchange of glances; but Miss Wells permitted no such familiarity. She was a partner, but a business partner only, and business-partnership privileges did not include chuckings under chins.

"Why, Ben," she said, almost reproachfully, "I'm with you of course. I think you're just grand, and this is a grand idea! But I'm a partner, don't forget that, and I can have my say to keep you from doing anything foolish if I want to."

"Oh, yes," admitted Ben, mollified, "you bet you can. But now you'd better get busy on the Winkel man. Get him here with the money as quick as ever you can, and in the meantime I'll find out what I can sell him. Now if that sign painter would come —— Oh, here he is."

As the man went to work upon the door and Maisie reached for the telephone, Ben took another header into the advertising columns of the paper and his eye was soon licking up the proposals under For Sale or Exchange.

To sell or trade, a sloop, thirty-two tons, mainmast brand-new, rigging first-class condition, suitable bay or river work, price three thou ——

Ben read no farther on this.

For Sale—Animal act, two trained ponies, one monkey, one goat, six dogs, parrot, three cockatoos and ——

"If I only knew what kind of a gink this Mr. Winkel was," soliloquized the young man. "What did he sound like, Maisie?" he called, realizing that the girl had hung up the receiver.

"Slow-spoken, timid man rather, I should say," answered Maisie from the other room.

"It wouldn't do to try to pin the ponies on him then. Did he say he'd come and bring the money?"

"He did—right away," emphasized Maisie, her face appearing in the crack of the door for a moment.

"Gee, but you're some team-worker!" And Ben let his glance rove caressingly over the round of a perfect cheek till duty and the reflection that Mr. Winkel must be now actually upon the way recalled him to the printed page once more.

Small dairy, six cows, one horse, one delivery cart, cans, pans, hand separator, twenty-four hundred spot ——

"But we haven't got twenty-four hundred spot," snapped Ben actually in a mood of irritation.

Sun Moving-Picture Theater, splendid location, select neighborhood, steady patronage. Leases, exhibition contracts, first-class projector and other equipment for sale. Best of reasons for selling. Two thous ——

"Two! I've got it, Maisie," Ben shouted, leaping up. "The very thing!"

"I admit it is," said Maisie, looking over Ben's shoulder. "It's just about what I'd pick for myself if I had two thousand dollars. See if there are more of 'em. If he's finicky you can show him a whole line."

But there were no other picture houses advertised that morning. Ben looked at his partner's watch.

"Quarter to three! He'll be here any minute now. Hold him fast, Maisie, while I go out and look this thing over."

"Not a chance," objected Maisie, pessimistic again. "If there's only one advertised somebody has shown it to him six times already."

"But, Maisie," and Downey's voice was rising high in a mingling of protest and appeal, "it's our only chance. It's our only lead. We've got to follow it till something else shows up at least." Poor Ben was almost pleading with her to be sanguine.

The girl felt the reproach in his tone. "I don't want to discourage you, Ben, but I just can't help having horse sense, can I? Oh, Ben"—and the gray eyes looked distressed—"is that the very best thing you can think of?"

Miffed at having his business sagacity doubted Ben swelled up like a pouter pigeon.

"The very best, and it's good, I tell you. Only watch me! Watch me!"

"I've got nothing else to do," admitted Maisie listlessly.

At this remark Ben's chest ceased to swell. He halted in his tracks and looked across at her with burning eye. Plainly he was hurt. Impulsively the girl smiled and thrust out a hand.

"Good luck and go to it!" she said. "If you put it over I'll be convinced, and it'll be all the more to be proud of."

The sunshine of her smile chased the gloom from Ben's face, and the impulsive clasp of that well-wishing hand planted a new courage in his heart.

"I'm going to show you," he said from the door. "Remember that, and hold Mr. Winkel!"

Ben closed the door and departed, leaving the smile to fade slowly from Maisie's face and dejection to drape its shadows there once more. Minute after minute she pondered, and as she did so slowly readorned herself with the jewelry that had been lying on the desk. She was frankly disappointed in Ben. It did seem as if—as if he might have thought of something better. This was not her idea of resourcefulness and mental agility. It was a kind of schoolboy method, this studying of newspaper advertisements, and —— Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Winkel.

Grouchy at being disturbed, the sign painter had opened the door without a word of announcement and pushed Mr. Winkel suddenly into the center of the room. Not that he actually physically pushed him either, and yet Mr. Winkel somehow gave the impression at first of a man who could be pushed. He was tall and spare, with an economical suit of loudly checked clothes buttoned close, a soft collar and a plaid made-up tie, a lean face, a bulbous nose, a close-drawn mouth, and a peaked head with thick black hair recently wetted and smoothed slick. His manner was slightly embarrassed. He had taken off a soft gray hat on sighting Miss Maisie, and stood clutching it tightly as if fearing that it might be snatched away from him. In fact, generally about Mr. Winkel there was the air of a man who had just escaped from something and was in an exceedingly wary mood.

"The poor rube! One shark after another's been trying to take that two thousand dollars away from him all day long, and the creature is just scared to death. Isn't it a shame now? Isn't it a shame? Trying to take a man's hard-earned money away from him like that." These naturally were not the spoken words of Miss Maisie Wells. They were the substance of her thoughts, the reactions of her tender heart as she saw the mild, almost appealing eyes of Mr. Winkel contemplating her with a mixture of timidity and obstinacy upon his eccentric features.

"Name's Winkel," announced the visitor.

"I am the young lady who telephoned to you," Maisie cadenced sweetly. "Won't you sit down? As soon as Mr. Downey heard that you were coming he rushed right out upon that matter. He will be back presently ready to close up at once if you like the proposition. Did you bring the three hundred?"

This whole speech of Maisie's was a triumph. It expressed the most kindly and cordial personal interest. Among all the voices that had pleaded, coaxed, cajoled and browbeaten Mr. Winkel this day, not one had got right inside his heart like that of this pretty, respectful, considerate and yet businesslike young lady. But the very climax of Maisie's artistry was the way in which she inquired whether he had brought the three hundred. It was a leading, a bold, a delicate question. For Downey & Co. it was an all-important question; and she had not only got it into her very first speech, but made it seem natural and necessary for Mr. Winkel's own sake.

"Yes, miss," Mr. Winkel nodded eagerly, "I've got it!" At the same time he approached, all sign of wariness mysteriously gone. Mighty is the contagion of a truly sympathetic nature, and that was Maisie's chief business asset.

"That was very keen of you," the girl approved. "This is a case where money talks."

"I'm ready to start poorparloors, if that's the way you pronounce it, right now." Mr. Winkel chuckled, feeling more at home than at any time since he left the mining village of Black Oak.

Maisie laughed outright, her apprehensions gone. Partner Ben was right after all—Mr. Winkel would be easy to sell. Confidence, the very ground and atmosphere of salesmanship, had been achieved almost instantly.

It wanted now only the dramatic appearance of Downey himself, bustling with energy, aglow with enthusiasm, offering a promising investment of almost any kind, to assure a sale—and a commission. But fifteen minutes passed and then thirty. It was three o'clock and then it was half past three and then it was a quarter to four and the masculine partner in the firm had not appeared. He had not telephoned, he had not signified in any way. And while Maisie nursed her impatience Mr. Winkel quizzed her casually.

"New firm?" he inquired, with a nod toward the door where the painter was making steady progress.

"Changing the name, that's all," responded Maisie, and then after a moment decided that good teamwork called on her to grow cordially communicative. "Mr. Downey had been working right in this office with somebody else," she enlarged. "He is starting out for himself now—such a fine, honorable young man! All his friends feel sure he is going to make a success of it. He has so much dash and energy. His heart is so full of kind impulses."

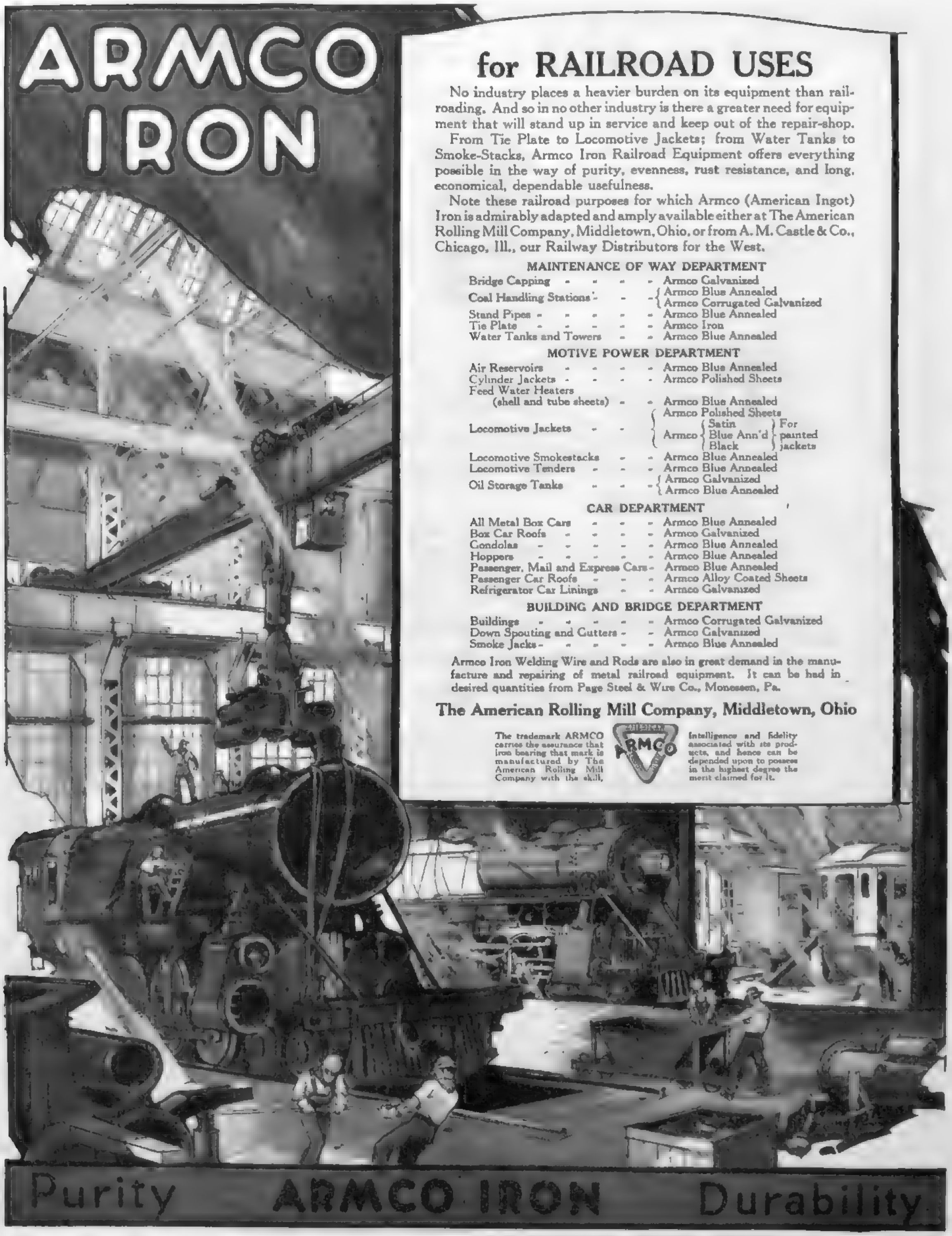
"That so?" inquired Mr. Winkel, his eyes opening with new surprise, for his experiences of the day had almost convinced him that kind hearts and good impulses were barred from business offices in the city.

"Yes," assured Maisie, gathering momentum and yielding to the impulse to test out her own imagination a little. "For instance now, this proposition that he is out on. Mr. Downey had been busy this afternoon with very important details about getting his new firm started, and here came this acquaintance of his away out—out"—Maisie had to get it pretty well out to account for the length of time it was taking Ben to get back—"away out beyond Devisadero Street, who had to realize on his property this afternoon before five o'clock, and Ben—er—Mr. Downey, that is—just dropped everything, raced through the columns of the papers, found your advertisement, left me to telephone to you and galloped right off to get the matter all in shape so he could complete the transaction to-day."

"Durn me, you know," confided Mr. Winkel, his rather thin voice rising high—"durn me, but I like a young fellow like that. I'd rather trust him to do my business than the biggest firm in town. I wish he'd hurry up and come."

In her heart of hearts Maisie was wishing this more earnestly than Mr. Winkel possibly could. She suspected that she had the "prospect" just right, and knew that, as a matter of psychology, it might be difficult to keep Mr. Winkel in this open-hearted mood. His was a nature that warmed quickly. This assured her that it was also a nature that cooled quickly. If Ben left him to sit here chatting

(Continued on Page 57)



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CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 54)

in the office all the afternoon, something was likely to happen that would arouse his suspicion—some chance question of his, some indiscreet answer of hers, just one more bill collector butting through the door or some crazy notion of the secret-service raiders' to come back might spoil everything.

It was to prevent the possibility of such a calamity that Maisie finally invented an excuse for taking Mr. Winkel into the inner office and leaving him there, deposited comfortably in a richly upholstered chair with the afternoon paper in his hand, while she upon another plausible excuse closed the door and remained ostensibly on duty, but actually on guard, in the outer office. None too soon was this disposal made; for almost immediately thereafter heavy footsteps halted before the door. They appeared to hesitate long enough for a reading of the sign and momentary pondering upon its meaning, then a hand was laid upon the knob and there entered a tall paunchy person with so much brains that the forehead bulged, pushing a shiny silk hat to the back of the head. The person who owned the hat and head owned also a blacking-brush affair on the upper lip, a Turkish-bath pallor, an arrogant chin and a pair of roving black eyes.

"What moving-picture heavy's broke loose on me?" was Maisie's mental query, her woman's intuition having readily assured her that that which appeared before her was something less than genuine.

"Did Mr. Winkel come in here?" demanded a gruff voice, while the beady black eyes bored the young woman through as with an attempt to cast a hypnotic spell.

"Winkel? Winkel?" ruminated Maisie. "This—this is Mr. Downey's office," and she rose up deliberately, impressively, the full height of her five feet and six inches, and gave the visitor back a look as hard and straight as his own.

"I can read," retorted the big man. "Where's Winkel? They told me at his hotel he came here."

"Oh, was that Winkel?" inquired Maisie blandly. "Well, if that was Mr. Winkel he's here but engaged just at present."

"Engaged? What in?" The big man looked alarmed.

"Transactin' a little business," responded the girl coolly.

The intruder's face assumed a wild expression.

"Look here, young woman," he blustered loudly; "I am Winkel's business adviser. He doesn't transact any business without me."

"He doesn't transact any business with you in this office," retorted the girl hotly. "I don't like your manners. Get out."

"Duff's my name—Jim Duff," responded the man as if he uttered a boast, and he made no move to get out.

"Rimes with bluff," commented Maisie, "but you can't bluff me. Get out! Depart! Withdraw!"

Instead, Mr. Duff, having gathered to him the geography of the suite, made a rush for the inner door, but he found the young woman there ahead of him, her back to the door.

"You lay a hand on me and I'll scream," said Maisie. "When I scream Mr. Downey will come out here and gently but firmly propel you through the window. It is seven stories to the glass roof of the court, and two stories below that to a fountain with goldfish swimming in it. You can be a goldfish in less than seventeen seconds, Mr. Plum Duff, if you want to," and Miss Wells, breathing quickly but holding her ground, looked up fearlessly into the intruder's eye.

As a man who felt that he might have pursued the wrong course, Mr. Duff hesitated, took one stride to the rear, kicked the side of his near leg with his off heel, chided himself harshly, grated his teeth and, having regained some measure of self-control, came back with:

"You don't seem to understand me, young lady. I ——"

"Understand you?" Maisie threw back her head and laughed, a peal of withering laughter. "I don't do a thing all day long but sit here at this desk and understand men like you. You can't see Mr. Winkel, and you don't want to see Mr. Downey. There's the door now—beat it!"

But Mr. Duff did not beat it. He paused and marked Miss Wells again, carefully, coolly, impudently.

"There's a dimple on your chin, young woman," he announced with an air of having made a discovery.

"One in my cheek, too, if you look close, but neither of them gets you anything," announced Miss Maisie disdainfully.

"No, I s'pose not," sighed the baffled man. "Just my luck, always being turned back by a pretty girl or something."

And Maisie had turned him back successfully, too, but for the fact that the door opened and the restless, hapless Mr. Winkel strolled innocently out as a mere rambler in the woods strolls into a lion's jaws. At sight of Jim Duff standing there the would-be investor paled as if some unhappy past had suddenly overtaken him and the haunting look of fear returned to his features. Yet the effusive cordiality with which Mr. Duff greeted his intended victim was calculated to wipe out fear. He fastened himself upon Winkel's arm and smiled a toothful smile that was full of all the exuberant sweetness of an elephant's kiss.

"Ah, Mr. Winkel," he exclaimed breathlessly, "you are fortunate indeed. I have found exactly what you want—the very investment you have been looking for all day. I couldn't rest till I'd got it, I couldn't really. Perfectly safe, profits sure, and for half price if you take it to-day. Four-thousand-dollar investment for two thousand dollars cash, and ——"

"But, Mr. Downey ——" protested the eccentric Winkel, and glanced about him reluctantly, as if feeling that he were under obligations to await that gentleman's return.

"But nothing!" declared Mr. Duff impatiently. "You can't lose this chance. I'm not going to let you lose this chance."

Stronger than Mr. Winkel by the weight of something like one hundred pounds, he bore the poor man helplessly straight toward the door. And Mr. Winkel went with a despairing roll in his eyes—the expression of a man who, not wanting to go, is nevertheless too weak of will to resist. He gazed accusingly at Mr. Duff as though it were he and he alone who had worn the Winkel will down and down till it was almost at the bending point where the next proposition submitted must be one he would inevitably accept, whether it commended itself to his judgment as a sound investment or not. But at the very door he hung back with a new accession of physical and moral strength and cast a longing glance at Maisie.

"I'll come with you, Mr. Winkel," the girl announced surprisingly.

"If you would," said Mr. Winkel, extending a wistful hand in her direction. He had liked Maisie. He had known peace of mind and the absence of fear for a precious half hour or more in this office. But Mr. Duff was looking annoyed.

"What's she got to do with it?" he snorted.

This snort fixed Maisie firmly in her bold intention to rescue Winkel from the clutches of Duff, for whose person and whose impudence she had conceived a bitter dislike.

"Feel better if I've got a friend along," smirked Mr. Winkel, perceiving that between the two of them they were gumming up the program somewhat.

"Well, she can't go!" announced Mr. Duff decisively.

"Then I don't go either," declared Mr. Winkel with so sudden an access of moral courage that he was able to snatch himself abruptly from the big man's grasp.

Mr. Duff gazed a moment, surprised, into the temporarily bold eye of Winkel, and decided upon strategy.

"Oh, very well then, she can go if she's that stubborn," he announced, and led the way toward the elevator.

"Where is it we go, did you say?" inquired Maisie, beginning to wonder just what she was letting herself in for.

"You'll find out quick enough," grunted Duff. "Fact is I don't know whether we go at all yet till I get down on the sidewalk and see my partner."

"Oh, you got a partner, huh?" inquired Maisie, interested just now specially in partners. "Both of you kind of attending to Mr. Winkel's business for him?" The sarcasm of this inquiry was so veiled that Duff didn't get it.

"Should say we are," he growled.

"Isn't that real nice of you now!" twitted Maisie. "Just what is the proposition, Mr. Winkel?"

"I don't know what it is," confessed Winkel ruefully. "He hasn't told me yet."

"Hasn't told you yet? Why, I thought you'd been talking with him before to-day."

"Have," admitted Mr. Winkel, "but I don't know what this—this game is this afternoon."

Game! Mr. Winkel had called it a game, reflecting on the other propositions James Duff had made him, noticing which Maisie snickered and Duff scowled.

"Well, look here," announced the girl, holding back as they reached the curb, "I don't know as I get to liking you, Mr. Duff, or this scheme of yours any better as I go along. You tell us just what this proposition is and where it is or we don't go another step."

"Don't go another step!" snapped Mr. Duff, quick to seize a tactical advantage. "You don't see me hanging round your neck pleading with you to come back, do you? You better go back anyway and explain to Mr. Downey that Mr. Winkel won't be interested in anything he's got to show him. He's found something a lot more to his liking."

While Mr. Duff was saying this he was loading Mr. Winkel, unresisting, into a taxicab and making ready to follow, but in his anxiety to get the cab door in hand so that it could be snapped readily behind him he left an aperture large enough for a slender body to pass him, so that when he stepped into the cab himself there was Maisie, who had seen her mistake, sitting in the back seat beside Winkel.

"Guess I'll go along and watch your work," she explained with a baffling smile. "I can telephone Mr. Downey where to come for us after Mr. Winkel has looked your little proposition over and turned it down cold and flat. You don't look good to me, Mr. Duff; I'll emphasize that again. You don't look good and you don't look straight!"

The Duff person glared thirteen kinds of daggers at Miss Maisie Wells; but Mr. Winkel beside her appeared placidly content. For the sake of that content Mr. Duff muffled the volcanic rumblings of his wrath and set to work upon a bit of strategy that would land Mr. Winkel where he wished to land him at the same time that it rid them once and for all of the pert and pertinacious Miss Wells. He masked these ruminations, however, by remarking stuffily, apropos of the lady's last observation:

"Much obliged for your opinion, miss."

"Oh, you're perfectly welcome," assured Maisie cheerfully, and herself falling back on silence turned the inside of her mind into a school of strategy, which continued in earnest session until the taxi stopped before a door on Kearny Street well over toward Portsmouth Square.

"Why, Mr. Duff," recalled Maisie, with affectations of surprise, "your partner didn't meet us on the sidewalk."

"He's upstairs," answered Duff, and went on hastily: "You'll see him quick enough if you persist in jimmying into our affairs, young lady."

"You can't scare me," answered Maisie calmly. "Get that idea into your head, and keep it right in the center of the stage. When the show is all over it'll help explain what happened to you."

Duff's answer to this defiance was a growl. Maisie's rejoinder to that was a quick plea to the eccentric investor.

"What's the use, Mr. Winkel?" she urged. "It's only a scheme to rob you; you know that well enough."

"I—I feel as if I have to go up," apologized Mr. Winkel, writhing rather helplessly under the boring eyes of Duff and at the same time stepping into the elevator. "Here, though, Miss Wells, you can hold this if you don't mind. I'm so absent-minded I might lay it down and leave it somewhere."

With this he offered to Maisie an insignificant brown-paper package which she remembered noticing he had clung to rather devotedly ever since his first appearance. It seemed absurd to give it to her. He might have pushed the thing into his coat pocket if it was troubling him. But he did not, and so she humored him.

"Why, certainly!" she said.

Anything to keep Mr. Winkel at his ease, for Maisie suspected that this unfortunate man was about to need all his wits and all his nerve. Even Duff looked down upon this transfer of the insignificant package to the hands of Maisie with an indulgent sneer. Emerging from the elevator and moving along a corridor under escort of the tall gloom they confronted a door, the sole outward decoration of which was:

DUFF & MORAN
AMUSEMENTS

"Amusements, huh?" sniffed Maisie, in tones of gentle irony carefully designed to reach the ears of Mr. Duff. "Suppose one of their little amusements is taking money off of suckers. Don't you be a sucker now, Mr. Winkel, will you?"

"I—I've been trying not to be all day," gasped Winkel weakly, and with again that look in his eyes of one who does not hope to be able to hold out much longer.

Mr. Duff, who was opening the door, shot back a glance of hate at Maisie, who only smiled audaciously and followed Mr. Winkel into what turned out to be a mere anteroom fitted with benches for callers, seekers after amusements or positions as amusement makers, while beyond a rail and the man-made blonde at the telephone was another door marked Private. The knob of this door yielded also to the hand of Mr. Duff, and once more the party followed; followed, in fact, through quite a labyrinth of doors, the formal courtesy of the host increasing as they reached the inner and apparently the more sacred precincts of this temple of amusement enterprises. Indeed, so polite had he become that he began graciously to draw aside and permit Miss Maisie to enter the succeeding rooms first.

"What's the game? Sort of a pigs-in-clover place you've got here, Mr. Duff," remarked Maisie smartly.

"Sort of," admitted Mr. Duff, and opened one more door through which Maisie, having acquired the habit now, stepped unhesitatingly. Before her swift glance of inspection of the new location was completed she heard the door click behind her and turned to discover that Mr. Duff had not followed her.

Instead he had drawn back quickly and snapped the lock, leaving Winkel and himself on one side of the door and the girl on the other.

"The old pirate! Well, what do you know about that?" and Miss Wells seized the doorknob and shook it violently. But it was too solid to be worth wasting strength upon. She pounded upon it and not even an echo answered.

"Duff!" she screamed angrily. "Duff! You let me out! You let me out!"

No one responded, and at length, frightened as well as dismayed, she scanned the room, which was empty but for a table and some chairs, and made a lunge toward the door which appeared on the opposite side, still calling angrily:

"Duff! Duff! You let me out!"

With surprising ease this door gave to the pull of her hand, and she found herself in another corridor of the building with her last alarum echoing after her and making her feel very foolish. She walked as unconcernedly as

might be round the corner, with deliberate intent to dissemble and perhaps deceive in case any one was rushing to her rescue. But nobody was rushing. The hall was fortunately empty, and she had time to reflect and to lay a hand against her palpitating breast.

"Duff fooled me, all right," she panted. "Of course he let me out. It wasn't me he wanted but Winkel, and now he's got him, the poor fish! By this time he's selling him that trained-pony act or something worse and—I'll not let him! I won't, not if this court knows herself, and she thinks she does."

With this Miss Maisie set out hastily to circumnavigate the Duff & Moran suite and come again to their front door; but the act of circumnavigation showed that the apartments of D. & M. were very considerable apartments indeed, forcing the reflection that Duff might not be an absolute crook after all, but only a gentleman whose selling methods were a little heroic or one who had merely grown impatient with the hesitating Mr. Winkel. If he was an out-and-out sharper he was probably a well-organized and very strongly intrenched operator against whom elemental methods might be exerted quite in vain. The front door of the firm, however, was by now also locked. Her impetuous hammerings evoked no more response than if she had been knocking at the door of the royal tomb in the pyramid of Cheops.

But the thought of the innocent Mr. Winkel, who had liked and trusted her, being helplessly trimmed somewhere inside intensified her resolutions. She threw Mr. Winkel's brown-paper package on the floor at her feet, and she twisted at the bronze knob with all her strength; but its response was not so much even as a squeak.

"The poor fish! I'll go for Ben," she gasped, breathless with her effort, and turning, darted for the elevator. Recalling the brown-paper package on the floor she came back for it, snatched it up angrily and went again to the elevator.

The hunt for a taxicab was a matter of two minutes, and the journey back to the Neville Building was accomplished in three more. But Ben was not there. Maisie had, however, no more than assured herself of the ghostly emptiness of the inner office and turned back to her own particular domain, when Ben appeared, bustling with fine assurance as prepared to make a front with Mr. Winkel. There was triumph in his eye. Ben had got something: Maisie knew that.

"Oh—er—did that gentleman call—ah—Mr. Winkel?" he inquired in a manner properly considerate, yet sufficiently casual, as indicating that Mr. Winkel was only one of the incidents in a busy day. The whole tone was calculated to register properly on the eardrums of the prospect if he were now waiting in the inner office, as Ben most ardently hoped.

"Oh, yes, he came and waited a long while," responded Maisie excitedly, "but a brute by the name of Duff came and took him off. He's a timid man and didn't want to go, but Duff was too strong for him. He wanted me to go along too, but they separated us by a trick and I rushed back here for you. Ben, they're robbing him, I just know it; robbing him! Let's forget all about business now and rush down there and get that poor little he-sparrow out of the clutches of an owl."

"Robbing him? Battling Bolivar!" Ben's cheek flushed with indignation. He was ever ready to draw the sword for the weak. Besides, Mr. Winkel was his first customer and, at present, sole business prospect. And he had been snatched away out of his very office. This was most unprofessional. Every consideration of chivalry, of necessity, of business ethics impelled him to rush to the rescue of Mr. Winkel.

"Come on!" he said resolutely and held open the door. "What's that?"

"Oh," laughed Maisie, "a package Winkel gave me to hold, and I've been carrying it round for him ever since."

As they hurried toward the elevator Ben snatched it from her and crowded it disrespectfully into his hip pocket.

"Feels like a pair of socks!" he remarked, laughing also.

"I don't doubt that's what it is," declared Maisie. "He's the kind that would be carrying round his change of linen in a brown-paper parcel."

In the taxicab Maisie had time to detail the circumstances not only of Mr. Winkel's visit but also of Mr. Duff's.

"The son of a gun!" growled Ben. "If I'd been there he'd be a goldfish sure by now." And then his mind turned on the gallant conduct of his partner. "That's what I call nerve!" he declared admiringly. "Maisie, you've sure got it. Tracked him right to his lair too!"

"But at that he outguessed me."

"Well," commented Ben grimly, "the guessing isn't through yet."

"How I would love to get that guy!" reflected Maisie. "A bird like him ought to have his wings clipped short."

"Downey & Co., Wing Clippers," chuckled Ben. "Watch me!" And his was the air of a player who held an ace in his sleeve. "Now here, Maisie, are the battle orders." They were getting out of the cab by this time. "I go up first and scout round and break in if I can. Two minutes later you come up, see what you can see and act according to judgment. That's all. Resourcefulness, mental agility—get me?"

"I got you," responded Maisie. "It'll be a long two minutes for me though. Work fast, will you, and good luck!"

The grill work of an iron door shut Ben in and with a whishing sound he was borne from her sight. The bustling young lieutenant with the demobilization chevron upon his arm easily found the front door of Duff & Moran, Amusements, and made an approach so noiseless that it would not have awakened a fox terrier asleep on a shuck mattress. With a touch as noiseless as his approach had been he seized the knob in a soft pressure and slowly exerted all his powerful strength; but it yielded no more than it had to Maisie's lighter grasp. Then the lieutenant bent an ear and listened. At first the silence was like that in an Afro-American cemetery at midnight; then there was a sound as of sudden movement, the stir of feet and a confused murmur of excited voices, with one voice in particular rising above the rest, a harsh, baffled voice of rage and lamentation, accompanied by a rhythm of footsteps drawing nearer and finally stomping directly toward the door before which the lieutenant stood. A hand was on the knob from the inside, a bolt was shot, the knob turned, the door opened, and the quickly acting Ben B. Downey stepped into the opening so abruptly that he almost collided with a huge porcine person coming out.

And now we must go back up the line of our story for a matter of ten minutes or so to the spot where Miss Maisie found herself suddenly separated from Mr. Winkel. Mr. Duff had conducted this maneuver so skillfully, blocking off from Mr. Winkel with his huge body the sight of what happened, that he had ushered the latter into a room at right angles from the door through which Maisie had disappeared and then doubled him back into still another before the timid man discovered that Miss Maisie was not with him.

"Why? Why?" he inquired in a frightened way. "Miss Wells has—er ——"

"She is waiting for us in our ladies' reception room," explained Mr. Duff blandly. "You may call her in when you are ready to take her advice."

This change in Mr. Duff's manner was very agreeable to Mr. Winkel, and reassuring. It was such a relief to be talked to suavely when he had expected only bluster.

"Sit down," said Mr. Duff, and Winkel did so, recognizing that he was in the room in which he had spent a good portion of the morning, declining one project after another for the separation of himself and his bank roll; a room with a large opulent desk before a window and with a handsome swivel chair in front of the desk, a chair in which there now sat another man, one whom Mr. Winkel had not seen before.

"Mr. Moran, my partner," said Duff, "whose specialty is the picture side of the game. I chanced to mention your case to him at luncheon time and he instantly suggests a picture theater as the safest investment for you. Attractive business, steady income, slight investment—all it requires is watchful attention to details and care in the selection of releases."

Duff was watching Winkel's face carefully, and there was no doubt whatever that his features brightened at the mention of pictures, while at the idea that he might himself become the owner of a moving-picture theater his eyes gleamed hungrily.

"Hooked!" said Mr. Duff to himself. "Hooked!" And he could hardly refrain from an exultant crow.

"Do you mean," inquired Mr. Winkel, all apprehension gone from his features—"do you mean that an inexperienced person like me could—could manage a moving-picture theater successfully?"

"Easiest thing you know," broke in Mr. Moran, who was an oily-looking gentleman with a bald pate and nose glasses. "No employees but your ushers, your projector man and the janitor; hire them by the week. Keep your house clean, display your paper attractively, spend your mornings in the projecting rooms choosing your releases and ——"

"Oh—I ——" croaked Mr. Winkel excitedly, for the scheming pair had touched Mr. Winkel on his funny bone at last. For the last twelve years he had handled the winch at the Black Oak shaft and moving pictures were the one thing of which he had never seen enough. The weekly picture show in Moose Hall claimed him unhesitatingly as its most devoted patron.

"Get to see all the new pictures that way, picking out what ones I'd choose for my own house?" he inquired with childish eagerness.

"Why, sure you do—pictures and pictures till you can't rest. That's absolutely all you do mornings. You pick the live ones for your own house, and spend the afternoons and evenings watching the dimes come rolling in through the window."

"And that's all there is to it?" said Mr. Winkel, wetting a lip.

"It's a pipe," declared Mr. Moran.

"And that's what you've got to sell me?" the lean, bucolic gentleman inquired, his eyes lighting with a glow of gratitude as he turned their gray honest beams upon the face of Mr. Duff, which but a few minutes before had filled him with so much fear.

"Look here!" said Mr. Duff, and he produced a map. "Here's a valley, shut in by a high ridge to the south and Twin Peaks on the west. Ten thousand people live in that valley. The natural center for the upper end of it is here," and he put a thick finger at a spot upon the map. "And right there's the Sun Picture Theater. It gets the cream of the valley trade. Long-standing patronage, no competition, and all for sale on account of family reasons. Ground lease, building lease, exhibition contracts, projecting machine, everything ——"

"For two thousand dollars!" gulped Mr. Winkel, leaning forward excitedly.

"No ——" began Mr. Duff.

"Not exactly, that is," qualified Mr. Moran, as the two exchanged glances. "You see ——"

"But"—Mr. Winkel shook his head sadly—"two thousand's all I've got. You—you said two thousand up in Mr. Downey's office, didn't you?"

"But you don't let us make it clear to you," said Mr. Duff, having made a hasty guess at how much Winkel could be bled for, after the latter's marked display of enthusiasm. "Two thousand cash it is, and the balance of one thousand dollars in two notes of five hundred dollars each, running ninety and one hundred and eighty days respectively. You pay the balance out of profits. It's a wonderful investment really."

"Yes, you have the fun of running the business and the business pays for itself while you play with it," explained Mr. Moran, having divined that Mr. Winkel looked at the proposition almost as at the purchase of a delightful toy, and indeed was going to be satisfied if the business never paid him anything but the barest living, once it was his. At the same time that he had made this speech Mr. Moran was placing before Mr. Winkel a typewritten sheet, which was obviously an agreement to purchase, and was forcing a fountain pen into his hand.

"Why, I—I like the proposition," stammered Mr. Winkel, avoiding the pen; "but I—I'd better go out and look it over, hadn't I?"

Mr. Duff's face became hard and he shook his head sternly. Mr. Moran also negatived the idea with a vigorous sidewise movement of his fat jowls.

"You'll have to sign up now to get it at that figure," said Moran emphatically. "Undoubtedly some one will put up the whole three thousand in cash and take it before the day is over. But as it had been offered to us before on a part-time basis we insisted on the same terms for you, our present client. The proviso was that you must sign the agreement to purchase and hand over the cash payment immediately to bind this extraordinary bargain. Here's a photograph of the house; that ought to satisfy you as to what class of place it is."

Winkel reached for the picture of a strikingly handsome gingerbread front with crowds pressing up to the ticket window, which had been cunningly flashed before his mind at just the moment when decision hung in the balance.

"Durn me if she ain't a beauty!" he breathed admiringly. He appeared to appreciate now the reasonableness of this demand for quick action and the cash-down feature of the proposition. He looked his grateful acceptance at the oily Mr. Moran and at the towering rotundity of Mr. Duff, but there appeared on his face next the shadow of a memory.

"I should like to have Miss Wells come in now," he said.

Mr. Duff frowned. The whole expression of his face, which for a moment had become almost beatific, changed once more to direst gloom.

"Miss Wells!" Moran snarled. "What has she got to do with it? Can't you pass on a perfectly sound business proposition without having to consult some woman you never saw before this afternoon and don't know anything about anyway?"

The manner of both gentlemen was gruff and insolent, but the now-determined Mr. Winkel did not allow himself to be moved by it.

"Oh, I know," he assured them in his mild quaver. "My mind's made up all right, but Miss Wells has got my money."

"What!" exploded Mr. Duff with a noise like the bursting of a three-inch shell. "What!"

"I am so absent-minded I was afraid I might lay it down somewhere. I just gave it to her to hold. Will you just call her in?"

Mr. Duff exchanged glances of dismay with Mr. Moran. The face of the latter paled perceptibly. Mr. Duff's large features grew livid with wrath.

"You—you fool!" he burst out. But before the look of innocent surprise on Mr. Winkel's face could change to resentment at this gratuitous insult Mr. Moran had leaped nimbly to undo the damage his partner's stupid rage might have caused, by demanding:

"Here, Jim Duff! What are you calling me a fool for? There are some things I'll stand from a partner and some things I won't."

(Concluded on Page 73)

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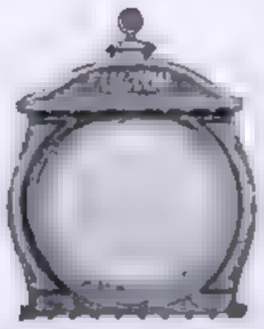

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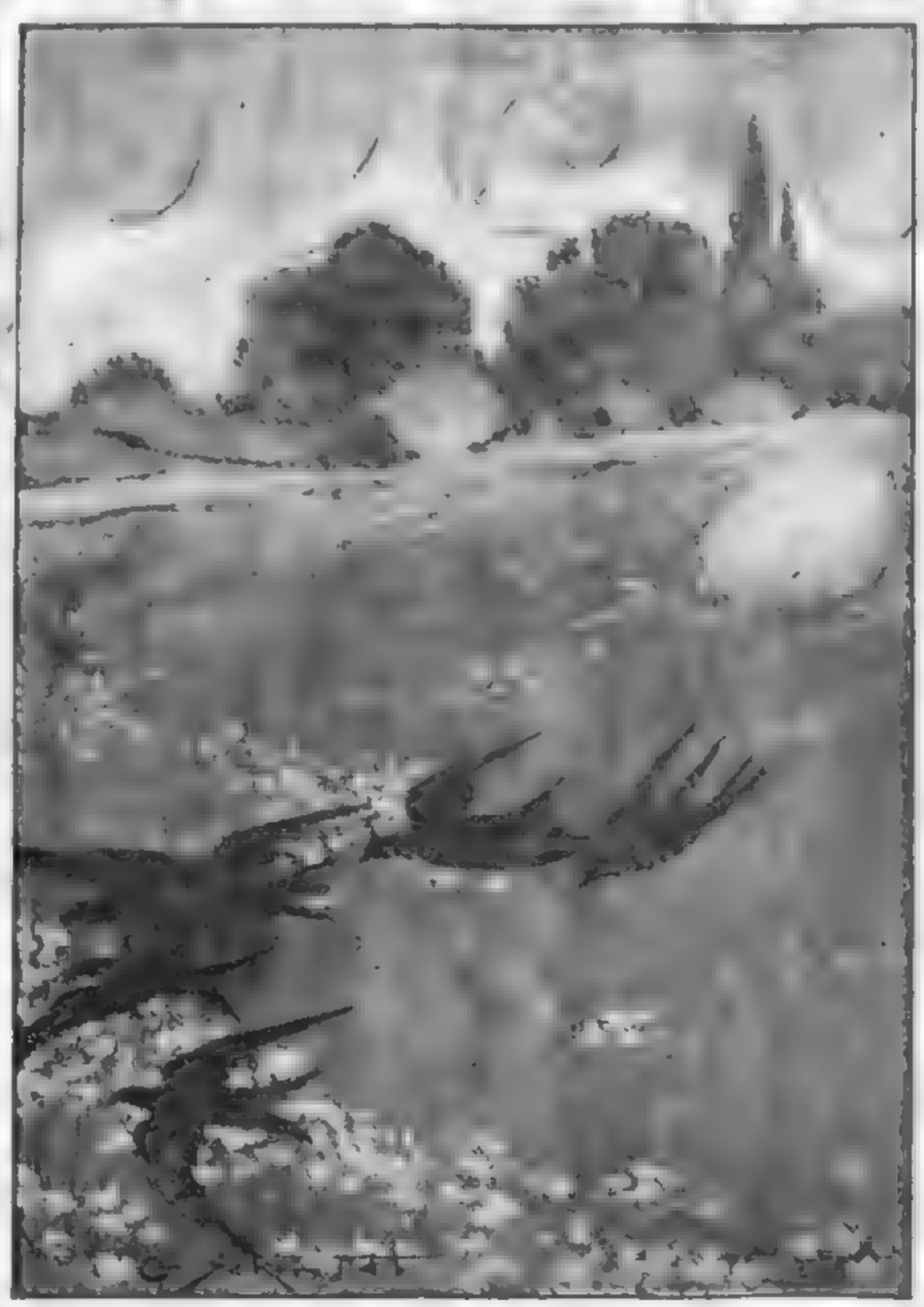
OUT-OF-DOORS

REGARDING MARTHA



PROBABLY you never heard of Martha, though she was once very numerous. Very likely there were more of her than there are dollars in our war debt and bond issues—and that is something. Neither you nor any other human being will ever see Martha or her relatives again in this country, or any other country in the world. Martha is gone. She was of an old and respectable family, generally known as the Ectopistes, and she was baptized Migratorius, or at least her father was. From her youth Martha failed to live up to her name, being disposed to wander and to give no intelligent account of her wanderings, but being also unable to gratify her tastes. That is to say, she was a passenger pigeon, restricted by circumstances over which she had no control.

This is the sole claim of Martha to distinction—and she was the last of her family, her species and her race. She died at 2 P. M. on Saturday, August 29, 1914, in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens. At that time she was of thirty-nine known years and—though she was a bird, she was no chicken. The officers of the Zoo said that she was one of a flock of seventeen captured in 1876. For the last several years of her life Martha was watched with interest by many intelligent men who knew that when she died there could never be another passenger pigeon in all the world.

For years it was attempted to procure a mate for Martha, but no money could buy another passenger pigeon anywhere in the world. The Milwaukee and Chicago specimens, one by one, had passed on. In 1901, 1904 and 1906 reports came that wild pigeons had been seen, but whether or not these reports were true, none of them ever was taken. So Martha died, and that ended it. For some time fifteen hundred dollars was offered for the nest of a wild pigeon, one thousand dollars for a pair of the wild pigeons. But nothing came of that, and in 1912 Prof. C. F. Hodge, convinced that he was engaged in a hopeless quest, dissolved all his committees, canceled the awards and refused to pursue the question further. As late as 1905—long after the great flights of pigeons had disappeared—he was convinced that he had seen a flock of pigeons. That was nine years before Martha died.

What Audubon Saw

Fine, are they not—squabs? The other day, when I had saved up money enough to take the missus downtown for dinner, we said we would have squabs; not one squab between us, but a regular squab dinner, a whole, entire, undivided squab for each, one for the missus and one for myself—*les tous deux*, as we say since the war. We found a very reasonable place where squabs cost only one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece. Of course a squab isn't supposed to be as big as a turkey. Neither is it supposed to be as tough as an owl—I think one of our squabs was Martha embalmed—but we had two very fine squabs for two-fifty; and some potatoes that cost only twenty-five cents a portion; and some coffee which cost only twenty-five cents a portion; and two whole slices of bacon which didn't cost a cent more than sixty cents. It was a night of wild abandon—two whole squabs to eat and studied negligence of the news columns which told how things were going and how America had to feed the world.

And then the next afternoon the postman put in my mail a pamphlet printed by a thoughtful man in Altoona, Pennsylvania, a little book by Mr. John C. French, called The Passenger Pigeon in Pennsylvania. And in this little book was a picture of Martha and so many other things of pains-taxing research about the vanished species that I am tempted to say something more and possibly something new about the days when squabs did not cost a dollar and twenty-five cents apiece. This book covers the whole Pennsylvania story very thoroughly, and the compilation is done at the encouragement of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, one of those persons who spend time in finding when the last Pennsylvania pigeon died, and the last panther died, and the last turkey and the last elk and the last buffalo and the last lynx. He also has disliked to see the waste of forests, and therefore has been appointed forester for his state.

You might think Colonel Shoemaker a trifling person of no means of livelihood, who could not possibly have made business a success. On the contrary he has only more money than a dog can jump over—the same as Gifford Pinchot. So I have laid his book on my desk along with the earlier classic of the pigeon, by W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Michigan. The latter gentleman wrote his book, The Passenger Pigeon, for the same extraordinary reasons that have actuated the younger man, Colonel Shoemaker, all his life. Another perfectly impractical person who never made any success, not to speak of a mere few million dollars, that is all. And yet men like these write books like these. It is in these books that we can learn a great deal about the early price of squabs in America.

John Lyman, in the year 1805, came back home from a trip in the western part of Pennsylvania and said he had found twenty colonies of pigeons, and estimated that each city held a million adult birds—twenty millions in all—all of which was confirmed afterward.

It was in that same year that John James Audubon, who spent all his life just painting pictures of birds, was out in Kentucky at the time a big nesting of pigeons on the Green River was going on. His account of the scene is usually regarded as classic. It ought to be read again by every American to-day:

"It was, as is always the case, a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude and where there was little underwood I rode through it upward of forty miles, and found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

"Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses, wagons, guns and ammunition had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russellville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upward of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons that were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of birds. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken off at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to that part of the forest must be immense beyond conception.

"As the period of their arrival approached their foes anxiously prepared to receive them: some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur; others with torches of pine knots; many with poles; and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amid the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come!' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded one of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel.

"As the birds arrived and passed over me I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men; the birds continued to pour in; the fires were lighted and a most magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself, the pigeons arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way with a crash and, falling on the ground, destroyed hundreds of birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. No one dared venture within the line of devastation; the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for next morning's employment."

Wilson's Account

"The pigeons were constantly coming and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. Toward the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howling of the wolves now reached our ears; and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons and opossums were seen sneaking off, while eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them and enjoy their share of the spoil."

Another foolish man, an ornithologist by name of Alexander Wilson, who also used to moon round in the woods and write books about it, was on the Kentucky River in the month of May, 1810. In case you think that the great naturalist, Audubon, was drawing a long bow, it might be well to check up with what his fellow naturalist, Wilson, said:

"As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, oxen, beds, cooking utensils—many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families—and encamped for several days at the immense nursery. The noise was so great as to terrify their horses, and it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear.

"The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs and young squab pigeons which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of the old pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber. For now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees which seemed to be most crowded with nests of the young birds, and contriving to fell the trees in such manner that in their descent they might bring down several other trees. The felling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to old birds and almost one mass of fat.

"On some single trees upward of a hundred nests were found, each containing one young only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions of birds, from the frequent fall of large branches broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves. I had left the public road to visit the remains of a breeding place near Shelbyville on my way to Frankfort, when about 1 o'clock the pigeons which I had observed flying northerly the greater part of the morning began to return in such immense numbers as I never before had witnessed. At an opening by the side of Benson Creek I was astonished at their appearance.

"They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity at a height beyond gunshot in

(Continued on Page 63)

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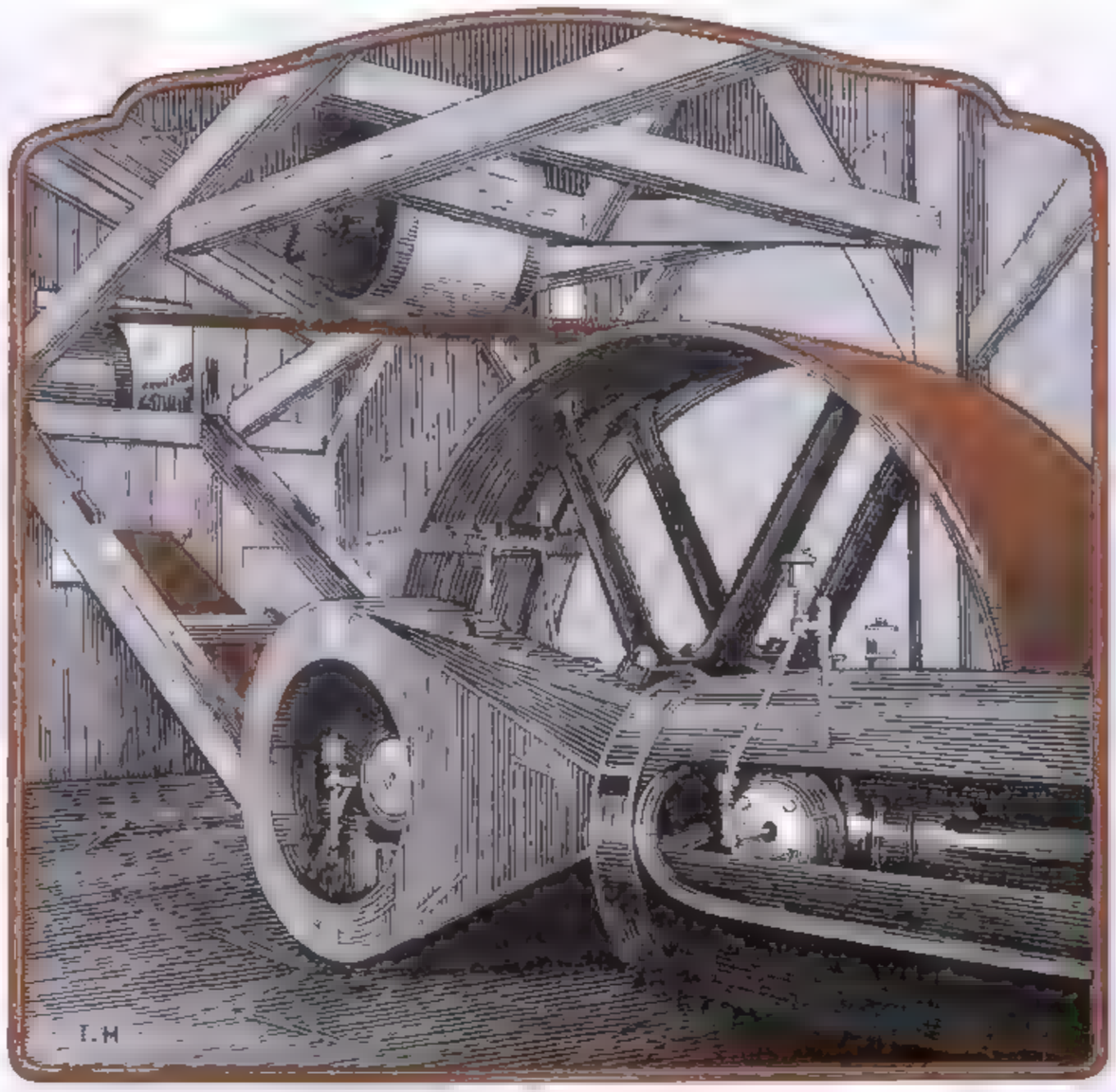

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ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, Linoleum Department, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Continued from Page 60)

several strata deep, and so close together that could shot have reached them one discharge would not have failed of bringing down several birds. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of the vast procession reached, seeming everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I sat down with my watch in hand at 1:30 P. M. for more than an hour, but instead of diminution of this prodigious procession it seemed rather to increase, both in numbers and rapidity of flight. Anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About 4 o'clock that afternoon I crossed the Kentucky River at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding place, which several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it told me was several miles wide and—they estimated—about forty miles long, in which every tree was absolutely loaded with nests of young birds."

If it is the belief that both Mr. Audubon and Mr. Wilson were mistaken, we might consult what Mr. French says about pigeons in early Pennsylvania:

"Of the Susquehanna River nesting city there was no cordial acceptance of what the two young men, William French and John Grimes, reported that they had seen: that millions of the fat squabs had been melted down for their fat alone; that many barrels of the oil went down the river in boatloads."

Of course, it was perfectly apparent to everybody that pigeons were made to use, and of course the supply was such that it could not possibly be exhausted—everybody knew that. In those days what we might call the Pigeon Belt took in pretty much all of America east of the Rocky Mountains from near the Gulf of Mexico to near Hudson Bay. The birds fed preferably upon beechnuts. Their favorite range ran through Central New Jersey, along the Piedmont Plateau to Central Alabama; thence west to what is now Oklahoma; then northeast through Missouri and Illinois to the northwest corner of Indiana; then northwest to Lake St. Clair, in Michigan; thence east through Ontario to near the Niagara River. We may, therefore, see that there was pigeon shooting in Canada, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Illinois and Michigan. Extraordinary numbers existed in Pennsylvania; and we know even more perhaps—largely through Mr. Mershon's patient early work—about the classical scene of the pigeon industry in Michigan.

Pennsylvania Nestings

As to Pennsylvania, the great rivers—the Delaware, Susquehanna and Allegheny and their tributaries—had extended nestings, or cities, as Mr. French calls them. As to the numbers which then existed in the United States, no possible estimate can be made with any accuracy; but that the numbers ran high into the millions or hundreds of millions no reasoning man can doubt. To-day there is not one of these birds alive. We have these books of Mr. French and Mr. Mershon. There are some pictures in colors of the passenger pigeon, done by such men as Audubon and Wilson and later artists. I have a lithograph of Martha herself—a few of these prints were put out from the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati and in a paperweight on my desk, as I once mentioned in these columns, I have an artificial fly tied with a feather from the wing of a passenger pigeon which had been kept by Mr. Elliott, of Elgin, Illinois. And in this book by Mr. French we read of an old pigeon net taken down not long ago which had caught in its yellow twine a single feather—all that was left of the many thousand dozens of birds that it had destroyed. That will be about all.

It will be pleasant reading for all of us who pay a dollar and a quarter for a squab and sixty-five cents a pound for bacon to read that in those earlier times farmers fed their hogs upon pigeons; so that neither bacon nor squab could then have been so high. As those were simple, artless, practical days in which the average man had some hearing and in which any man who spoke about keeping something for the future would have been even more unpopular than he is to-day, we may perhaps take cognizance of the story of certain scenes of slaughter, certain methods of slaughter, certain details in the matter of slaughter which have been offered to us by these compilers of the story of a race that is gone.

Thus Mr. Edwin Haskell is reported by Mr. French in his book:

"My recollection goes back to sixty-seven years ago, at which time pigeons in great numbers nested near my father's home. I also have a distinct recollection of many people coming to our house to stay a day or so for the purpose of obtaining a supply of squabs. They brought their supply of provisions to eat and blankets upon which to sleep. Their cooking was done out of doors. These campers often consisted of whole families. The men would go out into the woods and chop down such trees as contained the greater number of nests, and catch or pick up the young birds. Bushel baskets of these were brought to the house and emptied upon the ground. The women and children would pack the squabs in barrels and tubs containing brine."

An Unpleasant Detail

The same man says that pigeons could be bought much later for twenty-five cents a dozen, and no one thought of shipping them to the market. He describes the way in which trees were felled to get at the young birds, and tells how easy it was to shoot the old birds. Of the young many were killed by people who stationed themselves on the brow of a hill with long poles which they whipped into the low-flying flocks. He tells also of the methods of netters and how they caught hundreds of dozens of pigeons on baited netting beds. It is a pleasant detail to learn that the pigeon netter sewed shut the eyes of his stool pigeons so that they would flap their wings when thrown up in the air and so decoy down the passing flocks. Mr. Haskell also tells of one pigeon haul in which he helped later in his life:

"In one instance it was my good fortune to be in a booth when an enormous haul of birds was made in this way. The net was thrown just in time to scoop in a large portion of a flock skimming near the ground past the hut, having been attracted there by the flyers. As the net came down the momentum of their flight piled them up several courses deep. In a moment a pigeon's head protruded from every mesh in the net.

"So great was the number of the birds struggling desperately to free themselves that I was called upon to throw myself upon the net and help hold it down, else the pigeons would escape. With our weight and using both hands and feet to the utmost of our strength, for a time it seemed as though the net would be raised in spite of our efforts. What else to do was difficult to determine. We could not let go of the net to kill the birds with our hands. What, then, was to be done? The old pigeon catcher who had sprung the net decided quickly by setting an example and yelling to me:

"'Bite their heads! Bite their heads! Do you hear?'

"'Not for all the pigeons in the world,' I replied.

"'Pshaw! Don't be squeamish! See how it's done!' he called out impatiently, and went on crushing the skulls of the heads protruding through the meshes of the net until the difficulty of holding it down had passed and a less revolting—if not more merciful—method of killing the remainder of the birds could be devised.

"I could kill pigeons with a gun without any compunction. But crushing the skulls of live birds between my teeth! Faugh! It makes me shudder to think of it.

"During the few days the snow covered the ground some of the men netting pigeons in Bingham Township caught from five to eight hundred dollars' worth of the birds.

"By this time the netting and shooting of pigeons to be sold in the city markets had become a well-organized business. Correspondence by means of telegraph was kept up from all the regions in which the pigeons were accustomed to nest. Those engaged in the business were supplied with accurate information as to the locality where the birds might be found at any given time, with an estimate of their number, and directions as to the most direct route by rail to a point nearest the nesting place. This accounts for the great slaughter of pigeons that took place during their nesting in the vicinity of Dingman Run.

"The presence of so many people near the town engaged in killing, catching, buying and shipping pigeons had caused such an influx of money that the dealers in hunters' and sportsmen's supplies were anxious to meet the demand as far as possible. Their stock of shot had become exhausted. Hence the dispatch of a courier to hurry up the laggard teamster.

"On entering the town, its streets—usually so quiet—presented a novel spectacle. Men carrying guns were coming into town from various directions. They came in carriages, buggies, lumber wagons, on horseback and on foot—a motley crowd. The scene was analogous to nothing else I ever saw, unless it was an assembling of militia for an old-fashioned general training.

"The pigeon nesting was a boon to many poor men. Ten or twelve dollars' worth of the old birds was frequently the result of one day's shooting. One dollar per dozen was the price of pigeons on the ground. The price for squabs was forty cents per dozen. An industrious man, handy with an ax, could earn more getting squabs than could be earned by shooting the old birds.

"When we arrived at the nesting hundreds of acres of beech forest was being felled for the squabs. Great numbers of these were taken to a shanty and sold to buyers, who had men hired to prepare and pack them for transportation to market. Gunners swarmed in every section of the forest, the thud of the axman's strokes, the crash of falling trees, the flutter of wings and cooing of pigeons, the incessant report of shotguns, the laughter, cursing and shouting of men filled the woods with a medley of sounds almost crazing, and made it seem as though it were a pandemonium for a saturnalia of slaughter."

Sure! Pigeons were made for use, weren't they?

Mr. C. W. Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, adds his personal testimony regarding earlier days in Pennsylvania. The last pigeon nesting in Pennsylvania occurred in 1886. A great many men remembered the pigeon nestings of 1866 and 1870. Mr. French says:

"A colony was established about three miles east of my farm in the Allegheny River Valley; and they flew past every day to distant feeding grounds, the hens one day and the cocks the next day. On each morning the valley—a mile wide—was filled, strata above strata, eight courses deep at times, for about an hour, with the multitude of birds flowing westward at the rate of about a mile a minute, going after food. The roar of wings was like a tornado and the morning was darkened as by a heavy thunder shower. The lowest stratum of birds was just above the orchard trees, and many young men with shotguns fired into the passing flocks as they came into range."

A Flock Seen in 1905

Mr. Dickinson adds his testimony as to the number of birds:

"Only a small percentage of the American people to-day can imagine what immense bodies of pigeons there would be in a large nesting city. The nesting we had in McKean and Potter Counties, Pennsylvania, in 1870, which was the largest in this locality since 1830, was from one half mile to two miles wide and about forty miles long, running through an unbroken forest. . . .

"To answer the question of what became of them: There were millions of them caught in nets and shipped to the large cities. Still, there were millions of the birds here again in 1886, which was the last body of them that visited this state. A few small flocks passed through this locality since then. We saw a flock of about a hundred birds in September, 1905, and a lone pigeon in 1905."

Mr. French tells of the activities of William Sherwood and Otis Lyman in netting pigeons in Potter County in 1861. They had a net twelve by twenty-six feet, so they could catch only fifteen hundred pigeons the morning of the first day. These were shipped to New York, but netted only about seven cents a bird. They went to the nesting colonies after squabs and procured a wagonload of birds for New York, averaging about one hundred and twenty-five fat young birds to every hundred nests that they destroyed.

Pennsylvania furnished its quota to the now extinct class of operators known as pigeoners, who made a business of following the flight of pigeons as reported by wire all over the United States. One of these men, Mr. James V. Bennett, reports that he followed the pigeons as far as Oklahoma in the days when dead pigeons brought ninety cents to two dollars a dozen. The live birds would bring about two dollars and twenty-five cents a dozen. The birds were followed from roosts in Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, the old pigeons often being driven out of their nesting places so that they left their eggs and young to perish. Mr. Bennett one time shot forty-one pigeons at one shot on a roost. This was in Oklahoma in 1882. This gentleman also describes the methods of making a salt bed for the nets; describes how the net was set and sprung over the masses of birds, and tells how the birds were killed after being taken in the net. He even invented a pair of pincers that they might be killed more quickly. Some pigeoners felt that constantly pinching heads made their thumbs sore, this being one of the extreme and very deplorable hardships of their calling. The pincers alleviated much of this discomfort. It was not unusual to take a hundred and fifty to two hundred dozen birds in a day. Seventy-five dozen have been taken in a single throw of a net. A large net is said to have taken a hundred dozen at one cast.

Mr. Phillips' Recollections

It would be easy and interesting for many of us to wander through these well-packed pages of Mr. French's book, which tell of the flights of pigeons in Pennsylvania. We might perhaps refer once again to Mr. Mershon's compilation of facts regarding the pigeon killing in his state, Michigan. He prints a letter of Mr. Henry T. Phillips, a dealer in Cheboygan, Michigan. The latter says that it was in 1864 that he handled the first crates of wild pigeons.

"From that time I have handled live pigeons in quantities up to a hundred and seventy-five thousand a year until they left the country," says Mr. Phillips. He adds that the last nesting in Michigan was near Petoskey in 1878, from which he shipped a hundred and fifty thousand birds. It was considered safer merchandising to ship the birds alive at that time, as not so many were spoiled in transit.

This same dealer says that in 1874 there were shipped about one hundred barrels of dead birds daily. This continued for about thirty days. He says there were five nestings that year in Michigan, three going on at the same time. He shipped in that year by steamer four hundred and seventy-eight coops with six dozen live birds in each.

He bought from one netting outfit six hundred dozen at one dollar a dozen, agreeing to pay only in one-hundred-dollar bills. Mr. Phillips gives some simple and artless details of his industry:

"I knew of a man paying $300 for the privilege of netting on one salt spring near White River. It was a spring dug for oil, boarded up sixteen feet square. He cut it down a little and built a platform and caught once or twice each week. He got 300 dozen at one haul in this house. He said they were piled there three feet deep.

"I once pulled a net on a bait bed and we saved 132 dozen alive, but many got out from underneath the net, there being too many on the bed. The net used was 28 by 36 feet. I have lost 3000 birds in one day because the railroad did not have a car ready on the date promised. I threw away what cost me $250 in eight hours—fat birds—because the weather was too hot. I have bought carloads in Wisconsin at 15 and 25 cents a dozen, but in Michigan we usually paid from 50 cents to $1 a dozen. I have fed thirty bushels of shelled corn daily at $1.20 per bushel, and paid out from $300 to $600 per day for pigeons."

A Mr. E. Osborn wrote to the dealer, Mr. Phillips, in 1898, in response to his request for some data:

"I will give you a few catches. In 1862, at Monroe, Wis., George Paxon, of Evans Center, N. Y., and myself made one haul

(Concluded on Page 65)

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(Concluded from Page 63)

of 250 dozen five miles south of the city on corn bait in a pen 32 by 64 feet with nets sprung across the top. We fed at this bed over five hundred bushels of corn at 25 cents per bushel, and at our other beds nearly as much. After the flight-birds were over, with a single net sprung in the ground, we have taken 100 dozen at a time.

"At Augusta, Wis., in 1871, Charles Curtin, then of Indiana—dead now—got over one hundred dozen; William N. Cone, of Masonville, N. Y., Samuel Schook, of Circleville, Ohio, and some other boys, 100 dozen and over. L. G. Parker, of Camden, N. J., C. S. Marin, the Rocky Mountain hunter, of Wisconsin, E. G. Slayton, of Chetek, Wis., are old trappers and could tell of big catches. In 1868, at Sheboygan, I took over six hundred fat birds before sunrise. I sold to the United States officers at Mackinac for trap shooting; also to Island House. In 1861 there were only a few professionals: Dr. E. Osborn, of Saratoga, N. Y.; William N. Cone, Masonville, N. Y.; John Ackerman, Columbus, Ohio; L. G. Parker, Camden, N. J.; James Thompson, Hookset, N. H.; S. K. Jones, Saratoga, N. Y.; George and Charles Paxon, of Evans Center, N. Y.; and maybe a few others. After this time trappers increased fast. More salt was used in Michigan for bait than any other state. I paid at Shelby $4 a barrel. Big bodies of pigeons were drowned off Sleeping Bear Point because of fog and wind while trying to cross Lake Michigan. I have seen them.

"In the Logan County roost, Ohio, I killed with two barrels of a six-bore shoulder gun 144 birds. The other boys killed nearly as many with smaller guns. We shot on the roost in the dark. Our plan was to fire one barrel on the roost and the other as the pigeons flew. The highest price paid per dozen was in New York City—$3—by Trimm & Summer from Pennsylvania."

Horrified Indians

I don't know whether it would serve any good purpose to pile up details regarding the slaughter of these birds or to go into further details regarding the methods of ending them. It was simply rapid butchery and that was all there was to it. Men and boys killed the pigeons the quickest and easiest way they could. Sometimes they flew so close they could be knocked down by boys with shingles in their hands. Of course squabs could be got most easily by cutting down the trees in which the nests were built.

In Michigan it was not unusual for a pigeoner, when working in a beechnut nesting grove, to set fire to the bark of the beech trees. It was very simple. The fire would run up into the trees, and then such squabs as were able to fly out or fall out of the nests would come down—half roasted. Those which were too young were killed in the nests.

The Indians were horrified at this barbarism of the white men. They never did such things themselves, and had it been only for the Indians there would be pigeons to-day. Chief Pokagon, a Michigan Pottawottomi, tells of one white man whom he saw baiting pigeons with corn soaked in whisky. There were all sorts of ways of killing the birds.

When it comes to ways of waste, the Americans really beat the world. But—let us say—by 1880 and 1883 the netters and fire builders and choppers and pincer workers had well-nigh finished their pretty work. Within two or three years at about that time the pigeons disappeared from all over that tremendous stretch of country I have earlier indicated as their natural habitat—one of the richest countries the world ever saw.

No Mystery in Plain Slaughter

It would be futile, of course, to enter into the old arguments as to the disappearance of the passenger pigeon. No doubt some of these birds, harried and starved, weakened or wounded with shot fire, perished while crossing the water into Canada. There is no doubt that ocean steamers passed through masses of dead pigeons at sea. It is less credible that large bodies of dead pigeons were found in the Gulf of Mexico, because that is outside of their original range. That they disappeared by any extraordinary cataclysm of Nature is not believed by intelligent persons any more than that the buffalo disappeared through a cataclysm of Nature. Men killed off the buffalo and men killed off the pigeons, and that is all there is about it. All these like reasons for the disappearance of the species are no whit better than that advanced by Cotton Mather early in the history of this country: "The wild pigeons on leaving us repair to some undiscovered satellite accompanying the Earth at a near distance."

The Indians also think that the buffalo are going to come back some time. But I presume the buffalo are temporarily absent on the same satellite. You can take your pick as to which you regard as the more truthful story. Either is about enough.

Now men write in to me and say that they are oppressed by iniquitous laws which curtail their shooting of ducks in the spring. Another man writes in to me and says that it is all wrong to try to extend the range of the Yellowstone Park elk; that the grass ought to be used for cattle. I admit that such men as Mr. Mershon and Colonel Shoemaker and J. J. Audubon and A. Wilson and myself are old-fashioned, visionary and impractical persons. At the same time there are, perhaps, a few of us who will not willingly cease in the feeling that future generations of Americans have been shamefully wronged by those who have preceded them.

If you wish to learn the story of the whole of America in the next generation; if you wish to read the solution of the next land problem within the next ten years; if you wish to see what is going to become of our last elk, our last wild fowl, you might look back over this story of Martha. Fine—isn't it?—what we practical, simple-minded Americans have done!

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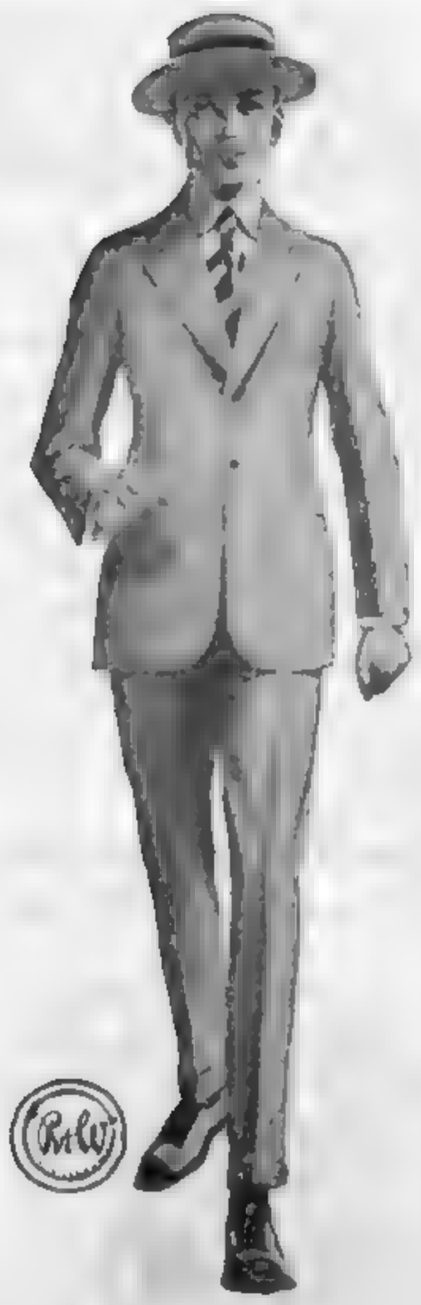

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Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 25)

that Lord Marshmoreton showed emotion. His mouth opened and he clutched the tablecloth. But just what the emotion was George was unable to say till, with a sigh that seemed to come from his innermost being, the other exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven!"

George was surprised.

"You're glad?"

"Of course I'm glad!"

"It's a pity they didn't know how you were going to feel. It would have saved them a lot of anxiety. I rather gathered they supposed that the shock was apt to darken your whole life."

"That girl," said Lord Marshmoreton vehemently, "was driving me crazy! Always bothering me to come and work on that damned family history. Never gave me a moment's peace."

"I liked her," said George.

"Nice enough girl," admitted his lordship grudgingly; "but a damned nuisance about the house. Always at me to go on with the family history. As if there weren't better things to do with one's time than writing all day about my infernal fools of ancestors!"

"Isn't dadda fractious to-day!" said Billie reprovingly, giving the earl's hand a pat. "Quit knocking your ancestors! You're very lucky to have ancestors. I wish I had. The Dore family seems to go back about as far as the presidency of Willard Filmore, and then it kind of gets discouraged and quits cold. Gee! I'd like to feel that my great-great-great-grandfather had helped Queen Elizabeth with the rent. I'm strong for the fine old stately families of England."

"Stately old fiddlesticks!" snapped the earl.

"Did you see his eyes flash then, George? That's what they call aristocratic rage. It's the fine old spirit of the Marshmoretons boiling over."

"I noticed it," said George. "Just like lightning!"

"It's no use trying to fool us, dadda," said Billie. "You know just as well as I do that it makes you feel good to think that every time you cut yourself with your safety razor you bleed blue!"

"A lot of silly nonsense!" grumbled the earl.

"What is?"

"This foolery of titles and aristocracy. Silly fetish worship! One man's as good as another."

"This is the spirit of '76!" said George approvingly.

"Regular I. W. W. stuff," agreed Billie. "Shake hands with the President of the Bolsheviki!"

Lord Marshmoreton ignored the interruption. There was a strange look in his eyes. It was evident to George, watching him with close interest, that here was a revelation of the man's soul; that thoughts, locked away for years in the other's bosom, were crying for utterance.

"Damned silly nonsense! When I was a boy I wanted to be an engine driver. When I was a young man I was a Socialist, and hadn't any idea except to work for my living and make a name for myself. I was going to the colonies—Canada. The fruit farm was actually bought—bought and paid for!" He brooded a moment on that long-lost fruit farm. "My father was a younger son. And then my uncle must go and break his neck out-hunting, and the baby, poor little chap, got croup or something, and there we were, saddled with the title, and all my plans gone up in smoke! Silly nonsense! Silly nonsense!" He bit the end off a cigar. "And you can't stand up against it," he went on ruefully. "It saps you; it's like some damned drug. I fought against it as long as I could, but it was no use. I'm as big a snob as any of them now. I'm afraid to do what I want to do. Always thinking of the family dignity. I haven't taken a free step for twenty-five years."

George and Billie exchanged glances. Each had the uncomfortable feeling that they were eavesdropping and hearing things not meant to be heard. George rose.

"I must be getting along now," he said. "I've one or two things to do. Glad to have seen you again, Billie. Is the show going all right?"

"Fine. Making money for you right along."

"Good-by, Lord Marshmoreton."

The earl nodded without speaking. It was not often now that he rebelled even in thought against the lot which fate had thrust upon him, and never in his life before had he done so in words. He was still in the grip of the strange discontent which had come upon him so abruptly.

There was a silence after George had gone.

"I'm glad we met George," said Billie. "He's a good boy!" She spoke soberly. She was conscious of a curious feeling of affection for the sturdy, weather-tanned little man opposite her. The glimpse she had been given of his inner self had somehow made him come alive for her.

"He wants to marry my daughter," said Lord Marshmoreton.

A few moments before, Billie would undoubtedly have replied to such a statement with some jocular remark expressing disbelief that the earl could have a daughter old enough to be married. But now she felt oddly serious and unlike her usual flippant self.

"Oh!" was all she could find to say.

"She wants to marry him."

Not for years had Billie Dore felt embarrassed, but she felt so now. She judged herself unworthy to be the recipient of these very private confidences.

"Oh!" she said again.

"He's a good fellow. I like him. I liked him the moment we met. He knew it too. And I knew he liked me."

A group of men and girls from a neighboring table passed on their way to the door. One of the girls nodded to Billie. She returned the nod absently. The party moved on. Billie frowned down at the tablecloth and drew a pattern on it with a fork.

"Why don't you let George marry your daughter, Lord Marshmoreton?"

The earl drew at his cigar in silence.

"I know it's not my business," said Billie apologetically, interpreting the silence as a rebuff.

"Because I'm the Earl of Marshmoreton."

"I see."

"No, you don't," snapped the earl. "You think I mean by that that I think your friend isn't good enough to marry my daughter. You think that I'm an incurable snob. And I've no doubt he thinks so, too, though I took the trouble to explain my attitude to him when we last met. You're wrong. It isn't that at all. When I say I'm the Earl of Marshmoreton, I mean that I'm a poor, spineless fool who's afraid to do the right thing because he daren't go in the teeth of the family."

"I don't understand. What have your family got to do with it?"

"They'd worry the life out of me. I wish you could meet my sister Caroline! That's what they've got to do with it. Girls in my daughter's unfortunate position have got to marry position or money."

"Well, I don't know about position, but when it comes to money, why, George is the fellow that made the dollar bill famous. He and Rockefeller have got all there is, except the little bit they let Andy Carnegie have for car fare."

"What do you mean? He told me he worked for a living."

Billie was becoming herself again. Embarrassment had fled.

"If you call it work. He's a composer."

"I know—writes tunes and things."

Billie regarded him compassionately.

"And I suppose, living out in the woods the way you do, that you haven't a notion that they pay him for it."

"Pay him? Yes, but how much? Composers were not rich men in my day."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of your day as if you were Noah telling the boys down at the corner store about the good times they all had before the flood. You're one of the younger set, and don't let me have to tell you again. Say, listen, you know that show you saw last night—the one where I star, supported by a few underlings. Well, George wrote the music for that."

"I know. He told me so."

"Well, did he tell you that he draws three per of the gross receipts? You saw the house we had last night. It was a fair average house. We are playing to over fourteen thousand dollars a week. George's little bit of that is—I can't do it in my head, but it's round four hundred dollars. That's eighty pounds of your money. And did he tell you that this same show ran over a year in New York to big business all the time, and that there are three companies on the road now? And did he mention that this is the ninth show he's done, and that seven of the others were just as big hits as this one? And did he remark in passing that he gets royalties on every copy of his music that's sold, and that at least ten of his things have sold over half a million? No, he didn't, because he isn't the sort of fellow who stands round blowing about his income; but you know it now."

"Why, he's a rich man!"

"I don't know what you call rich, but, keeping on the safe side, I should say that George pulls down—in a good year, during the season—round five thousand dollars a week."

Lord Marshmoreton was frankly staggered.

"A thousand pounds a week! I had no idea!"

"I thought you hadn't. And, while I'm boosting George, let me tell you another thing. He's one of the whitest men that ever happened. I know him. You can take it from me that, if there's anything rotten in a fellow, the show business will bring it out, and it hasn't come out in George yet, so I guess it isn't there. George is all right!"

"He has at least an excellent advocate."

"Oh, I'm strong for George. I wish there were more like him. Well, if you think I've butted in on your private affairs sufficiently, I suppose I ought to be moving. We've a rehearsal this afternoon."

"Let it go!" said Lord Marshmoreton boyishly.

"Yes, and how quick do you think they would let me go, if I did? I'm an honest working girl, and I can't afford to lose jobs."

Lord Marshmoreton fiddled with his cigar butt.

"I could offer you an alternative position, if you cared to accept it."

Billie looked at him keenly. Other men in similar circumstances had made much the same remark to her. She was conscious of feeling a little disappointed in her new friend.

"Well?" she said dryly. "Shoot!"

"You gathered, no doubt, from Mr. Bevan's conversation, that my secretary has left me and run away and got married? Would you like to take her place?"

It was not easy to disconcert Billie Dore, but she was taken aback. She had been expecting something different.

"You're a shriek, dadda!"

"I am perfectly serious."

"Can you see me at a castle?"

"I can see you perfectly." Lord Marshmoreton's rather formal manner left him. "Do please accept, my dear child. I've got to finish this damned family history some time or other. The family expect me to. Only yesterday my sister Caroline got me in a corner and bored me for half an hour about it. And I simply can't face the prospect of getting another Alice Faraday from an agency. Charming girl, charming girl, of course, but—but—well, I'll be damned if I do it, and that's the long and short of it!"

Billie bubbled over with laughter.

"Of all the impulsive kids!" she gurgled. "I never met anyone like you, dadda! You don't even know that I can use a typewriter."

"I do. Mr. Bevan told me you were an expert stenographer."

"So George has been boosting me, too, has he?" She mused. "I must say I'd love to come. That old place got me when I saw it that day."

"That's settled then," said Lord Marshmoreton masterfully. "Go to the theater and tell them—tell whatever is usual in these cases. And then go home and pack, and meet me at Waterloo at six o'clock. The train leaves at six-fifteen."

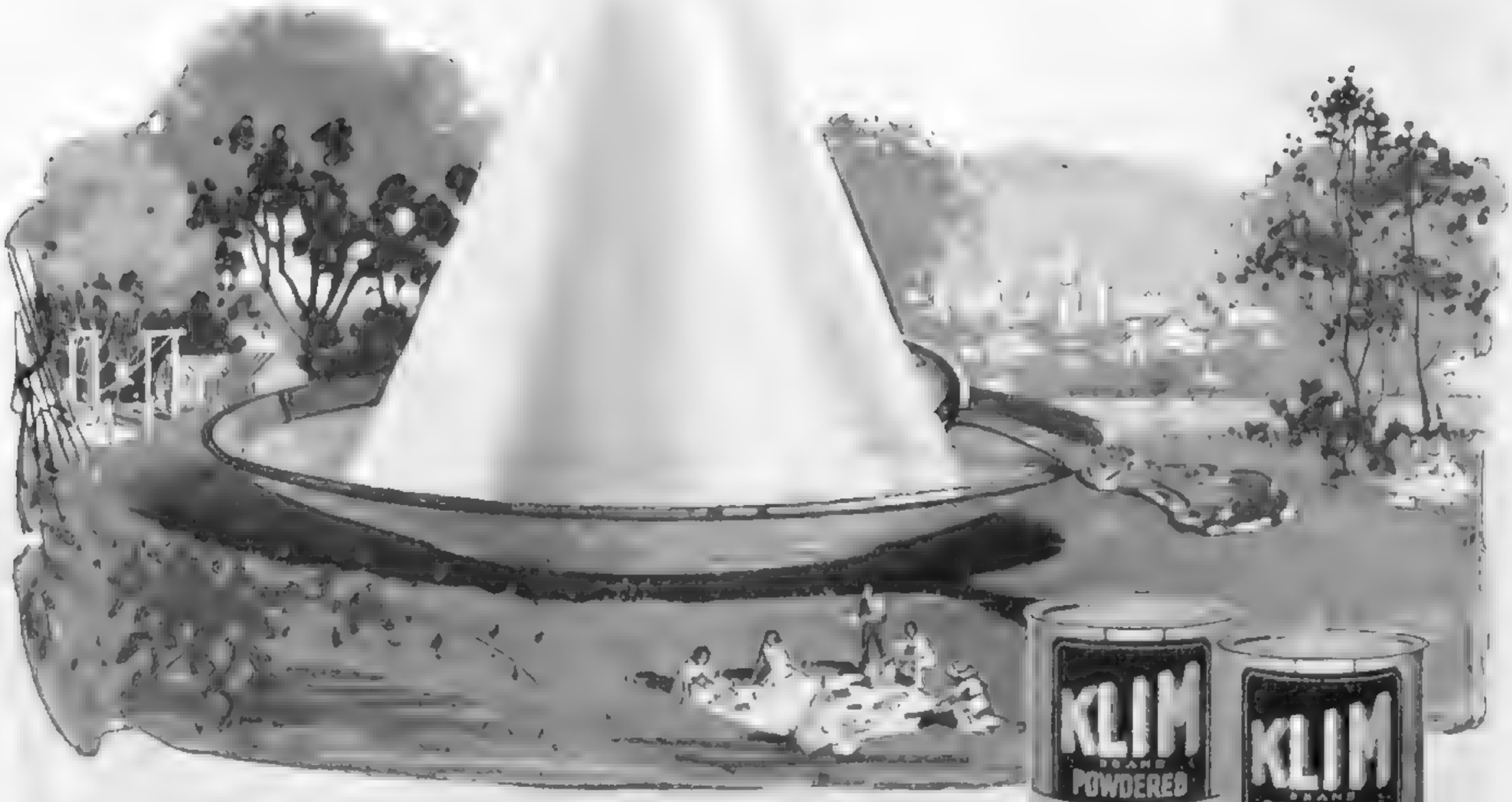
"Return of the wanderer, accompanied by dizzy blonde! You've certainly got it all fixed, haven't you! Do you think the family will stand for me?"

"Damn the family!" said Lord Marshmoreton stoutly.

"There's one thing," said Billie complacently, eyeing her reflection in the mirror of her vanity case; "I may glitter in the fighting-top, but it is genuine. When I was a kid I was a regular little towhead."

"I never supposed for a moment that it was anything but genuine."

(Continued on Page 69)



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How to get Klim for use in the home

Klim is made in two forms—Whole Milk (Full Cream) and Skimmed Milk.

So many people have asked how they can use Klim in their homes that we have arranged to send a trial can of Full Cream Milk and Skimmed Milk direct by mail, and when they want more we will supply them in any quantity. This is the way to get it into homes at the lowest price—so that Klim will be less per quart than the current price of dairy milk.

Send for booklet describing Klim—its manufacture and its uses.

Fill out and mail coupon for trial order.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1918—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts

KLIM Powdered Separated Milk is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Limited, Toronto

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00) (checks, money order or currency accepted), for which please send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream).
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

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What Gives Hires *Goodness*

THE next time you stop at a soda fountain ask for Hires. Don't just say rootbeer, say "Hires."

Then half close your eyes while you're sipping its deliciousness and let your thoughts wander a bit.

Imagine a cool, gurgling brook fringed with slender, swaying birch trees. The juice of the birch bark is used in making Hires.

Take a mental tramp along a winding country road until you come to the sassafras bush just inside the rail fence. There is the juice of sassafras in Hires.

Go with a band of Mexicans in search of vanilla beans. Stop in Honduras for sarsaparilla. Hunt among brown, dew-damp leaves and find a bunch of aromatic wintergreen. Pick a basketful of purple-ripe Juniper Berries.

You are actually drinking the juices of these and ten other time tried roots, barks, herbs and berries, together with pure cane sugar. They are Nature's contribution, skilfully combined and balanced to make Hires the pure, sparkling, satisfying drink that it is.

And now that you know what Hires is made of you'll enjoy it even more than before. Morning, noon, and night; every day in the year Hires is good and good for you.

You sometimes find other drinks *called* rootbeer but—well, they are *not* Hires. They *can't* be because there is only *one* genuine Hires. Ask for it by name, always. Get Hires, real Hires. You pay no more for Hires.

Hires

Get Hires in thin glasses, or creamy in the big stone mugs. At all good soda fountains.
Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

(Continued from Page 66)

"Then you've got a fine, unsuspicious nature, dadda, and I admire you for it."

"Six o'clock at Waterloo," said the earl. "I will be waiting for you."

Billie regarded him with affectionate admiration.

"Boys will be boys," she said. "All right, I'll be there."

XXII

"YOUNG blighted Albert," said Keggs, the butler, shifting his weight so that it distributed itself more comfortably over the creaking chair in which he reclined, "let this be a lesson to you, young feller me lad!"

The day was a week after Lord Marshmoreton's visit to London, the hour six o'clock. The housekeeper's room, in which the upper servants took their meals, had emptied. Of the gay company which had just finished dinner only Keggs remained, placidly digesting. Albert, whose duty it was to wait on the upper servants, was moving to and fro, morosely collecting the plates and glasses. The boy was in no happy frame of mind. Throughout dinner the conversation at table had dealt almost exclusively with the now celebrated elopement of Reggie Byng and his bride, and few subjects could have made more painful listening to Albert.

"What's been the result and what I might call the upshot," said Keggs, continuing his homily, "of all your making yourself so busy and thrusting of yourself forward and meddling in the affairs of your elders and betters? The upshot and issue of it 'as been that you are out five shillings and nothing to show for it. Five shillings what you might have spent on some good book and improved your mind! And goodness knows it wants all the improving it can get, for of all the worthless, idle little messers it's ever been my misfortune to 'ave dealings with, you are the champion. Be careful of them plates, young man, and don't breathe so 'ard. You 'aven't got hasthma or something, 'ave you?"

"I can't breathe now!" complained the stricken child.

"Not like a grampus you can't, and don't you forget it!" Keggs wagged his head reprovingly. "Well, so your Reggie Byng's gone and eloped, has he! That ought to teach you to be more careful another time 'ow you go gambling and plunging into sweepstakes. The idea of a child of your age 'aving the audacity to thrust 'isself forward like that!"

"Don't call him my Reggie Byng! I didn't draw 'im!"

"There's no need to go into all that again, young feller. You accepted 'im freely and without prejudice when the fair exchange was suggested, so for all practical intents and purposes he is your Reggie Byng. I 'ope you're going to send him a wedding present."

"Well, you ain't any better off than me, with all your 'ighway robbery!"

"My what?"

"You 'eard what I said."

"Well, don't let me 'ear you say it again. The idea! If you 'ad any objections to parting with that ticket, you should have stated them clearly at the time. And what do you mean by saying I ain't any better off than you are?"

"I 'ave my reasons."

"You think you 'ave, which is a very different thing. I suppose you imagine that you've put a stopper on a certain little affair by surreptitiously destroying letters intrusted to you."

"I never!" exclaimed Albert with a convulsive start that nearly sent eleven plates dashing to destruction.

"'Ow many times have I got to tell you to be careful of them plates?" said Keggs sternly. "Who do you think you are, a juggler on the 'alls, 'urling them about like that? Yes, I know all about that letter. You thought you was very clever, I've no doubt. But let me tell you, young blighted Albert, that only the other evening 'er ladyship and Mr. Bevan 'ad a long and extended interview in spite of all your hefforts. I saw through your little game, and I proceeded and went and arranged the meeting."

In spite of himself Albert was awed. He was oppressed by the sense of struggling with a superior intellect.

"Yes, you did!" he managed to say with the proper note of incredulity, but in his heart he was not incredulous. Dimly Albert had begun to perceive that years must elapse before he could become capable of matching himself in battles of the wits with this master strategist.

"Yes, I certainly did!" said Keggs. "I don't know what 'appened at the interview, not being present in person. But I've no doubt that everything proceeded satisfactorily."

"And a fat lot of good that's going to do you, when 'e ain't allowed to come inside the 'ouse!"

A bland smile irradiated the butler's moonlike face.

"If by 'e you're alloodin' to Mr. Bevan, young blighted Albert, let me tell you that it won't be long before 'e becomes a regular duly invited guest at the castle!"

"A lot of chance!"

"Would you care to 'ave another five shillings, even money, on it?"

Albert recoiled. He had had enough of speculation where the butler was concerned. Where that schemer was allowed to get within reach of it hard cash melted away.

"What are you going to do?"

"Never you mind what I'm going to do. I 'ave my methods. All I say to you is that to-morrow or the day after Mr. Bevan will be seated in our dining 'all with 'is feet under our table, replying according to his personal taste and preference when I ask 'im if 'e'll 'ave 'ock or sherry. Brush all them crumbs carefully off the tablecloth, young blighted Albert, don't shuffle your feet, breathe softly through your nose, and close the door be'ind you when you've finished!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Albert bitterly. But he said it to his immortal soul, not aloud. The lad's spirit was broken.

Keggs, the processes of digestion completed, presented himself before Lord Belpher in the billiard room. Percy was alone. The house party, so numerous on the night of the ball and on his birthday, had melted down now to reasonable proportions. The second and third cousins had retired, flushed and gratified, to obscure dens from which they had emerged, and the castle housed only the more prominent members of the family, always harder to dislodge than the small fry.

"Might I have a word with your lordship?"

"What is it, Keggs?"

Keggs was a self-possessed man, but he found it a little hard to begin. Then he remembered that once in the misty past he had seen Lord Belpher spanked for stealing jam, he himself having acted on that occasion as prosecuting attorney; and the memory nerved him.

"I earnestly 'ope that your lordship will not think that I am taking a liberty. I 'ave been in his lordship your father's service many years now, and the family honor is, if I may be pardoned for saying so, extremely near my 'eart. I 'ave known your lordship since you were a mere boy, and——"

Lord Belpher had listened with growing impatience to this preamble. His temper was seldom at its best these days, and the rolling periods annoyed him.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said. "What is it?"

Keggs was himself now. In his opening remarks he had simply been, as it were, winding up, like a pitcher. He was now prepared to put a few over the plate.

"Your lordship will recall inquiring of me on the night of the ball as to the *bona fides* of one of the temporary waiters—the one that stated that 'e was the cousin of young bli—of the boy Albert, the page? I have been making inquiries, your lordship, and I regret to say find that the man was a impostor. He informed me that he was Albert's cousin, but Albert now informs me that 'e has no cousin in America. I am extremely sorry that this should have occurred, your lordship, and I 'ope you will attribute it to the bustle and hustle inseparable from duties such as mine on such a occasion."

Lord Belpher nodded curtly.

"I know the fellow was an impostor. He was probably after the spoons!"

Keggs coughed.

"If I might be allowed to take a further liberty, your lordship, might I suggest that I am aware of the man's identity and of his motive for visiting the castle."

He waited a little apprehensively. This was the crucial point in the interview. If Lord Belpher did not now freeze him with a glance and order him from the room, the danger would be past, and he could speak freely. His light-blue eyes were expressionless as they met Percy's, but inwardly he was feeling much the same sensation as he was wont to experience when the family was in town and he had managed to slip off to Kempton Park or some other race course and put some of his savings on a horse. As he felt when the racing steeds thundered down the straight, so did he feel now.

Astonishment showed in Lord Belpher's round face. Just as it was about to be succeeded by indignation, the butler spoke again:

"I am aware, your lordship, that it is not my place to offer suggestions as to the private and intimate affairs of the family I 'ave the honor to serve, but, if your lordship would consent to overlook the liberty, I think I could be of 'elp and assistance in a matter which is causing annoyance and unpleasantness to all."

He invigorated himself with another dip into the waters of memory. Yes! The young man before him might be Lord Belpher, son of his employer and heir to all these great estates, but once he had seen him spanked.

Perhaps Percy also remembered this. Perhaps he merely felt that Keggs was a faithful old servant, and as such entitled to thrust himself into the family affairs. Whatever his reasons, he now definitely lowered the barrier.

"Well?" he said, with a glance at the door to make sure that there were no witnesses to an act of which the aristocrat in him disapproved. "Go on!"

Keggs breathed freely. The danger point was passed.

"'Aving a natural interest, your lordship," he said, "we of the servants' 'all generally manage to become respectfully aware of whatever 'appens to be transpirin' above-stairs. May I say that I become acquainted at an early stage with the trouble which your lordship is unfortunately 'aving with a certain party."

Lord Belpher, although his whole being revolted against what practically amounted to hobnobbing with a butler, perceived that he had committed himself to the discussion. It revolted him to think that these delicate family secrets were the subject of conversation in menial circles, but it was too late to do anything now. And such was the whole-heartedness with which he had declared war upon George Bevan that, at this stage in the proceedings, his chief emotion was a hope that Keggs might have something sensible to suggest.

"I think, begging your lordship's pardon for making the remark, that you are acting injudicious. I 'ave been in service a great number of years, startin' as steward's-room boy and rising to my present position, and I may say I 'ave had experience during those years of several cases where the daughter or son of the 'ouse contemplated a misalliance, and all but one of the cases ended disastrously, your lordship, on account of the family trying opposition. It is my experience that opposition in matters of the 'eart is useless, feedin', as it so to speak does, the flame. Young people, your lordship, if I may be pardoned for employing the expression in the present case, are naturally romantic, and if you keep 'em away from a thing they sit and pity themselves and want it all the more. And in the end you may be sure they get it. There's no way of stoppin' them. I was not on sufficiently easy terms with the late Lord Worlingham to give 'im the benefit of my experience on the occasion when the Honorable Aubrey Pershore fell in love with the young person at the Gaiety Theater. Otherwise I could have told 'im he was not acting judicious. His lordship opposed the match in every way, and the young couple ran off and got married at a registrar's. It was the same when a young man who was tutor to 'er ladyship's brother attracted Lady Evelyn Walls, the only daughter of the Earl of Ackleton. In fact, your lordship, the only entanglement of the kind that came to a satisfactory conclusion in the whole of my personal experience was the affair of Lady Catherine Duseby, Lord Bridgefield's daughter, who injudiciously became infatuated with a roller-skating instructor."

Lord Belpher had ceased to feel distantly superior to his companion. The butler's powerful personality hypnotized him. Long ere the harangue was ended, he was as a little child drinking in the utterances of a master. He bent forward eagerly. Keggs had broken off his remarks at the most interesting point.

"What happened?" inquired Percy.

"The young man," proceeded Keggs, "was a young man of considerable personal attractions, 'avin' large brown eyes and a athletic, lissome figure, brought about by roller skating. It was no wonder, in the opinion of the servants' 'all, that 'er ladyship should have found 'erself fascinated

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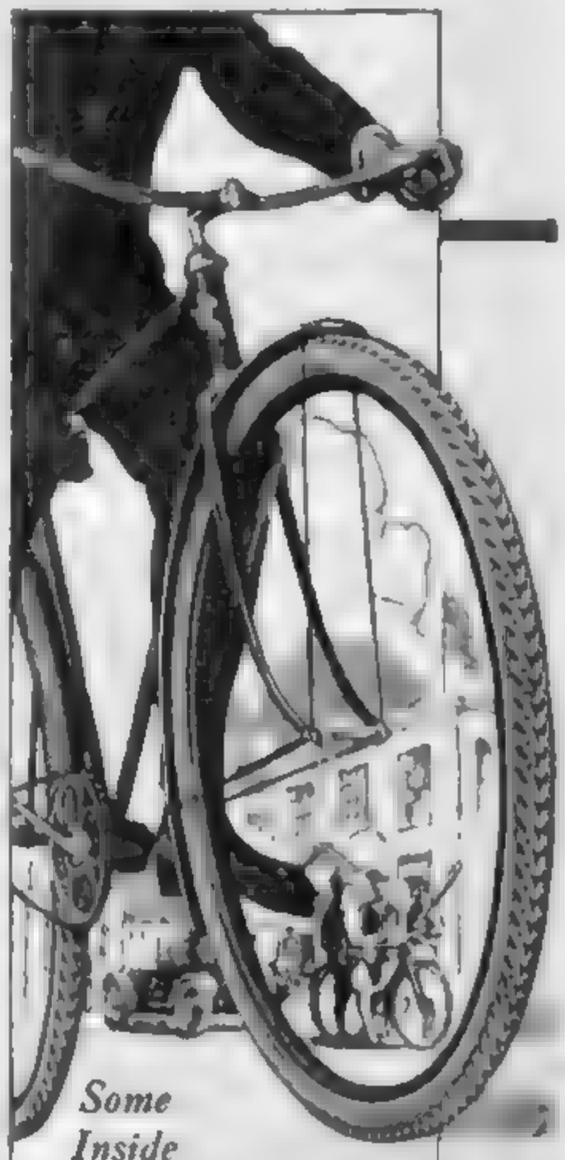

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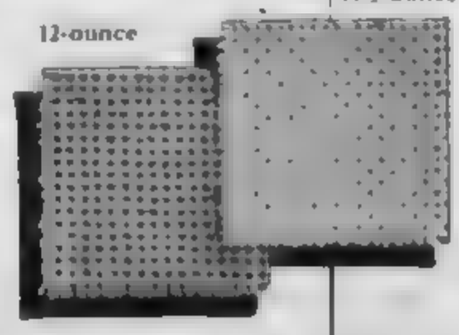

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce — and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

by him, particularly as I myself 'ad 'eard her observe at a full luncheon-table that roller skating was in her opinion the only thing, except her toy Pomeranian, that made life worth living. But when she announced that she had become engaged to this young man, there was the greatest consternation. I was not, of course, privileged to be a participant at the many councils and discussions that ensued and took place, but I was aware that such transpired with great frequency. Eventually 'is lordship took the shrewd step of assuming acquiescence and inviting the young man to visit us in Scotland. And within ten days of 'is arrival, your lordship, the match was broken off. He went back to 'is roller skating, and 'er ladyship took up visiting the poor and eventually contracted an altogether suitable alliance by marrying Lord Ronald Spofforth, the second son of His Grace the Duke of Gorbals and Strathbungo."

"How did it happen?"

"Seein' the young man in the surroundings of 'er own 'ome, 'er ladyship soon began to see that she had taken too romantic a view of 'im previous, your lordship. 'E was one of the lower middle class, what is sometimes termed the bourjoisy, and 'is 'abits were not the 'abits of the class to which 'er ladyship belonged. 'E 'ad nothing in common with the rest of the 'ouse party, and was injudicious in 'is choice of forks. The very first night at dinner 'e took a steel knife to the ontray, and I see 'er ladyship look at him very sharp, as much as to say the scales had fallen from 'er eyes. It didn't take 'er long after that to become convinced that 'er 'eart 'ad led 'er astray."

"Then you think ——"

"It is not for me to presume to offer anything but the most respectful advice, your lordship, but I should most certainly advocate a similar procedure in the present instance."

Lord Belpher reflected. Recent events had brought home to him the magnitude of the task he had assumed when he had appointed himself the watcher of his sister's movements. The affair of the curate and the village blacksmith had shaken him both physically and spiritually. His feet were still sore, and his confidence in himself had waned considerably. The thought of having to continue his espionage indefinitely was not a pleasant one. How much more effective it would be to adopt the suggestion which had been offered to him.

"I'm not sure you aren't right, Keggs."

"Thank you, your lordship. I feel convinced of it."

"I will speak to my father to-night."

"Very good, your lordship. I am glad to have been of service."

"Young blighted Albert," said Keggs crisply, shortly after breakfast on the following morning, "you're to take this note to Mr. Bevan at the cottage down by Platt's farm, and you're to deliver it without playing any of your monkey tricks, and you're to wait for an answer, and you're to bring that answer back to me to 'and to Lord Marshmoreton. And I may tell you, to save you the trouble of opening it with steam from the kitchen kettle, that I 'ave already done so. It's an invitation to dine with us to-night. So now you know. Look slippy!"

Albert capitulated. For the first time in his life he felt humble. He perceived how misguided he had been ever to suppose that he could pit his pygmy wits against this smooth-faced worker of wonders.

"Crikey!" he ejaculated.

It was all that he could say.

"And there's one more thing, young fellow me lad," added Keggs earnestly; "don't you ever grow up to be such a fat'ead as our friend Percy. Don't forget I warned you."

XXIII

LIFE is like some crazy machine that is always going either too slow or too fast. From the cradle to the grave we alternate between the Sargasso Sea and the rapids, forever either becalmed or storm-tossed. It seemed to Maud, as she looked across the dinner-table in order to make sure for the twentieth time that it really was George Bevan who sat opposite her, that, after months in which nothing whatever had happened, she was now living through a period when everything was happening at once. Life, from being a broken-down machine, had suddenly begun to race.

To the orderly routine that stretched back to the time when she had been hurried home in disgrace from Wales, there had succeeded a mad whirl of events, to which the miracle of to-night had come as a fitting climax. She had not begun to dress for dinner till somewhat late, and had consequently entered the drawing-room just as Keggs was announcing that the meal was ready. She had received her first shock when the lovesick Plummer, emerging from a mixed crowd of relatives and friends, had informed her that he was to take her in. She had not expected Plummer to be there, though he lived in the neighborhood. Plummer at their last meeting had stated his intention of going abroad for a bit to mend his bruised heart, and it was a little disconcerting to a sensitive girl to find her victim popping up again like this. She did not know that, as far as Plummer was concerned, the whole affair was to be considered opened again.

To Plummer, analyzing the girl's motives in refusing him, there had come the idea that there was another, and that this other must be Reggie Byng. From the first he had always looked upon Reggie as his worst rival. And now Reggie had bolted with the Faraday girl, leaving Maud in excellent condition, so it seemed to Plummer, to console herself with a worthier man. Plummer knew all about the rebound and the part it plays in affairs of the heart. His own breach-of-promise case two years earlier had been entirely due to the fact that the refusal of the youngest Devenish girl to marry him had caused him to rebound into the dangerous society of the second girl from the O. P. end of the first row in the Summertime is Kissing Time number in the Alhambra revue. He had come to the castle to-night gloomy, but not without hope.

Maud's second shock eclipsed the first entirely. No notification had been given to her either by her father or by Percy of the proposed extension of the hand of hospitality to George, and the sight of him standing there talking to her aunt Caroline made her momentarily dizzy. Life, which for several days had had all the properties now of a dream, now of a nightmare, became more unreal than ever. She could conceive no explanation of George's presence. He could not be there, that was all there was to it; yet there undoubtedly he was. Her manner, as she accompanied Plummer down the stairs, took on such a dazed sweetness that her escort felt that in coming there that night he had done the wisest act of a lifetime studded but sparsely with wise acts. It seemed to Plummer that this girl had softened toward him. Certainly something had changed her. He could not know that she was merely wondering if she was awake.

George, meanwhile, across the table, was also having a little difficulty in adjusting his faculties to the progress of events. He had given up trying to imagine why he had been invited to this dinner, and was now endeavoring to find some theory which would square with the fact of Billie Dore's being at the castle. At precisely this hour Billie, by rights, should have been putting the finishing touches on her make-up in a second-floor dressing room at the Regal. Yet there she sat, very much at her ease in this aristocratic company, so quietly and unobtrusively dressed in some black stuff that at first he had scarcely recognized her. She was talking to the Bishop.

The voice of Keggs at his elbow broke in on his reverie:

"Sherry or 'ock, sir?"

George could not have explained why this reminder of the butler's presence should have made him feel better, but it did. There was something solid and tranquilizing about Keggs. He had noticed it before. For the first time the sensation of having been smitten over the head with some blunt instrument began to abate. It was as if Keggs by the mere intonation of his voice had said:

"All this no doubt seems very strange and unusual to you, but feel no alarm! I am here!"

George began to sit up and take notice. A cloud seemed to have cleared from his brain. He found himself looking on his fellow diners as individuals rather than as a confused mass. The prophet Daniel, after the initial embarrassment of finding himself in the society of the lions had passed away, must have experienced a somewhat similar sensation.

He began to sort these people out and label them. There had been introductions in the drawing-room, but they had merely left him with a bewildered sense of having heard somebody recite a page from Burke's Peerage. Not since that day in the free library in London, when he had dived into that fascinating volume in order to discover Maud's identity, had he undergone such a rain of titles. He now took stock, to ascertain how many of these people he could identify.

The stock taking was an absolute failure. Of all those present the only individuals he could swear to were his own personal little playmates with whom he had sported in other surroundings. There was Lord Belpher, for instance, eying him with a hostility that could hardly be called veiled. There was Lord Marshmoreton at the head of the table, listening glumly to the conversation of a stout woman with a pearl necklace. But who was the woman? Was it Lady Jane Allenby or Lady Edith Wade-Beverly or Lady Patricia Fowles? And who, above all, was the pie-faced fellow with the mustache talking to Maud?

He sought assistance from the girl he had taken in to dinner. She appeared, as far as he could ascertain from a short acquaintance, to be an amiable little thing. She was small and young and fluffy, and he had caught enough of her name at the moment of introduction to gather that she was plain "Miss" Something, a fact which seemed to him to draw them together. "I wish you would tell me who some of these people are," he said, as she turned from talking to the man on her other side. "Who is the man over there?"

"Which man?"

"The one talking to Lady Maud. The fellow whose face ought to be shuffled and dealt again."

"That's my brother."

That held George during the soup.

"I'm sorry about your brother," he said, rallying with the fish.

"That's very sweet of you."

"It was the light that deceived me. Now that I look again, I see that his face has great charm."

The girl giggled. George began to feel better.

"Who are some of the others? I didn't get your name, for instance. They shot it at me so quick that it had whizzed by before I could catch it."

"My name is Plummer."

George was electrified. He looked across the table with more vivid interest. The amorous Plummer had been just a voice to him till now. It was exciting to see him in the flesh.

"And who are the rest of them?"

"They are nearly all members of the family. I thought you knew them."

"I know Lord Marshmoreton. And Lady Maud. And, of course, Lord Belpher." He caught Percy's eye as it surveyed him coldly from the other side of the table, and nodded cheerfully. "Great pal of mine, Lord Belpher."

The fluffy Miss Plummer twisted her pretty face into a grimace of disapproval.

"I don't like Percy!"

"No!"

"I think he's conceited."

"Surely not? What could he have to be conceited about?"

"He's stiff."

"Yes, of course, that's how he strikes people at first. The first time I met him, I though he was an awful stiff. But you should see him in his moments of relaxation. He's one of those fellows you have to get to know. He grows on you."

"Yes, but look at that affair with the policeman in London. Everybody in the county is talking about it."

"Young blood!" sighed George. "Young blood! Of course, Percy is wild."

"He must have been intoxicated."

"Oh, undoubtedly," said George.

Miss Plummer glanced across the table.

"Do look at Edwin!"

"Which is Edwin?"

"My brother, I mean—look at the way he keeps staring at Maud. Edwin's awfully in love with Maud," she prattled on with engaging frankness. "At least he thinks he is. He's been in love with a different girl every season since I came out. And now that Reggie Byng has gone and got married to Alice Faraday, he thinks he has a chance. You heard about that, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did hear something about it."

"Of course, Edwin's wasting his time really. I happen to know"—Miss Plummer sank her voice to a whisper—"I happen to know that Maud's awfully in love with some man she met in Wales last year, but the family won't hear of it."

"Families are like that," agreed George.

"Nobody knows who he is, but everybody in the county knows all about it. Those things get about, you know. Of course, it's out of the question. Maud will have to marry somebody awfully rich or with a title. Her family's one of the oldest in England, you know."

"So I understand."

"It isn't as if she were the daughter of Lord Peebles, or somebody like that."

"Why Lord Peebles?"

"Well, what I mean to say is," said Miss Plummer with a silvery echo of Reggie Byng, "he made his money in whisky."

"That's better than spending it that way," argued George.

Miss Plummer looked puzzled.

"I see what you mean," she said a little vaguely. "Lord Marshmoreton is so different."

"Haughty nobleman stuff, eh?"

"Yes."

"So you think this mysterious man in Wales hasn't a chance?"

"Not unless he and Maud elope like Reggie Byng and Alice. Wasn't that exciting! Who would ever have suspected that Reggie had the dash to do a thing like that? Lord Marshmoreton's new secretary is very pretty, don't you think?"

"Which is she?"

"The girl in black with the golden hair."

"Is she Lord Marshmoreton's secretary!"

"Yes, she's an American girl. I think she's much nicer than Alice Faraday. I was talking to her before dinner. Her name is Dore. Her father was a captain in the American Army, who died without leaving her a penny. He was the younger son of a very distinguished family, but his family disowned him because he married against their wishes."

"Something ought to be done to stop these families," said George. "They're always up to something."

"So Miss Dore had to go out and earn her own living. It must have been awful for her, mustn't it, having to give up society?"

"Did she give up society?"

"Oh, yes; she used to go everywhere in New York before her father died. I think American girls are wonderful. They have so much enterprise."

George at the moment was thinking that it was in imagination that they excelled.

"I wish I could go out and earn my living," said Miss Plummer. "But the family won't dream of it."

"The family again!" said George sympathetically. "They're a perfect curse."

"I want to go on the stage. Are you fond of the theater?"

"Fairly."

"I love it. Have you seen Hubert Broadleigh in 'Twas Once in Spring?"

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"He's wonderful. Have you seen Cynthia Dane in A Woman's No?"

"I missed that one too."

"Perhaps you prefer musical pieces? I saw an awfully good musical comedy before I left town. It's called Follow the Girl. It's at the Regal Theater. Have you seen it?"

"I wrote it."

"You—what!"

"That is to say, I wrote the music."

"But the music's lovely," gasped little Miss Plummer, as if the fact made his claim ridiculous. "I've been humming it ever since."

"I can't help that. I still stick to it that I wrote it."

"You aren't George Bevan!"

"I am!"

"But"—Miss Plummer's voice almost failed her—"but I've been dancing to your music for years! I've got about fifty of your records at home."

George blushed. However successful a man may be, he can never get really used to fame at close range.

"Why, that trickly thing—you know, in the second act—is the darlingest thing I ever heard. I'm mad about it."

"Do you mean the one that goes lumty-tumty-tum, tumty-tumty-tum?"

"No, the one that goes ta-rumty-tum-tum, ta-tumty-tum-tum. You know, the one about Granny dancing the shimmy."

"I'm not responsible for the words, you know," urged George hastily. "Those are wished on me by the lyrist."

"I think the words are splendid. 'Although poor popper thinks it's improper, Granny's always doing it and nobody can stop her!' I loved it." Miss Plummer leaned forward excitedly. She was an impulsive girl. "Lady Caroline!"

(Continued on Page 73)

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Conversation stopped. Lady Caroline turned.

"Yes, Millie?"

"Did you know that Mr. Bevan was the Mr. Bevan?"

Everybody was listening now. George huddled pinkly in his chair. He had not foreseen this ballyhooing.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego combined had never felt a tithe of the warmth that consumed him.

He was essentially a modest young man.

"The Mr. Bevan?" echoed Lady Caroline coldly. It was painful to her to have to recognize George's existence on the same planet as herself. To admire him, as Miss Plummer apparently expected her to do, was a loathsome task. She cast one glance, fresh from the refrigerator, at the shrinking George, and elevated her aristocratic eyebrows.

Miss Plummer was not damped. She was at the hero-worshiping age, and George shared with the Messrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Francis X. Bushman, and one or two tennis champions an imposing pedestal in her Hall of Fame.

"You know—George Bevan, who wrote the music of Follow the Girl."

Lady Caroline showed no signs of thawing. She had not heard of Follow the Girl. Her attitude suggested that, while she admitted the possibility of George's having disgraced himself in the manner indicated, it was nothing to her.

"And all those other things," pursued Miss Plummer. "You must have heard his music on the talking machine!"

"Why, of course!"

It was not Lady Caroline who spoke, but a man farther down the table. He spoke with enthusiasm.

"Of course, by Jove!" he said. "The Schenectady Shimmy, by Jove, and all that! Ripping!"

Everybody seemed pleased and interested. Everybody, that is to say, except Lady Caroline and Lord Belpher. Percy was feeling that he had been tricked. He cursed the imbecility of Keggs in suggesting that this man should be invited to dinner. Everything had gone wrong. George was an undoubted success. The majority of the company were solid for him. As far as exposing his unworthiness in the eyes of Maud was concerned the dinner had been a ghastly failure. Much better to have left him to lurk in his infernal cottage. Lord Belpher drained his glass moodily. He was seriously upset.

But his discomfort at that moment was as nothing to the agony which rent his tortured soul a moment later. Lord Marshmoreton, who had been listening with growing excitement to the chorus of approval, rose from his seat. He cleared his throat. It was plain that Lord Marshmoreton had something on his mind.

"Er . . . ." he said.

The clatter of conversation ceased once more, stunned, as it always is at dinner parties when one of the gathering is seen to have assumed an upright position. Lord Marshmoreton cleared his throat again. His tanned face had taken on a deeper hue, and there was a look in his eyes which seemed to suggest that he was defying something or somebody. It was the look which Ajax had in his eyes when he defied the lightning, the look which nervous husbands have when they announce their intention of going round the corner to bowl a few games with the boys. One could not say definitely that Lord Marshmoreton looked pop-eyed. On the other hand, one could not assert truthfully that he did not. At any rate, he was manifestly embarrassed. He had made up his mind to a certain course of action on the spur of the moment, taking advantage, as others have done, of the trend of popular enthusiasm; and his state of mind was nervous but resolute, like that of a soldier going over the top. He cleared his throat for the third time, took one swift glance at his sister Caroline, then gazed glassily into the emptiness above her head

"I take this opportunity," he said rapidly, clutching at the tablecloth for support—"take this opportunity of announcing the engagement of my daughter Maud to Mr. Bevan. And," he concluded with a rush, pouring back into his chair, "I should like you all to drink their health!"

There was a silence that hurt. It was broken by two sounds, occurring simultaneously in different parts of the room. One was a gasp from Lady Caroline. The other was a crash of glass.

For the first time in a long and unblemished career Keggs the butler had dropped a tray.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PARTNERS

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Why," protested Mr. Winkel, turning wide-eyed on Moran, "he looked right straight at me when he said that."

"But he meant it for me. Duff is cock-eyed when he's mad," explained Moran.

"Besides there's nothing to get mad about," reproached the bewildered Mr. Winkel. "If you'll just call Miss Wells——"

"But she's probably gone," alibied Duff for his outburst of wrath. "The idea of handing your money over to a strange woman like that. Why, Winkel, you deserve to lose it!

"I'll go and call her in, but I tell you now you deserve to find her gone."

Nevertheless Mr. Duff, as he went dashing out of the door, mad with disgust, found himself daring to hope feebly that the young woman might, like Mary's little lamb, have lingered patiently about.

She was not, however, in the conference room leading to the private exit in which he had left her, and she was not in that corridor outside. He turned and came dashing back through the suite to the front entrance and he tore open the door—to confront the vigorous person of Ben B. Downey.

This unexpected encounter with a rugged looking man in the uniform of a demobilized officer checked the impetuosity of Mr. Duff's mood for an instant. Nothing checked Ben, however.

"Are you Mr. Duff?" he demanded bluntly.

"Do you want to see Duff?" inquired the other with a foxy expression about the eyes.

"Yes! I'm looking at him, too, I guess, judging from the description I've got—a big impertinent stiff with a bag of malt for a brain," answered Downey, deliberately offensive. "Where's Winkel?"

"Winkel's not here," answered Duff, blocking the way impudently, whereupon Ben, simple and direct in all his ways, unaccustomed to subtleties, concealing his angers and his animosities no more than he concealed his joys and enthusiasm, took a short but hearty punch at the obtruding stomach. The jab was vicious rather than mighty, but it was unexpected. Mr. Duff grunted loudly and then sat down with ludicrous precipitation upon the floor, grasping tenderly at the assailed portion of his anatomy with one hand, while with the other he sought to maintain the upper half of his body in a vertical position upon the floor. Vocally Mr. Duff struggled for words and was silent, not because words did not occur to him to utter, but because for the time being no breath was available wherewith to utter them.

"Where's Winkel, I say?" demanded Ben.

"Who—who are you?" roared Mr. Duff, as he got his wind and relieved his feelings with a mighty bellow of rage.

"Downey is my name, Ben B. Downey, if it's any satisfaction to you to know who you've been trying to bully."

"Downey," howled Mr. Duff. "Downey! Here, Mr. Winkel, is one of the thieves. Quick, shut that door. We've got one of the precious pair anyway." And Duff, who had staggered to his feet, made a pretense of closing violently and then locking the door behind Mr. Downey. In reality he took good care not to lock it and also employed the precaution of allowing those doubled fists of the lieutenant's a tolerably wide zone of maneuver.

"What do you mean—thieves?" demanded Ben, eyes blazing indignantly.

"Miss—Miss—that woman, your secretary, has run away with Mr. Winkel's money—two thousand dollars!" blustered Duff, the loudness of his voice and the wildness of his gesticulations being meant to ambush the fact that he attempted no physical retaliation upon Mr. Downey. "He gave it to her to hold and she——"

"She ran away with it," squeaked Mr. Winkel, now appearing.

"She did nothing of the sort, Mr. Winkel, if that's who you are," announced Ben as Maisie, quite unable to wait the whole two minutes, came rushing on the scene. "When this bunko steerer here decoyed her into the hall and locked her out to keep her from interfering with his plans to fleece you, she hurried after me, and I am here, Mr. Winkel, to make sure that you get a fair deal."

"Oh," exclaimed Winkel, his face lighting up, "then you are Mr. Downey. I liked you before I saw you."

And he thrust out a weak, amicable hand. The appearance of Maisie, her eyes full of hatred for Duff and of consideration for Winkel, had also contributed quickly to reassure the investor.

"But where's his money?" demanded Duff, nastily determined there should be no restoration of the *entente cordiale* between Winkel and Downey & Co. if he could help it. "They run a fine bluff, but they don't give you back your money."

Ben turned a wondering eye on Maisie.

"The package!" she exclaimed, comprehending with a burst of laughter.

"Oh," said Ben, and clutched violently at his hip pocket.

He drew forth the rumpled brown parcel and handed it to Winkel.

"I thought it was a pair of socks!"

"He thought it was a pair of socks!" sneered Duff, as Winkel in his eagerness broke the package open and revealed a crumpled layer of fifty and one hundred dollar bills.

"What did you think it was, Mr. Duff, when you saw him hand it to me?" retorted Maisie, turning up her nose under the tall gentleman's face.

"Well, we won't discuss that now," snarled the big fellow. "Winkel's got his money back, and lucky to get it too! Now the pair of you can go and we'll finish our business."

"On the contrary, we'll stay and see Winkel through," answered Downey coolly; and Ben Downey had a way of saying things that made people know he was likely to mean them.

"Stay!" exploded Duff. "You'll not stay."

"I don't notice anything round here to keep me from staying," remarked Ben, and crooked his elbow with a significance that made Mr. Duff withdraw yet farther from proximity to the young lieutenant.

"Please stay, Mr. Downey," gurgled Winkel, brandishing his money exuberantly. "I want you and Miss Wells to see what a fine thing I've got."

All fear had departed now from the thin man's heart. Out of this whirlwind of excitement he had emerged calm and content, with a feeling that the stars were fighting for him.

"Oh, all right, stay if you want to, you precious pair of buttinskis," grumbled Mr. Duff. "Stay and be damned to you! It's all over but paying the money and signing on the dotted line. If it's any satisfaction to hear a pen scratch and see good money you are trying hard to land passed over to somebody else, why, stay and enjoy the situation."

To the accompaniment of such a pleasant line of conversation Duff led the way to that inner room, fearing that delay on any pretext whatever might separate him permanently from Winkel and his money.

"Look at that now; ain't that dandy?" And Mr. Winkel placed before Ben's astonished eyes the photograph of the front of the Sun Motion Picture Theater.

"Why, Ben," exclaimed the equally startled Maisie, "that's the theater you were looking at for Mr. Winkel."

"Yes," said Ben glumly.

"I've just bought it," gurgled Mr. Winkel.

"It's a wonderful buy at the price," admitted Ben honestly.

"Ben!" almost shrieked Maisie. "Then they've beat us to it really!"

"They beat us to Winkel," acknowledged Ben.

"You admit it's a good buy, then," inquired Mr. Moran with a triumphant leer.

"Certainly."

"And as a friend of Mr. Winkel's and as a business man you entirely approve of his putting his money into the project?"

This was rather rubbing it in, it would seem, but Ben B. Downey was essentially honest and he was game. Besides which——

"I do," said Ben. "As I understand Mr. Winkel's requirements in the way of an investment, this theater exactly fills them. That's why I took an option on it this afternoon."

"Option?" exclaimed Mr. Duff, breaking into the conversation.

"Option!" said Ben B. Downey quietly, but in a clear even tone that echoed like the knell of hope throughout the office of the amusements brokers.

Duff turned an enraged, accusing eye upon his partner.

"Didn't you get an option on that property?" he asked hotly.

"I didn't need no option," retorted Moran.

"Here, this transaction's over. Sign here," he bullied, thrusting the pen into Winkel's hand.

But Ben B. Downey had snatched up the agreement to purchase.

"Three thousand dollars! Why, Mr. Winkel, besides selling what they can't deliver they are robbing you. That property was advertised for sale this morning at two thousand dollars." He drew from his vest pocket a scrap torn from the morning newspaper and thrust it under Mr. Winkel's eye.

Winkel read it and turned on Duff & Moran a peculiar wall-eyed glance of wrath that was the first hard look that had come from his meek eyes this day. Downey, meanwhile, had taken something else from his pocket. This was the option on the Sun Picture Theater reading to Ben B. Downey & Co., signed by Mrs. Minnie Jackson, owner, and by her husband, Captain Charles Jackson, to settle the least possibility of a legal quibble.

"It's a bluff," said the baffled Duff.

"It's a hold-up," said Moran.

"It's a hold-water," affirmed Downey with a victory smile.

"It's a good thing to have thought of, don't you think?" inquired Maisie brightly, and then feigned absorbed contemplation of the picture revealed to her by the tiny mirror on the inside of her purse; but she interrupted this occupation presently to add dryly:

"Any time you catch Downey & Co. overlooking one of these trifling little business details, ring up and call our attention to it, won't you?"

"Let us go to your office, Miss Wells," proposed Mr. Winkel mildly, staring into the corner where Duff and Moran leaned together for consolation as though he gazed blankly into empty space.

"Yes," said Ben, glancing at the ornate little clock on the D. & M. desk. "I told Mrs. Jackson and her husband to be there at a quarter of five o'clock. We have just fifteen minutes."

"Ben," whispered Maisie impatiently in the elevator, "I am just so tickled! What commission do we get?"

"Just the three hundred we had to have," chuckled the young man. "Mrs. Jackson was despondent over not getting a satisfactory offer earlier in the day. She was ready to let the place go at fifteen hundred, but I told her I'd get her two hundred better than that if she'd let me have the other three."

"And it's a good buy for Winkel?"

"It is—decidedly. Besides we just saved him from paying three thousand for it."

There was no answer to this.

Mrs. Jackson and her husband, the captain, met Downey & Co. and Winkel as agreed. Papers were signed, the money was paid over and both buyer and seller departed in a taxicab for the site of the Sun Picture Theater, leaving Ben and Maisie gazing at one another with three one-hundred-dollar bills lying on the desk between them. The new firm was financed; it was established; and the clock was just striking five. The glint of triumph was in the young man's eyes and the glow of admiration enriched the color on the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, Ben!" exclaimed Maisie, reaching out two enthusiastic hands. "Isn't it wonderful to be just——"

"Partners!" exulted Ben, clasping the two hands and squeezing them violently.

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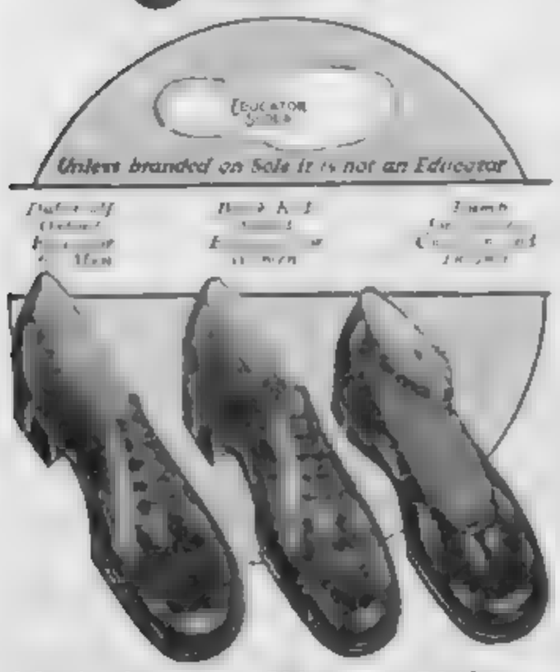

Made for Men, Women, Children

THE SEAT OF THE EMOTIONS

(Continued from Page 15)

Milliken told him. McCleary was a client. He had made a collection for McCleary and held out two hundred and fifty for his fee. McCleary had kicked—without result, for Milliken had already used the money. McCleary sued—the court figured that one hundred and fifty dollars would have been an ample charge. This meant that Milliken still had one hundred dollars of McCleary's money. He was directed forthwith to pay it to McCleary. He hadn't done so—yet. He was a thief.

"Ira—God's truth," said Milliken, "I've combed this city fore and aft to get a hundred dollars. I've barely scraped up enough to pay the costs. I've been to everybody that I know—I've sent my wife to everybody that she knows. McCleary's camping on my trail—he stands ready to make a charge before a magistrate. And now, the bar association. I've got to have a hundred dollars, Ira. The alternative is ruin."

Ira realized it. The most cursory examination of the papers that Milliken thrust into his hands satisfied him that Milliken was telling truth.

"Ding it," went on Milliken, "if my boy was only here—but he's over at the Front!"

Ira thought of Milliken's wife making the rounds of her friends, humiliating herself, making a last frenzied appeal for the salvation of the family. He thought of Ira's boy.

"Milliken, old scout," said Ira kindly, "you've got all my sympathy, you understand—but all my sympathy won't do you any good. You've come to the wrong shop, old man. I haven't got the money."

That's what Ira said. He said it, notwithstanding that hundred dollars extra money was burning a hole in his waistcoat pocket.

"Fact is," went on Ira, "I've just been on the point of trying to scare up a loan myself. And I don't know where to go to get it."

This was quite true. But Milliken just stared at him, white and clammy—horror-stricken.

"You're my last chance, Ellers!" he exclaimed, as though talking to himself rather than to Ira. "My gosh, I'm done!"

He trailed out of Ira's office, a broken man. Ira watched him go. Ira sat there thinking. He knew Milliken well—everybody at the bar knew Milliken. Milliken, personally, was deserving of but little sympathy. But Milliken's family—that was a different matter. The man was a man with a fine wife. And his son was over at the Front—and so was Ira's. In fact, they'd gone together.

And the situation was critical. In a city reeking with wartime prosperity the bar, nevertheless, was impecunious. Day after day in some of the small law offices of the city funds were being withheld from clients. The bar association had given fair notice—it was going to check this thing. And it would make Milliken an example—it would nail him to the barn door for all the world to stare at. Ira Ellers knew and felt that he personally was the man of the hour. The whole burden had suddenly been laid on Ira's shoulders.

He had a hundred dollars extra money in his pocket. If he withheld it from Milliken, Milliken would go to jail—he would be ruined for life—his family would be ruined with him: If he loaned Milliken the hundred all would be well.

Ira drew a long breath and pulled himself togetner. He waited in his office for a quarter of an hour. Then he went upstairs to Milliken's. He found Milliken closeted with McCleary—the latter raging like a mad bull. Ira called Milliken to the hall.

"By the greatest good luck," lied Ira, "just after you left—old client of mine—came in—paid old bill."

He thrust the hundred into Milliken's outstretched hands. Milliken stared at it—grabbed it. His eyes glowing, he grabbed Ira about the shoulders—clutched him in an ecstasy of gratitude. To Ira the moment was one of the most exalted in his life. Ira Ellers had never been a hero—he carried with him the memory of no heroic act. But now he felt a satisfying sacrificial glow. The salvation of the Milliken family was due to him. Alone, unaided, he had saved a man. It was an experience worth while.

Then he went home.

His wife was waiting for him—waiting to tell him that there still was no news from France and Phil. She had been waiting for months now, without result. And she was getting old and worn. Ira didn't like it, but there was nothing he could do. However, on this occasion his face was still ruddy from the sensations he had experienced in salving Milliken—his eyes still glowed.

"You have some news," exclaimed his wife.

"None about Phil," said Ira, shaking his head, "it's about a friend of mine named Milliken."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ellers, "Milliken."

"Emmy," said Ira, beginning the story hindside foremost, "I want you to realize that I know how badly you need clothes. Clothes and other things, Emmy. It's been on my mind all the time. I haven't forgotten that I promised you the first extra hundred that came my way—though there was small chance of any extra money coming. But I've kept the thing in mind. And today——"

"Ira!" cried Emmy.

Ira gulped. "I got the extra hundred," he went on.

You see, he'd made the mistake of telling his story chronologically—he was giving it to her step by step, just as it happened. And Emmy was a woman—and her eyes glowed. One hundred dollars! She had known for seven long weary months just what she was going to do with a hundred dollars—when she got it. Her list was all made out. Ira glanced at her apprehensively. He was just beginning to realize how much that hundred would do for Emmy. It would send her day after day into the stores—it would keep her busy over a sewing machine—it would take her mind off France. He could see that when he had mentioned that extra hundred dollars he had raised Emmy, somehow, to the seventh heaven of delight. Ira brought her swiftly down to earth.

"I've got to tell you quick," said Ira. "The hundred's gone. I loaned it to Milliken this afternoon."

Emmy stared at him. Loaned it to Milliken—loaned her money to Milliken. Loaned to Milliken the money that she'd waited for for seven long months. She stared at Ira.

"Why?" she demanded—a bit frigidly, it must be said.

Ira told her the whole story—told her all about Milliken's dire need.

"I'd have been a triple-dyed scoundrel not to have let him have the money. If I'd refused him I couldn't have looked you in the face." Thus Ira. Emmy waited patiently until Ira got through—she was a very patient woman. When he had finished she came over to him and took him by the hand—she always took Ira by the hand when she wanted to talk things into him. Ira sort of shivered. He liked to hold Emmy's hand—he was that sort. But he liked to hold it of his own accord. He didn't want Emmy's hand thrust upon him. However, it was thrust upon him now. With creepy feelings all over him Ira submitted—he waited with good grace for what was coming. And it came.

"Ira," said Emmy gently, "why didn't you ask Wormsley about lending Milliken this money?"

"Wormsley?" queried Ira. "Who's Wormsley?"

"Nobody," smiled Emmy, still patiently of course, "only our grocer and butcher. We owe him over a hundred. Why didn't you consult him, Ira? Actually the money belongs to him. But probably he would have viewed the matter in your light. Probably he would have told you to go on and lend his money to this Milliken."

"Nonsense," said Ira, fidgeting about.

"Maybe, though," went on Emmy with another smile, "maybe, though, he'd have liked the satisfaction of lending it to Milliken himself; or maybe to some friend of his own."

"Piffle!" said Ira. But he wasn't very brash about it.

"Ira," went on Emmy, stroking Ira's hand the while, "you—you just said you know how much I've needed money—how much I need it now. And you know what little chance we have of getting any money in."

Ira knew that well. He was a real-estate lawyer—and the war had done things to real estate and real-estate men and real-estate lawyers. There were no deeds to draw, no titles to search, no titles to pass, no deals to put through, no money to loan. And Ira's credit had stretched almost to the breaking point.

"You see, by rights, Ira," went on Emmy, kneading Ira's hand between her own, "that money was mine."

Ira caved. "Emmy," he said, "you're right. It sure was. I see it now."

Emmy drew a little timeworn piece of paper from some recess in her dress.

"It wasn't all mine, either," she went on, exhibiting her list to Ira. "You see, part of it belonged to me, and part of it belonged to Phil."

"What's Phil got to do with it?" demanded Ira. Under cover of his question he tried to draw his hand away from Emmy's. But he failed. She still held him in her velvet grip.

"I was going to divide that hundred by three," went on Emmy, patting his knuckles. "I was going to send some stuff over to Phil. And then, part of it belonged to Jane."

"Jane?" echoed Ira. Jane was their small granddaughter. Phil, over at the Front, was a widower—he had left behind him the seven-year-old Jane.

"As you would say, Ira," sighed Emmy, "I was going to split it three ways."

"Good gosh!" moaned Ira. "And I loaned it to Milliken. I ought to be shot."

"I don't know about that," went on Emmy calmly. "Ira's wife is an awful nice woman, but it's dollars to doughnuts she was plenty exasperating just then as she talked to Ira. "I'm not saying, Ira, that Mr. Milliken shouldn't have the money. You see, Mrs. Milliken was here this morning. She told me what dire straits Mr. Milliken was in."

"Mrs. Milliken was here?" repeated Ira.

Emmy nodded.

"Ira," she went on, "since the money was my money -why didn't you consult me about lending it to Milliken? Better still, why didn't you let me have the—the credit and the éclat and the glory and the glow of lending my own money to Mrs. Milliken? As it is, you've experienced all the fine sensations, Ira. I'd like to experience those sensations once myself."

It was a facer.

"Emmy," Ira told his wife, "I see it now. I loaned Milliken that money to prove to Milliken and to myself that I was a good fellow—to treat myself to generosity. To have Milliken slobbering out his eternal gratitude to me—until the next time came round. Milliken's nothing to me, Emmy. I owe him nothing. Generosity—selfish generosity. Lending that money to Milliken was the most selfish thing I've ever done. Cuss me out, Emmy, all you please."

Emmy didn't cuss him out. She went on, quite unmoved. She still had something up her sleeve.

"You know, Ira," she said, "it's the finest thing in the world to lend money to people—when you've got it to lend. Ira, I wish I had a hundred dollars, right now, to lend to someone that I know."

"Somebody in particular?" queried Ira, thinking of Mrs. Milliken.

"Yes," said Emmy.

"Who?" queried Ira.

Emmy drew a deep breath and smiled some more. "Your sister, Ira," she exclaimed.

"Good gosh!" cried Ira. "Don't—don't rub it in."

Ira's sister. He'd forgotten his sister and her needs. And here, and now, Ira found himself confronted with one of those moving-picture situations that I mentioned a while back. Ira's sister was dying by inches. But there was always hope—always a chance that she might get well. The hard winter had drained her physical reserve to the last drop. She needed change—three weeks at Atlantic City would do the trick. It would do something—it would at any rate prolong her life. A hundred dollars would purchase her three weeks of warm life-giving air. A moving-picture situation, but a real one. For all Ira knew then her life depended on a hundred dollars. And she didn't have the hundred, and Ira didn't either. McCleary had it, Milliken's rabid client. It was too late.

Emmy kept smoothing the wrinkles out of Ira's hand.

(Continued on Page 77)

Almost overnight the forty-year-old concern found itself in a broader market

It had been in business since the late '70's; had grown to big proportions, but with the vigor of maturity it sought wider fields for sales. For years it had looked longingly toward one branch of manufacturing which offered a prodigious demand for its product. Yet the resistance was seemingly insurmountable, until—

DIRECT Advertising was enlisted in breaking down the barriers which before had baffled the keenest minds in the organization.

And DIRECT Advertising produced. It clinched the long-sought demand—so almost overnight this 40-year-old concern found itself established in a firm market.

YOU manufacturers, you business men, in every channel of enterprise; aggressive, ambitious representatives of the high standards of American commerce, you cannot hope to develop your maximum of achievement until you too have added DIRECT Advertising to your selling strength.

The business does not exist which can waive the value of catalogs, booklets, mailing cards, form letters, and the like, and enjoy its fullest measure of success.

Would you know more about DIRECT Advertising and its place in business building? Does this confidence with which we speak arrest your interest?

A Direct Advertising Service is as close as your telephone

There is a U. T. A. Printer near you who can provide authoritative counsel on DIRECT Advertising and its value as a creator and safeguard of markets. Many U. T. A. Printers maintain their own excellent Service Departments for the benefit of customers. Any U. T. A. Printer can place at your disposal the facilities of the Central Advertising Bureau of this International Association of Master Printers.

This Bureau maintains, at its headquarters' offices, a staff of capable, experienced advertising men who have been closely identified with many nationally-known successful advertising campaigns.

If you have no present advertising agency affiliation, the Central Advertising Bureau is at your service locally, through a U. T. A. Printer.

The U. T. A. Printer can help you

Consult him. He is a business man and a member of this Association because he subscribes to its business precepts in cost accounting, estimating and those other practical ideals of the organized Printing craft which express themselves in the form of *service*.

Call the U. T. A. Printer into consultation now. You may not need his services immediately, but the conference will show how splendidly he can co-operate with you in the future.

A little book to read

You may have, by addressing this Association, a very interesting Book, "Two Blades of Grass," especially designed to suggest further the tremendous values in DIRECT Advertising.

MARK WELL THE MARK

It is the emblem of the U. T. A. Printer, who displays it on his stationery and at his place of business

TYPOTHETAE is pronounced Ti-poth'-e-tē, from the Greek meaning "type-placers."

U·T·A

UNITED TYPOTHETAE OF AMERICA

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MASTER PRINTERS NOT CONDUCTED FOR PROFIT

General Offices: Transportation Building 608 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago

THIS CAMPAIGN IS IN CO-OPERATION WITH PAPER MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS OF TYPE AND PRINTING MACHINERY, ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS

More *Direct* Advertising will serve you profitably

Cyclone Fence

Making the World Safe for Industry

Leaders in every industry have adopted and endorse Cyclone Fence as the standard protective system for factory property. It offers cold-steel, day-and-night resistance to vandalism—is practical, dependable, economical, permanent.

Cyclone
Property Protection Fence

Chain Link woven steel fabric, of high-gauge galvanized steel wire, heavy, full-weight tubular steel posts with pressed steel arms carrying three or five barb wires firmly locked.

Cyclone Fence is designed for the protection of industrial property, also for large estates, country clubs, golf grounds, parks, schools, playgrounds, tennis courts, churches, cemeteries, etc.

There is no fencing problem that our engineers can not solve. Advisory service free.

Large illustrated catalog showing numerous Cyclone Fence installations sent free on request.

Phone, wire, or write main offices at Waukegan, Illinois, or branch offices nearest you.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories: Waukegan, Illinois **Cleveland, Ohio**

Branch Offices: Chicago, Detroit, Rochester, Philadelphia, New York City Oakland, Calif., Portland, Ore., San Francisco

Other Cyclone Products Are:

Chain Link Fence
Conveyor Wire Belting
Ornamental Lawn Fence
Ornamental and Farm Gates
Flower Guard and Trellis
Interior Partition Work
Wire Window and Skylight Guards
Expanded Steel Mats
Reinforcing Hammered Fence
Wire Work of all kinds

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"Ira," she said, "I would like to have had the chance to sacrifice myself and my needs for your sister Fannie. I should have liked to feel that sacrificial glow. It would have been worth while, that sacrifice. Tell me, Ira, what did you sacrifice when you let Milliken have that money? What did you give up?"

There are some questions that can't be answered and are not intended to be answered. This was one of them. Emmy stopped talking—for a moment. She returned Ira's hand to him in fairly good condition. Then she rose and swept over to the corner of the room.

"Ira," she exclaimed in frigid tones, "I wish you'd help me move this thing out to the kitchen where it belongs."

There's no use talking—refinement in cruelty belongs to women. Ira's mother used to punish him by making him wear to school a pair of black trousers with huge yellow patches on the seat. Emmy visited her displeasure upon Ira by removing what she called this thing from the sight of men. This thing was the apple of Ira Ellers' eye. It was the product of his ingenuity—he had built it thirty years before. Ira is a fidgety man—he always has to move about or bust. After he was married to Emmy one appalling fact kept thrusting itself into his consciousness—he had no place to go of nights. So he collected a variety of articles—a handyman's book, some boards, some tools—and spent his nights down cellar with a couple of oil lamps for company. It was a secret affair, this. Daytimes he kept everything locked up in the vegetable closet. Nighttimes Emmy had to call down the register to get him to put more coal upon the fire. And on the afternoon that little Phil arrived, Ira—against the protest of Emmy's near relatives, who were among those present—lugged the thing that he had made up to Emmy's bedroom and showed it to her.

"For you," he told her proudly.

Emmy looked at it—once. But she was game. "Isn't it—surprising!" she exclaimed weakly. "And—isn't it red?"

"Pretty as a red wagon," said Ira.

Then Emmy's curiosity got the better of her. "What is it, Ira?" she demanded.

There she had him. It was a most remarkable affair. Reading it from top to bottom it was a mantelpiece, a whatnot, a folding desk with a secret drawer that's never yet been used, and a music cabinet—all combined. Ira had smeared it plentifully with red-cherry stain. It was painfully varnished. And it was as ornamental as it was useful. It was a triumph of the scroll-sawyer's art. Ira's friends always regarded it in silent wonder. A carpenter who saw it said he wouldn't take it to a dog fight—but who would? Ira gloated over it—he was the only lawyer in River City who had ever created anything like that. His lawyer friends conceded it. When Emmy wasn't looking Ira placed it in the parlor, draped it with a lambrequin and filled it with books, writing paper, music and articles of virtu.

It had taken Ira months to make this thing. Emmy spent thirty years of her life trying to make it as inconspicuous as possible—it was the fly in her ointment, the blot on her 'scutcheon, the skeleton in her closet. Now for the last time she consigned it to innocuous desuetude; so she thought at least. She little knew—she little understood what tremendous vitality the monstrosity possessed. Inside of twenty-four hours that terrible affliction was to play a vital part in Ira Ellers' waning fortunes. If you don't believe it, wait and see.

Singularly enough Milliken constituted himself the thin edge of the wedge. Next afternoon—his face wreathed in smiles as though he'd never had a trouble in the world—Milliken swung into Ira's office with a paper in his hand.

"Ellers," said Milliken, "you're elected to high office. You sign your name right here."

Ira looked the paper over.

"What's the idea?" he queried.

It's an old story now, but it seemed queer then.

"The Government," said Milliken, "has just sent out a hurry call for men. It wants 'em in the shipyards here. Yesterday the mayor went down and had his picture taken on the ways in overalls—that sets the ball a-rolling. The bar association, of which I am a member," went on Milliken proudly, "is after your scalp and the scalp of every lawyer in the city. You're to go down to the yards and potter round for two whole weeks. Then you draw your pay and pass it over to the Red Cross fund. You see?"

Ira pondered the matter. Slowly he shook his head. "Milliken," he complained, "how in thunder can I leave my practice? I'm a—I'm a very busy man."

Milliken flashed a stern patriotic glance at Ira.

"None of that guff!" he said. "Your shift runs from four P. M. to twelve midnight. That leaves your office hours intact. Besides," he went on, "the first bunch of lawyers on the job will get their pictures in the paper."

"That settles it," said Ira. "Say no more. My country calls—I go."

He bought a pair of overalls and went that afternoon. He lined up at a little window and applied for work. The man in the window handed him a printed list of occupations.

"What can you do?" he asked.

Ira's face brightened.

Milliken Had Been Left in No Man's Land to Die. Phil Had Crawled Out After Him

"Once," he said, "I built a cabinet."

The man stared at him. "You can handle woodworking tools?" he demanded.

"I sure can!" said Ira. The man turned his back on Ira and yelled at another man who was just leaving the shed.

"Steve," cried the man at the window, "wait! I've got another carpenter. He's here."

He said it as though he'd found a million dollars. Ira was snapped up and put on interior trim and other things. He got a barrel of pay at the end of the first week and handed it over to the Red Cross; he got a barrel of pay the second week and handed it over to the Red Cross. It was whispered round town that Milliken got his pay—and that the Red Cross is looking for it yet. However, Ira kept on; he wanted to put that hundred dollars back where it belonged—in Emmy's hands. He kept on working till he got it. He got home at one o'clock one morning, with the hundred in his jeans, only to find Emmy in hysterics.

"I won't stand it!" Emmy was screaming at the top of her voice. "I won't stand it, I tell you! I can't stand it any more!"

Ira routed out the doctor and had him come round. The doctor gave her a hypodermic—soothed her with his professionally hypnotic voice and manner, and got her to sleep.

"It's her son she worries over," said the doctor. "Is he dead?"

Ira shook his head. "She doesn't hear from him—it's the silence," he returned.

The doctor nodded. "Lots of women this way—just now," he said. "She's alone too much. She's got to be kept busy, Ellers. She must have something to occupy her mind. She'll go crazy otherwise. I know."

Emmy confirmed what the doctor had told Ira. It was the long evenings alone that had been the last straw. Little Jane went to bed at seven. Ira came home, dog tired, some six hours later. The interval had left Emmy face to face with Phil and the mystery that shrouded him—Phil's suffering, his agony, his pleading hands, his broken voice, his mutilated body—his despairing eyes.

Fate wrote her a prescription. Ira came home from his office one afternoon to find Emmy's eyes sparkling. Emmy ran out to meet him—she caught him by the arm.

"Ira," she cried, shaking him, "I've sold the house!"

"What house?" demanded Ira, wondering.

"This house," she returned, quivering with excitement.

Ira thought she had gone crazy.

"This house isn't ours to sell," he said.

"Of course I know that, Ira," she retorted, "but I've sold it just the same. He's an auditor in a shipbuilding company here in town. He's been looking for a house for a week. He drove down this street this afternoon. His wife was with him. Ira, what do you think they saw first? Guess."

"I never guess," said Ira.

Emmy beamed upon him. "Your white latticework and pale-green shutters, Ira," she exclaimed.

"Yours, you mean," said Ira.

Emmy vigorously shook her head. "You did all the work, Ira," she insisted.

"After you'd told me what to do," he said.

You see by now how that old monstrosity of a desk cabinet keeps slinking into this story every now and then. For years Ira and Emmy had lived in this dingy old house in this dingy but highly respectable neighborhood. Emmy long ago had given up the idea of owning her own home. Long ago she had resigned herself to existence in this rented house. Ira had never bought it, so Emmy had adopted it. She had made it her own. She had planned new and curious things for it. She had shut in her back porch, with its cluster of mops and brooms and ash cans, with a high, vine-covered trellis; she had scattered latticework here and there round the outside of the house. Ira had made it for her. Compared with the intricate construction of a desk cabinet with a secret drawer this was a tyro's job. And for the first floor she had planned—and Ira had executed—an entire new set of blind board shutters, with little fancy scroll-cut holes in them near the top. The latticework they painted white—the shutters a pale green. When they had it done the house looked like a million dollars, more or less. It was the daintiest home in the neighborhood. No wonder that the shipyard auditor and his wife had set covetous eyes upon it.

"But how do you know," queried Ira, "that Meeves will sell?"

"I got him on the phone and asked him," returned Emmy. "He said he'd sell anything he had if he could get his price."

"Did you get his price?"

Emmy's eyes were full of triumph. "Five hundred dollars over!" she exclaimed.

"You mean the deal is closed?" cried Ira.

Emmy nodded. "They deposited enough to cover my five per cent commission," laughed Emmy; "and you're to have a contract ready for signatures to-night."

Ira was going to ask her if there was any word from France. He was glad afterward he didn't. Emmy's eyes were dancing; for the first time in many months she had forgotten Phil. Thank God!

After the contract had been signed that evening by all the interested parties Ira sat down and began to think.

"This is all well enough for the purchaser, and all well enough for Meeves, Emmy," he mused, "but how about us—what are we going to do ourselves?"

Emmy hadn't thought of that. River City was overcrowded—it had more would-be tenants than it boasted habitations. Nobody was building houses—the cost of material and the scarcity of labor made it prohibitive. Ira, with a good-natured landlord, had been paying forty dollars a month rent for this modest cottage on a side street. At present rentals another cottage of similar size, similarly situated, would cost him twice that figure, perhaps more. It would be only a matter of a few months before Emmy's commission on the sale would be absorbed by increased rent. It worried Ira. But it didn't worry Emmy. She answered his question and his thoughts by dragging him to the window—even though darkness had descended and there was nothing to be seen.

"Ira," she said, "you see the Baxter house across the way?"

The Baxter house was the neighborhood disgrace. "I don't see it," said Ira, "but I know it's there. Somebody ought to burn it up."

He was quite right. It had been condemned by the board of health; it had been closed and boarded up for the last three years.

"Ira," went on Emmy, "we'll take the Baxter house."

"There isn't any Baxter," returned Ira; "there's only a bankrupt estate that hasn't got a cent of cash to fix it up."

Emmy's eyes sparkled. "Ira," she said, "we'll fix it up ourselves."

Ira stared at her.

"And—pay rent besides?" he protested.

Emmy shook her head.

"Ira," she said, "the Baxter estate has tried to sell that place for years. You've tried to sell it for them many times. And you never got an offer even at half price. Ira, we can buy it for a song."

"Good gosh!" said Ira.

They bought it for a song. Emmy put up the cash she'd earned. Out of that cash the Baxter estate paid Ira his commission on the sale. Ira and Emmy gave their mortgage for the balance of the purchase price. They hired a plumber at breakneck prices—Emmy pawned her jewels to pay him. When he'd finished his job they moved their possessions over to the Baxter place and lived in three rooms pending the completion of their improvements. They worked their fingers to the bone. Ira almost sold his shirt to get that place in shape. At last they added the final touches—Emmy's white latticework and pale-green blinds. When they'd finished the whole neighborhood came trooping in and extended them a vote of thanks.

And Emmy kept forgetting about Phil.

Then—just as in a moving picture—there was more trouble, but of a vastly different sort. It involved their grandchild, Phil's little daughter, Jane. Ira got home early one other afternoon, to do a little extra work. He found Emmy sitting by the window, brooding.

"Emmy," he said, "don't—please don't think."

Emmy turned to him—a worried look of a new kind on her face.

"It isn't Phil," she said. "I'd forgotten him again. It isn't Phil—it's Jane."

"What's happened to Jane?" said Ira.

"Lots," said Emmy. "She's out there in the yard."

She was, and playing with the prettiest little girl that Ira had ever seen—daintier even than was Jane herself.

"That's Aurora," explained Emmy.

"And who's Aurora?" queried Ira.

Emmy drew a long breath.

"She's Aurora Kilgore," she returned, shivering just a bit.

"Aurora's a fine kid," commented Ira.

"Ira," said Emmy solemnly, "she—she's lovely. I've watched her now for days. I've talked to her. I've spied on her. She's the finest little playmate that Jane has ever had. And they're dead in love with each other. They're as happy with each other as can be. And I've got to separate them, Ira."

"You've got to—what?" demanded Ira. "Why?"

"Plenty reason," returned Emmy. "Little Aurora Kilgore is Mrs. Kilgore's child."

"I should hope so," smiled Ira; "and Mr. Kilgore's too."

"Let me repeat," said Emmy, "that she is Mrs. Kilgore's child."

"I got it the first time," said Ira.

"Mrs. Kilgore," repeated Emmy.

Ira stared at her.

"Not Mrs. Kilgore!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"The—the murderess?"

"Of course," said Emmy. "The murderess. That child's mother is serving a life sentence for deliberately poisoning that child's father. What am I to do?"

"If I were you," smiled Ira, "I'd let Mrs. Kilgore serve her sentence out."

"I'm not thinking of the mother," said Emmy; "I'm thinking of the child."

"Don't worry so," said Ira. "The kid's young—she doesn't realize."

"Ira!" almost screamed his wife. "Will you never get things through your head?"

"I'm listening, Emmy," said Ira meekly.

"The child," repeated Emmy, "is the daughter of a murderess."

"But she's the finest little thing on earth," protested Ira. "You tell me that yourself."

"Ira," went on Emmy, "that little girl is finer, even, than is Jane herself."

"Treason," muttered Ira savagely.

"I mean it," persisted Emmy. "Jane could have no better companion than this little girl. If there were no Jane I'd adopt that child—and fight for her. She's the sweetest little thing that ever lived! You don't know how it hurts me, Ira, to tear Jane away from her."

Ira shook his head.

"I don't get you, Emmy," he confessed.

"Ira," said his wife, "Aurora is a marked child. She's Mrs. Kilgore's daughter. Every child in school knows that her mother killed her father. Every child whispers about her behind her back—every child but Jane. She's shunned by everybody—but by Jane. No little girl in that whole school will associate with her—except just Jane."

"More power to Jane!" said Ira.

"It's their mothers," went on Emmy. "Aurora's got the mark of Cain on her. Jane sticks to her. Jane is defiant—she has a fight a week over Aurora Kilgore. But it doesn't help. Aurora Kilgore is taboo—and Jane is ostracized."

"Jane is what?"

"Ostracized."

"For playing with that decent little girl?"

"Exactly," said Emmy. "I mean just that."

"Let 'em ostracize her," said Ira hotly. "Let 'em go to hades."

"That," said Emmy, "is Jane's idea. It would, I hope, be my idea if I were Jane. But I'm not Jane. Jane isn't even mine to do with as I would. She's Phil's. Whether he's dead or alive, I'm responsible to Phil. Jane was born in River City. She may live always in this part of town. She's likely to grow up right here. She's got to have girl friends—lots of them, Ira. And the right kind. She's got to meet men—and from the very start she's got to depend on girls and mothers—of the right sort—to help her out. I've got to see that Jane gets a square deal, Ira."

"I know," protested Ira, "but it's not very generous to Aurora."

Emmy stopped him.

"What was that word you used?" demanded Emmy.

"Generous," faltered Ira.

Emmy smiled gently.

"What do you know about generosity?" demanded she.

Ira wallowed on, getting in deeper and deeper as he went.

"It can't be wrong," he said, "for Jane to follow the impulses of her heart—or for you to follow the impulses of your heart."

"Ira," said Emmy, "I can't trust the impulses of my heart. I can't be generous and be true to Jane. Jane wants to keep on with Aurora—and I want her to. It'll break Jane's heart to drop her—it will almost break mine. But I can't please Jane, Ira—and I can't please myself. Jane is entitled to all the chances she can get. I've got to see she gets 'em. If she keeps on with Aurora, Jane is set apart from other girls—her whole future is imperiled. I can't follow the dictates of my heart, Ira. Ira," she wailed, "it will break me all up to take Jane away from that lonely little child!"

Ira stopped in his narrative to direct my attention once more to his philosophy. At every turn, it seemed, the Ellers family were assailed by generous impulse—tripped up by their hearts.

"Bah," said Ira to me, "the heart's a traitor! You wait. You'll find out."

Well, as it turned out, Emmy didn't tear little Jane from little Aurora. She would have done so in the end. She was a woman, and she knew. But Fate assumed the burden of the issue and took the matter out of Emmy's hands. For no sooner had the grass begun to grow round the old-new Baxter place than Ira got a customer—a customer who wanted to buy cheap. Ira sold cheap; he could afford to. Even at that, the price was double the price the Baxter place cost him, including the repairs.

This set the Ellers family afoot once more, and Emmy took advantage of the situation to give Fate a boost. She led Ira to the upper end of town, where the schools were even better than they had been down below. They picked their street first—a street that anybody would be proud to live on. And of course this street had its eyesore; every street in town had a pet one of its own.

This time they moved with caution. They got an option on the house and lot; once more they were buying for a song. Among Ira's clients was a gnarled old carpenter who owed Ira several outlawed bills. He showed Ira things that Ira didn't know—how to test timbers, how to pick houses that had been built for homes and not for speculation. He showed Ira how and why a house built twenty years before was better as it stood than the same house built to-day at twice the figure. Ira listened to him, handed him a receipted bill and bade him good day. Then they bought the house, took the title and began to fix it up.

Emmy's eyes glowed.

"Ira," she cried, "from now on it's our life work—yours and mine, Ira. Buying old houses, living in them, selling them. We can go on doing it forever."

Well, it looked so—until they put the plumber in. Having got in, the plumber had no intention of ever getting out. He evidently figured that this house would be his life work too. When he left Ira drew a check for much more than a thousand dollars. He still held a purchase-money mortgage on the Baxter place, but this plumbing bill took nearly all his ready cash.

"And the trouble is," said Ira, "I don't know, Emmy, whether I've been skinned or not. The plumbers are the rock we split on, Emmy. You pawned your valuables to pay one. I've cleaned myself out to pay another. We can't go on this way."

Mentally he scanned his list of intimate friends; there wasn't a plumber among the lot. He didn't even have a plumber for a client. His extensive knowledge of plumbers had been garnered from the funny columns of the papers. The sum total of his actual experience with plumbers lay in the two big plumbers' bills that he had paid. Ira was worried. He didn't know—he couldn't judge. He felt instinctively that he was biting off a good deal more than he could chew.

When they got the last coat of pale-green paint on Emmy's blinds Ira had five dollars in his pocket; and two cents. A newsboy came along, hailed Ira as a new addition to the neighborhood; Ira put up the two cents and got somebody else's paper. Dog tired he sat down on the front porch—the paint was dry—and scanned the headlines. Then like a shot he was on his feet; in another instant he'd found Emmy in the kitchen.

"Emmy!" he cried. "Look—Phil!"

Emmy looked—and almost fainted. There were the pictures of two River City boys—soldiers in uniform. One was Phil Ellers. The other boy was Milliken. One of the two was dead—Milliken. Ira had heard of his death before. And Phil Ellers was a hero—a hero *par excellence*—a hero among heroes. He had done a wondrous thing. Milliken, desperately wounded, had been left out in No Man's Land to die. Phil Ellers had crawled out after him—and brought him in, alive. Somebody in River City had received a letter from some friend of Phil's. And the evening paper took the liberty of pointing with considerable pride ——

Next day at his office Ira got a phone message from Phil Ellers—he was at Camp Merritt. If they came over they could see him.

"You got my last letter, I suppose?" he said.

"Didn't even get the first; didn't get any," returned Ira.

Phil was startled. "What about mamma?" he inquired.

"Fine as silk," laughed Ira. "She—she's got a job."

"Tell me," demanded Phil.

"Tell you this afternoon," said Ira. "It's time for us to start."

They found Phil at the camp at half past four. Emmy went into hysterics over him of course, and little Jane almost followed suit. When quiet was restored Ira handed Phil the River City papers. Phil nodded.

"Yes," he said gloomily, "I saw that junk. Don't rub it in."

"You got a D. S. C.?" asked Ira.

"I got a Darned Severe Court-martial, if that's what you're driving at," said Phil.

"But—but," spluttered Ira, "you went out—all alone—after Milliken?"

"Oh, yes—of course," said Phil wearily.

"At the risk of your life?"

"Very much so," nodded Phil. "I even got a scratch myself."

"And you brought Milliken back alive?"

"Milliken was done for," said Phil. "I brought him back alive—but he was bound to die."

Emmy wiped her eyes.

"You're a hero, Phil!" she cried.

"'Greater love hath no man than this ——'" began Ira.

"Unfortunately," interrupted Phil, "in the bright lexicon of army regulations there's no such word as love. Can't you get it? Don't you see it? I wasn't sent over to France to be a hero—I was sent over there to win the war. I wasn't sent over there to risk my perfectly good life in trying to save a man who would never fight again. Think of it—get it. A hundred million people over here, spending thousands of dollars on me, putting me in good shape, training me within an inch of my life—what for? To win the war. When I went into the trenches our officers were already fed up with heroism. They were sick of it. They'd even posted up a general order emphasizing the regulation covering this thing. And when I crawled out after Milliken it was the last straw. They had to make an example of me—and they did. I don't blame 'em. I got hold of a lawyer to do my talking for me at court-martial. He said what you just said. 'Greater love ——'

"He didn't finish. The judge advocate took the words out of his mouth. 'Greater love hath no man than this—in the circumstances,' said the judge advocate, 'that a man lay down his life, not for a wounded friend—not that. That he lay down his life for hundreds of millions of people who are banking on him to do his level best. That's the kind of love,' said the judge advocate, 'that we've got to have just now!' And he was right," went on Phil. "If it was a real heroic act—the thing I did—if it was right for me, then it was right for every man-jack in the trenches. Right—to do what? To obey an impulse instead of an order—to risk his life for another man whose usefulness was past—and there you are. I was a sergeant when I did the thing," said Phil. "They took away my stripes, fined me some pay, and because I was wounded they sent me back behind the lines. Mamma," said Phil, "I went over there to fight—and by George, I didn't get a chance to fire a single shot."

"What did you do," asked Ira, "there behind the lines?"

Phil's face twisted up in a sort of agonized grimace.

"Forget it!" he retorted glumly. "I got to be the finest plumber that they ever had in France."

That's all. To-day real estate in River City is still dead. The cost of building is still prohibitive. But the cost of restoration isn't. And if you'll walk over to the thirteen-hundred block on Tanner Avenue you'll find that on one side of the street there's a high-class apartment house that fixes the character of the neighborhood. It was built ten years ago. If you get there soon enough you'll find that the other side of the street has gone to rack and ruin. There are six deserted houses—old ones—on that two hundred feet of space. At least they were deserted; but they're not deserted now. Emmy keeps 'em company, so does Ira, so does Phil. And so do fifty men in uniform—returned soldiers, artisans. But for that they'd still be looking for a job. They owe their jobs, these fifty men, to several things. One of the things is the cherry-red monstrosity that Emmy keeps on hand for all her friends to see.

All this while my money had been lying on the desk. Ira passed it back to me.

"The old bean—which is the seat of the emotions," went on Ira—"will tell you overnight just what to do. When you've taken a post-graduate course, as I have done, in generous impulses—why, then, you can't go wrong."

He counted out a hundred and fifty dollars from his own wallet. He rose from his chair and started toward the door.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked him.

"Why," said Ira a bit uneasily, "Milliken sort of started this. I thought I'd sort of try to pay him back."

I stared at him. "You don't practice what you preach, then?" I demanded.

"I still practice law," said Ira, chuckling.

"Of course," I said.

"Do you know why?" continued Ira. He tapped his breast pocket, where reposed his bulging wallet. "I practice law to indulge my selfish impulses," he went on; "just so's I can make a little money on the side and lend it to my friends."

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SQUIZZER'S BIG MOMENT

(Concluded from Page 19)

"What's your wife's general style?" he asked. "Thought while I was about it I might get one for her. You needn't tell her it didn't come from you."

"She'd know it didn't," Dick spoke rather sharply. "She takes care of our income, knows it to a cent. We're saving for a hat. I'd rather get it that way if you don't mind, Mr.—Tom."

"Sure; that's all right. Like your spirit."

Piper said nothing more—or very little more—until they were seated in the café of the Regal Hotel, in an upper apartment of which was later to be held the annual dinner of their class.

"Stan Allerdyce," he said, lighting a cigar and passing the match to Dick, "is bearish on the market. So are all the professionals. Yet the buying public out West is bullish. What do you think?" Dick, flushing, conscious of the man's sharp narrow-eyed scrutiny, spoke.

"The public's bullish here too. At least that part of the public holding most of the stock won't sell because the market fails to react on any unfavorable news." Adrian's voice was firm now—because he knew what he was talking about. "If the public sells it'll have to pay out a good portion of its profits in income taxes, so it prefers to let the profits run. If there's any substantial reaction the public will liquidate as fast as the professionals."

"H'm, that's an interesting theory."

"It's going to be an interesting fact," returned Dick.

Piper gazed thoughtfully at his cigar and then became talkative, began once more to resort to the nickname which he had employed early in their meeting and had dropped. He asked many questions, and Adrian never lacked an answer. At the end as he rose from his chair Piper shook his head sadly, but said nothing to account for his new mood.

"The dinner was set for seven," he said, glancing at his watch. "It's seven now. Let's go upstairs."

There were perhaps seventy-five men in the room as the two entered—a sleek, well-groomed crowd, mainly garbed in dinner clothes, standing in small groups and giving the impression of men who were forcing a certain atmosphere of social cordiality. As a matter of fact the class of '96 had never, in college or out, been noted for its fellowship. It was a class of cliques drawn together through one unimportant reason or another.

"Well, here I am, boys, the first in seventeen years."

Piper dragging Dick after him advanced upon a group who received both with an irreproachable friendliness, but certainly without that camaraderie for which the Chicagoan had so boisterously given the cue.

Piper at once grew sullen; but to Adrian Dick's poetic soul there was something epic in this reunion, in this environment with its long table, gleaming with glass and flawless napery, its decorations, something momentous in this reunion of men who had been young together.

He had not realized it would mean so much to him. There was Jerry Blauvelt, a Supreme Court judge now, and Jack Keen, editor of a great magazine, Pudge Wilson, the surgeon whose name he saw so often in the newspapers in connection with interesting cases, and Alex Sturges, the corporation lawyer. And so on; ever so many men whose youthful idiosyncrasies he recalled, and who now amounted to so much in one way or another, men who had justified the material ends at least of their university education.

He walked up to the little table containing liquids and caviar sandwiches. Judge Blauvelt was there, and a steel man from Pittsburgh, Josiah Senewe. Adrian nodded and lifted a glass of sherry to his lips.

"To you, Josh; and you, Jerry," he smiled.

Both men raised their glasses, nodding and smiling, but Adrian Dick needed no one to tell him that they did not know him from Adam. Why this did not depress or disconcert him he did not know, it didn't. Rather it filled him with a curious emotion which he did not understand.

"Well boys" the secretary of the class stood forth. "I suppose we might as well be seated. Bill Apthorpe, our president, can't be here to preside. So we'll cut out the toastmaster. They're a bore anyway. It'll be a Quaker meeting; speak as the spirit moves. Now then, a rousing cheer for the old class!"

It wasn't a rousing cheer, but it served as cover for a general movement to the table. Adrian glanced uncertainly toward Piper and saw him taking a chair between Wilson and Keen. As he moved to a place near the foot of the table, with vacant chairs on either side of him, somehow he had the feeling that this was just as well so. His enjoyment was inward, and companions could not affect it one way or the other. It was too deep, too rare to be touched. There was the feeling that spiritually he had something or was feeling something that he could not detect in any other man in this room. This, he decided as he began to think about it, was the source of that subtle exaltation that had filled him, despite neglect, despite the depression of the atmosphere. He sat a trifle more erect and raising his glass of table water sipped the tingling contents.

"I wonder," he muttered, "if in the rush they've forgotten how to enjoy themselves. Certainly no one appears especially jolly. Well, I'll have a good time anyway."

Seizing his oyster fork he beat time gently to the music supplied by a negro orchestra in the corner. There was a sheet at his plate containing the words of many songs. Dick picked it up, glowing. Evidently there was to be some singing. He often sang at home while Nancy played. As a matter of fact he had sung upon the glee club in college.

The dinner went on to the accompaniment of jazz music—to the accompaniment of a low murmur of conversation; cautious conversation, it seemed to Dick. Even the negro soloist who walked round the table with his humorous specialties caught the lack of responsive atmosphere and began to do his turns in a perfunctory manner.

Suddenly with the coffee there came a pause. Then the orchestra played Mother Machree, a dear old song, not unknown in college days. A few picked up their sheets and began to sing with the band. More joined in. The chorus was becoming fairly respectable. And then as the real heart of the song came out, a tenor voice, rising bell-like, sweet and clear, began to twist itself in and about the music as though in glorified obligato.

What that tenor voice did to this song was a matter to crinkle the soul. Upon the last word a cheer, fluttering at first but then rising in volume, filled the room.

"Ye-e-a-a for the tenor!" Pudge Wilson, the surgeon, rose in his place, waving his napkin. "Who did that barber-shop stuff?"

"Why—it was Dick, Squizzer Dick!" Keen's voice rose stridently. "Ye-e-a-a for Squizzer! Stand up, Squizzer, and show yourself. Lead us in another song, something we can get our teeth in."

"That's a boy, Squizzer! Anything you want, Caruso."

Amid laughter and applause Adrian stood up in his place and nodding toward the orchestra raised his voice:

There's a long, long trail a-wi-i-inding
Into the la-and of my dr-ams
Where the nightingales are s-nging
And a wan-ite moon beams.

The orchestra came in, the whole table came in. It was soul-lifting. No such vocal harmony had been raised by the class of '96 since senior year, if then.

"'Ray for Squizzer!" "Holy Mike, where did you get that tenor!" "Go on, Squizzer!" The shouts were raining upon the man like machine-gun bullets.

But Dick was climbing on his chair, his hand uplifted.

"Fellows," he said, "I want to say a few words." He made an irresistibly comical figure as he stood upon the chair, his eyeglasses down over his nose, his eyes uplifted. There were cheers and outbursts of laughter and clapping of hands. "Fellows, hasn't this cleansed your soul like a crystalline bath, flowing straight from the Pierian spring?"

"Ye-e-a-a! Go on, Squizzer! Some more of that Pierian stuff!"

"I'm going on" Dick frowned, gesturing for silence. "Isn't it health-giving and antiseptic to be natural? Ask Pudge Wilson; he'll tell you. Shut up, everyone! I've got something to say. I came in here to-night, and it was like coming to a funeral. There weren't twenty here who knew me. There weren't ten who seemed glad to know one another. Why? Because some of us have not so much money as the rest of us? Or amounted to so much?"

"No! No!"

"Yes, it is! You all have stood about, wondering how much each man was making or how far each man had got—wondering whether it would lower your dignity to be normal and natural and lovable as you ought to be. Now I've not succeeded in life. No, I haven't. I'm a hell of a failure—according to the standards by which you judge. Maybe by anybody's standards, except a fool's. I work for Stan Allerdyce, Fatty Allerdyce. I'm his stock clerk. He calls me Dick—I call him Mr. Allerdyce. That's what I amount to. But, by the Lord, I've a soul! I've as big a soul, as intelligent an appreciation of most of the things in this life that ought to count—but don't—as any man here."

There was a deep silence as Dick's high pitched, tense voice ceased. He went on immediately.

"No, I've never done anything big in my life, but I'm going to do it to-night. I've never had what you fellows have had—a chance. I've got one to-night—sort of one. So I'm going to pull you fellows together, give you bowels for once in your career. You've got no toastmaster here. Toastmasters are a bore, you say. Is that the measure of the puissant class of 1896? Well"—Dick moved from his seat to a vacant place near the head of the table—"well, I'm going to be your toastmaster from now on, self-constituted, self-reliant ——"

"Haven't we the right of self-determination?" guffawed Judge Blauvelt.

"You haven't!" Dick gestured. "And now since Jerry Blauvelt has butted in we'll call upon him to set the keynote of the post-prandials. Blauvelt, gentlemen, is our legal paragon ——"

The words died in a roar of laughter and applause, while Adrian Dick gestured magisterially in the direction of the man he had nominated, who rose to his feet and delivered a masterpiece of wit and humor.

"And now, gentlemen, lest Euterpe prove a jealous jade we will join in singing that ultimate achievement in the way of balladry, The Rose That Blooms in No Man's Land: Number twenty-four on the song sheet. Are you ready?"

They were. They sang the song three times and wanted to sing it again, but Dick held out his hands for silence. Obediently silence fell. Squizzer Dick, the stock clerk, the failure so far as bigness was concerned, the man whom most of his class had forgotten, held that dinner in the hollow of his hand. The class of '96 had never had an occasion like it. No class ever had a better. Adrian's unctuousness, his flow of classical allusion, his perfervid oratory—all employed in bringing some speaker or some songster to his feet—were not to be denied. The company hung upon his words, ready to laugh or to applaud, even before they were spoken.

Then suddenly as the clock struck eleven Dick rose again.

"Fellows," he said, "this dinner has got to stop—mainly because I have an eleven-forty-five train to catch for Jersey. But before we separate I want you all to join in a song we all remember and we all love. For we sang it that last time under the elms at commencement nearly twenty-three years ago. No, we don't want any orchestra. Now come on!"

The clear tenor voice swept into the first line, and then solemnly but with the fervor of men who felt, they swung into the hallowed song.

There was silence as the song ended: seventy-five men stood with eyes seeing through, seeing far beyond the upholstered walls seeing far into the recesses of the years, with stars shining through giant elms, and the smell of turf all about and the moonlight resting athwart an ivied wall. Youth! Someone cleared his throat.

Adrian Dick moved from his place and slipped out into the floor.

"Good night, gentlemen. God bless you all." He fairly ran out of the room into the hallway. A score of voices called to him but he had gone. Tom Piper found him in the coat-room white and shaking.

"Squizzer, old boy," he said, "I hate hotels. I'm a home-bred man. Have you got a bed for me out in that Jersey place of yours? If you have we'll taxi to the hotel, get my grips and I'll go out with you."

"Tom! Will you?"

"You bet I will, Squizzer!"

The policeman of Adrian Dick's little Jersey village noted among those who descended from the last train that night two men who interested him. One was a very large man, a stranger. The other was smaller. He knew the smaller man. He saw them stop in the middle of the road, saw them take two hats from two boxes, saw them kick the boxes away. He saw the men remove their own hats and place the others upon their heads, saw them link arms and stride up the street. There was nothing so fearfully unusual in this proceeding—or, rather, there would not have been had the hats not been of a variety worn exclusively by women.

Adrian Dick's wife was waiting up for him. She opened the door.

"My dearest," he said, smiling, "this is Tommy Piper, of whom I have so often spoken, a classmate, you know. He's going to spend the night with us—the morning, rather."

"Of course—Mr. Piper; I'm delighted, really!" The woman glanced with curiosity from one to the other. "But ——"

"Just a moment, Mrs. Dick. I promised Squizzer I'd tell you something before any words at all had passed between us. I promised. In brief, when I came to New York I came with the intention of starting a branch office of Piper & Co. in the metropolis. I've needed one for a long time. Well, when I met Squizzer I studied him and—I'll be frank—I decided he didn't have any stuff at all, that he was only another of the failures. Now wait! That was my first thought."

Piper cleared his throat.

"But when I got him talking about the market he talked like a glorified ticker, and then, by heck, he took hold of a gang of dead ones at that class dinner of ours and he just kicked them into life! With his bare hands he swung that dinner into the greatest success I've ever sat at in my life. What does that mean? I won't say it means he hasn't got where he ought to be because he never had his chance. No. He may have had a lot of chances; or maybe not; I don't know. Just one minute." Piper raised his hand as Nancy Dick made as though to speak.

"But what he never had before to-night—and I'll bet on this—was confidence in himself, the willingness to stand pat on himself; the conviction that he was just as capable as any other man, if not more so. He never before to-night had the nerve to look the world in the face and say: 'I'm a man of brains, a man who can think, and whose thoughts are as valuable as they come, a man who has as much ability, as big a license to strike out for success as any other man.'"

Nancy, star-eyed, flushing, stared at the big man, and then with parted lips let her gaze travel to her husband's face.

"I wonder if you are not right," she murmured.

"Right!" stormed Piper. "Of course I'm right! And all it needed to show Squizzer Dick I was right was a barroom tenor that no one else had. That started him off, gave him his jounce. Then he began to pull things. Well, Squizzer's the man I want to be at the head of the branch office of Piper & Co. And he begins with ten thousand a year and commissions. That's all I have to say, Mrs. Dick."

The woman stood erect, smiling.

"If Adrian could only have taken my belief in him, my knowledge of him, my faith in him to business every day!" she gestured. "It was my fault, Mr. Piper; I did not know how to translate it for him. You have brought a great happiness to me." She paused, clearing her throat. "And now, Adrian, I think you had better take off that hat."

As she reached forward to remove it Adrian Dick caught her hands and held them back, while the plumes and ribbons fluttered agitatedly.

"Nancy, don't! Don't you do it! Leave it on for a moment." His voice became solemn. "Nancy girl, that hat is a sign and a ——"

"Yes; and a symbol." Tom Piper took the hat from Adrian's head and from his own, gazing at both solemnly. "I wonder," he said, "if the madam's going to like them."

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PIE FOR THE PRESS AGENT

(Continued from Page 13)

"You can play that three ways, Georgie," responded Jimmy, shoving the paper under the other's nose. "There's the list on his own personal stationery. This is the reception committee that's going to motor out Sunday morning to bring our flossy frails into your beautiful city. At least my friend McDonald says they are, and of course I've got to take his word. So have the papers. I gather he's some important person."

"Of course he is," replied the dazed manager. "Of course he is—one of the biggest citizens in town. And that list—why, that list just reeks with distinction. I can't understand it. That crowd meeting chorus girls? Why, the idea is—well, it's just impossible! That's the only word!"

"Gosh," rejoined Jimmy. "If that's the way you feel about it the darned thing must be going to develop into a bear of a story.

"Speaking for myself, I never met up with old James K. Impossible. He doesn't belong to any of my clubs, and whenever I think I see him coming I duck up a side street."

"If you get any paper to stand for that story," said Seymour, "it'll stir up the whole town."

"That's where I belong," replied the press agent jauntily. "Stirring up towns is one of the best little things I do. This will be pie. Choose your exit door, Georgie. I'm going to plant this yarn to-night and the intense excitement will begin to develop in the morning."

He swung briskly out of the office and Seymour sat down and tried to figure the thing out. Somehow he couldn't.

IV

NICK JENNINGS, night city editor of the Bulletin, stifled a yawn, stretched his arms, stood up and lounged over to the copy desk. He was utterly unlike the city editor of fiction. He was a short stocky person with a round and jovial face, and there wasn't a trace of the fabulous steely glint in his gray eyes.

"Not a line of stuff worth sending up," he observed to Tom North, the head copy reader. "Unless something breaks, the local end of the old sheet to-morrow is going to be about as interesting as a seed catalogue. I've marked Milligan's story on the food-inspection scandal for a two-column head, but it's pretty dead stuff. Got an idea?"

Tom North shook his head.

"I thought for a minute there might be a feature in that North Side Woman's Club resolution protesting against the hobble skirt," he said, "but I didn't suggest it to you because that Arline Dupont Maxwell introduced it. That dame can cook up more schemes to get her name on the front page than any three prima donnas I know of. There isn't anything else that's worth wasting good ink on."

The city editor yawned again and looked at the clock. It was after ten.

"It's tough turkey," he rejoined. "I'll bet you there was more news stirring out in Twisted Twig, Oregon, to-day than in this burg."

An office boy touched him on the arm and handed him a card. He looked at it, hesitated, and then remarked: "I'll take a look at that bird. Send him in."

He turned to his co-worker again.

"Zip goes another resolution," he said with a half laugh. "I'm going to see a press agent. I'll take any kind of a chance on a night like this. Persistent gink. Sent in his card an hour ago and I turned him down flat. Now he sends it in again marked 'Absolutely imperative I see you—great story with a local angle.'"

He had just settled himself again at his desk when Jimmy Martin swung through the city room and greeted him with an expansive smile.

"Well, Mr. Martin?" grunted Jennings interrogatively as he bent over a page of typewritten copy on his desk in simulation of great preoccupation.

"Mr. Jennings," began Jimmy eagerly, "I've got a great story with a local angle, a story that'll stir this little old town up considerable and then some."

"Yes?" said the city editor, never looking up.

There wasn't the slightest trace of interest in Jennings' attitude and Jimmy felt his own enthusiasm flagging for just a moment. Cold-blooded fish, these city editors, he said to himself; always afraid someone is going to put one over on them.

"You see, Mr. Jennings," he resumed, "I'm with Meyerfield's Frolics. We play the Lyric next week and ——"

"I saw your card," snapped Jennings. "What's the finale?"

"Well," responded Jimmy, "I just heard to-night that the Baltimore Automobile Club is going to pull off a little private stunt next Sunday, sort of under cover. Someone slipped me a hot tip. I made the chairman of the committee in charge cough up. A bunch of the prominent members is going to pick up the girls of our show in a flock of cars over at Annapolis Junction and bring 'em into town. It's a coöperative stunt they're pulling off with the Washington club. The fellows from the capital are going to bring 'em as far as the Junction and ——"

"Nothing doing," broke in the city editor.

"But it isn't a fake," persisted Jimmy eagerly. "It's dead on the level. I've got the names of the reception committee with me. The chairman had his stenographer write them out for me."

He shoved his typewritten list across the desk directly under Jennings' hand. The latter looked up in annoyance, started to push it back, caught the name on the letterhead and gave the paper a cursory glance. He looked up again.

"Been looking through Seymour's copy of the Blue Book, eh?" he remarked testily. "Where'd you dig up this letterhead?"

"I'm telling you that Mr. McDonald had his stenographer write it out for me," he reiterated. "I don't ask you to believe me, Mr. Jennings. Mr. McDonald said you could call him up before eleven. I'm not trying to stall you!"

The fierce intensity of Jimmy's voice and manner caused the skeptical Jennings to bore him with a searching look. His eyes dropped to the paper again. He skimmed through the names. What if by some queer quirk the story was really true? Donald McDonald, Horace Chadwick, Colonel Dangerfield and all those others joy-riding with chorus girls under the official auspices of the automobile club—why, the thing would rock the town like an earthquake! And the fellow had said McDonald would verify the story. Why had he taken a chance and said that if it wasn't true? It was an easy matter to reach McDonald. He looked up warily.

"Been spilling this story any place else?" he asked.

"Not a syllable," replied Jimmy. "It's exclusive for you if you promise to use it. Of course if you don't I'll have to drop in over at the Gazette office. It's too good to waste."

Jennings seemed to look through Jimmy for a full half minute while he pondered deeply.

"Young man," he said finally, "I'm going to investigate this little yarn, but let me tell you that if it turns out to be a fake I'll have you deported as an undesirable alien."

He turned his gaze toward the little group of reporters on the other side of the room grinding out copy to the tune played by a dozen clicking typewriters.

"Crandall," he called out, "I've got a story for you to look up."

Jimmy effaced himself as the Bulletin's star feature writer jumped up briskly in response to his chief's summons.

V

THE Horace Chadwicks were breakfasting in their stately old colonial home in the environs of the city. The shrill song of twittering robins came through the half-open windows on a gentle spring breeze and the morning sunlight flooded the room. A benign spirit of peace and domestic tranquillity seemed to brood over the scene. Mr. Chadwick, a solid and substantial-looking man of fifty-five, was sipping his coffee and glancing through the financial columns of the Gazette. Mrs. Chadwick had finished her grapefruit and had just picked up the Bulletin. She was a matronly person whose ample bosom seemed to be but the continuation of a rippling series of superfluous chins. She carried herself, even in her morning negligée, with that air of conscious rectitude and commanding importance which she felt to be fitting for a prominent banker's wife who was a member of three important women's clubs, secretary of the anti-cigarette section of the local branch of the W. C. T. U., vice president of the Baltimore chapter of the League Opposed to Woman's Suffrage, and chairman of the Advisory Committee to the State Board of Moving Picture Censors.

If Mr. Chadwick hadn't been deeply immersed in the Gazette's account of the proposed merger of certain copper interests he might have noticed gathering storm clouds a few feet away, but he was blissfully unconscious of any impending catastrophe. Screened by his paper he had no inkling of the passing train of emotions that were registered upon the extensive facial areas of the partner of his joys. Amazement, incredulity, bewilderment, chagrin, unholy rage—all these feelings were depicted upon the countenance of Mrs. Chadwick, and were succeeded in turn by an expression of scornful calm that was pregnant with possibilities of a most unpleasant nature. She laid down the Bulletin and addressed her husband in a voice that was cold and menacing.

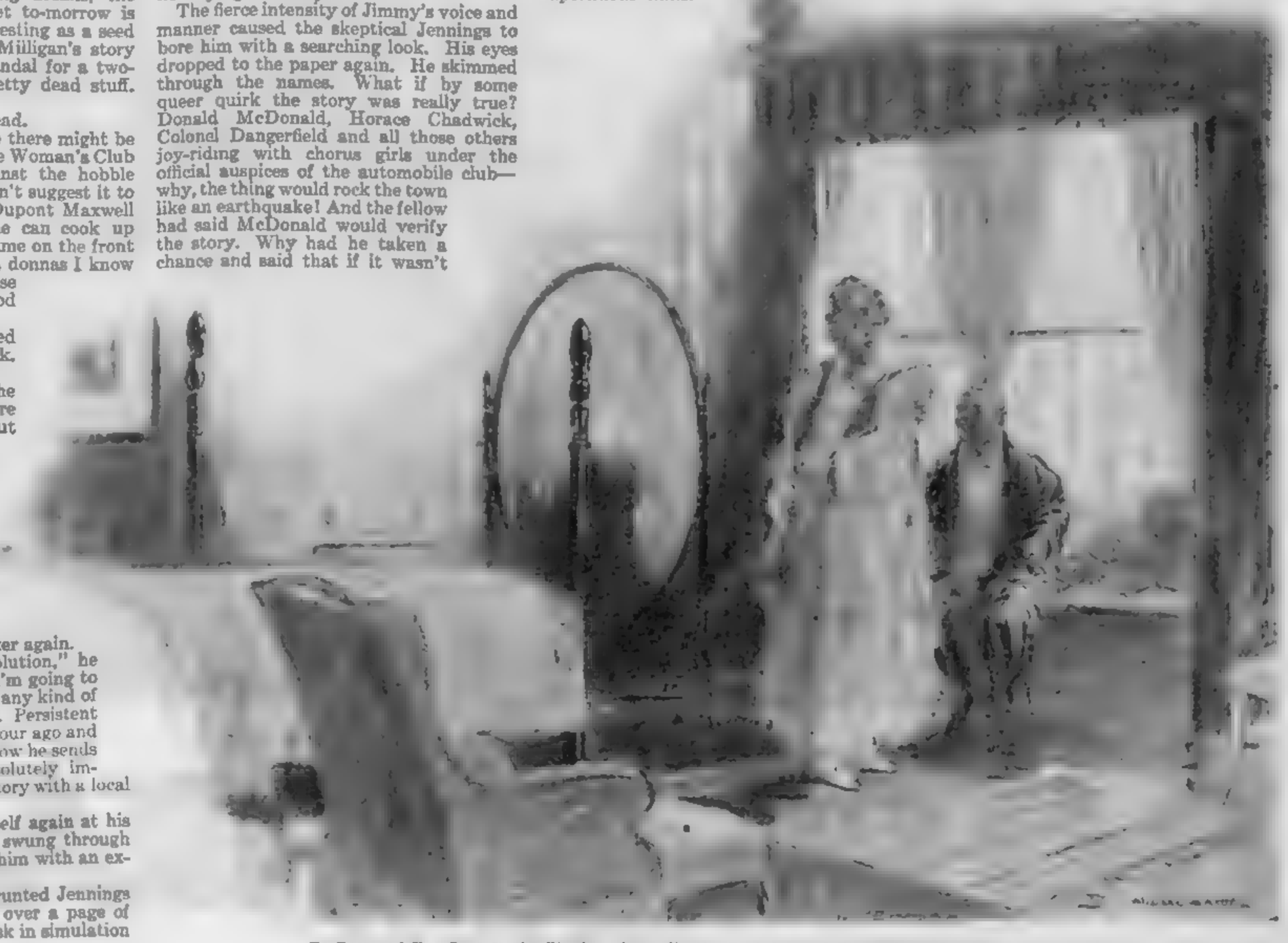
"What car do you propose using Sunday, Horace?" she asked.

"What's that?" said Mr. Chadwick, looking round his newspaper. "What car? Sunday? Oh, I guess I'll take the new touring car out!"

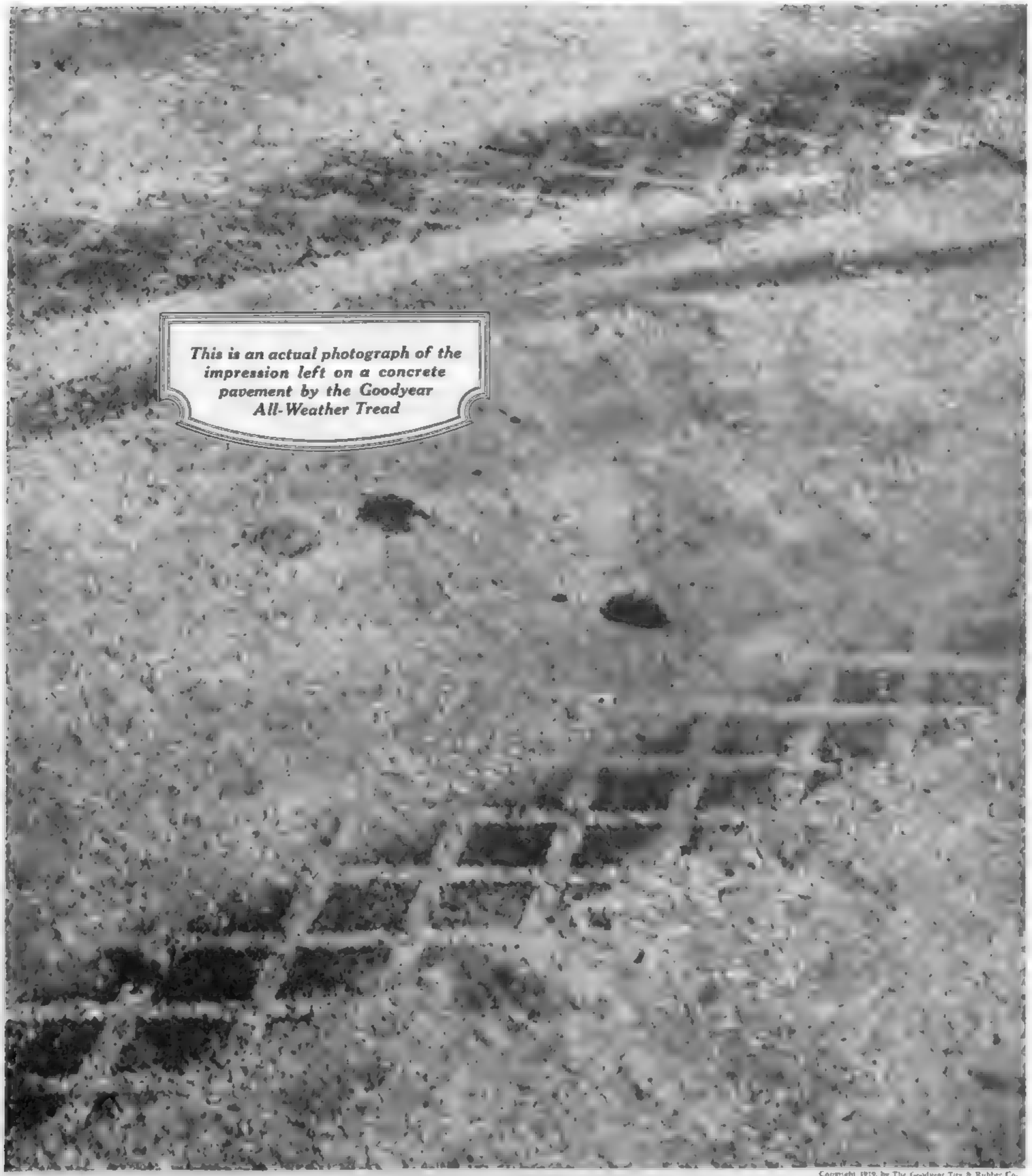
"Don't you think the limousine would be better?" she continued in an even voice. "More sheltered, more screened from the public gaze, as it were?"

"More screened from the public gaze?" he repeated. "What are you getting at, Elizabeth? No limousine for me if this weather keeps up. Wonderful morning, my dear, wonderful morning! I'll bet the crocuses sprouted three inches overnight. A few more days like this and I'll peel a half dozen years off. Nothing like spring to put life into you, my dear, nothing like it."

(Continued on Page 89)



He Escorted Her Over to the Window, Drew Up the Curtain, and Flashed the Paper in Front of Her Blinking Eyes



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GOODYEAR

AKRON

On city pavements as on country roads—wherever men travel in motor cars—you will find written in the familiar characters of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread a reminder that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

CORD TIRES

It Brings The Farm To The City and The City To The Farm

"Hey, Mother! Here're your things from town. And he'll take back your butter and eggs."

It is called "The Rural Express," or "The Inter-City Special." The local name is unimportant. The important things, today, are the country-wide scope of this inter-community service, linking town with country and town with town, and the character of the Trucks that perform this Service—Paige Trucks.

It means more than convenience. It means Efficiency and Economy. It lowers freight rates. It saves haulage from freight-station to farm and from city distributing-center to city home. It saves waste of perishable goods. It is lightening the labor, banishing the isolation of the farm. It is reducing the cost of living. It is a new Development of Transportation to unify the American people.

And for this task of bringing Farm to City and City to Farm, Paige Trucks are being nationally selected, because Paige Trucks are designed and manufactured for Durability and continuous Service; because Paige Trucks are bought and sold as Preferred Investments.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Build now good roads where they are needed so that good times can come to every American's home without delay."
W. B. WILSON,
Secretary U. S. Dept. of Labor.

"Build the road to carry the load. Make the highways feed the railways."
WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary of Commerce

PAIGE
The Most Serviceable Truck in America
MOTOR TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 85)

"Nothing like spring to make foolish nincompoops out of a lot of old men," corrected Mrs. Chadwick in a voice that was positively glacial.

Something in the tone of it stirred her husband's curiosity. He put down his paper and looked up quickly.

"What are you talking about, Elizabeth?" he inquired sharply.

"I suppose Colonel Dangerfield has picked a blonde," went on Mrs. Chadwick icily, utterly ignoring his question. "Have you decided on a brunette, Horace?"

"Blondes—brunettes?" murmured Mr. Chadwick hazily. "Have I decided —— Say, Elizabeth, what's got into you?"

"I dare say brunettes are a little too seriously inclined for you," ran on his wife in the same even ironic tone. "Blondes are livelier and they have the funniest names, I'm told. Which do you prefer, Horace—Trixie, Mazie or Delphine?"

Mr. Chadwick surveyed his wife with alarm.

"What's the joke, Elizabeth?" he inquired with an attempt at a smile that was really pathetic. "Where do I laugh?"

"Into her little pink ear, Horace," responded Mrs. Chadwick.

Her husband sprang to his feet.

"Look here, Elizabeth," he shouted, "either you need a doctor or the air round here needs clearing. Humor was never your strong forte. There are a lot of sly little innuendoes floating about that I'm going to choke off right here and now. Some old meddler in petticoats has been buzzing about this house and I'm going to find out who it is."

Mrs. Chadwick composedly confronted him.

"A pretty well-known meddler, Horace," she remarked with irritating suavity. "A meddler known to thousands. I refer you to the Bulletin."

She carelessly indicated the paper in front of her. Mr. Chadwick grabbed it and hurriedly glanced at the front page. A three-column headline attracted his attention:

ELDERLY MILLIONAIRES AND BANKERS
SECRETLY PLAN LIVELY JOY RIDE
FOR MERRY MAIDENS OF
FROLICS CHORUS

Donald McDonald, Horace Chadwick and Other Auto Club Members Arrange to Bring Broadway Beauties Into Town

AN INSIDER SPILLS THE BEANS

By the time Mr. Chadwick got that far he was spluttering like a leaky valve. By the time he had finished reading through the flossy little yarn that Billy Crandall had woven from Jimmy Martin's story he looked as if he had overstayed by fifteen minutes the time limit in the hot room at a Turkish bath. His face was fiery red and the veins stood out on his forehead in knotty little lumps.

The fragmentary remarks that Mrs. Chadwick was able to extract from the almost incoherent jumble of sounds that escaped from the lips of her spouse during the reading were of such a general nature and tone that she put her hands to her ears in sheer self-defense and sat wildly tapping her feet on the floor to drown them out. The next minute her husband crashed out of the room and through the hall to his waiting car.

"Cut her loose, Martin, and drive me to the Bulletin office," he shouted to the trim chauffeur. "I'm going over the top after that crowd of pestiferous puppies."

VI

THOUGH it was not quite nine o'clock when Horace Chadwick arrived at the Bulletin office he found eight other apoplectic prominent citizens gathered in excited colloquy in the anteroom to the office of Richard Chilvers, the owner and editor in chief of the paper.

Col. Hannibal Dangerfield, a handsome and stately old gentleman with a militant imperial and a flowing white mustache, was addressing remarks to a thoroughly scared young man who had thoughtlessly confessed a minute before that he was Mr. Chilvers' secretary.

"You listen to me, young man!" he was saying. "You march into that office there and get Dick Chilvers on that private wire of his and tell him that if he's a gentleman he'll drop his breakfast and come down heah and meet a delegation of irate and fightin' mad citizens of this community face to face, instead of skulkin' in the trenches."

The youthful secretary vanished through a swinging door marked Private, and Colonel Dangerfield turned to his friends.

"Damned, rascally, cowardly hounds—that's what I call 'em!" he said hotly. "They print a dastardly canard like that and then they skedaddle in the face of the common enemy."

"You're talking, colonel!" broke in Mr. Chadwick. "I haven't met anybody I know, but I'll bet we're the laughingstock of the whole town."

"I can't take that bet," responded Colonel Dangerfield bitterly. "Unfortunately for my peace of mind I have met some of my friends. Why, gentlemen, we should take matters into our own hands, mount a machine gun right heah at this door and keep 'em from gettin' out another edition of this lyin', treacherous, no-account sheet."

There were murmurs of approval of these belligerent sentiments from the little group of protestants which had just been increased by the arrival of Jonathan Wilde, a thin dyspeptic-looking man with a disappearing Adam's apple; and of Henry Quinby Blugsden, a former United States senator who carried the dignity of America's foremost debating society about with him on all occasions.

"Legal measures, my dear colonel," said the former senator, "are, I think, the soundest in such an emergency. So far as I am concerned my suit will be filed this afternoon. I shall name the sum of $250,000 as insufficient damages for the mental pain I have already undergone.

"Mrs. Blugsden, as many of you know, is a woman of decided prejudices and a strong mind."

"She hasn't a shade on my wife," remarked Mr. Wilde. "She's got two doctors working on her this minute. Went right off into hysterics at the breakfast table and began smashing china."

"My own deah Julia," remarked the colonel, "professed not to believe the damned nonsense, but there was a look in her off eye as I was passin' out the door that made me feel more uncomfortable than I've been since the day Yellow Boy lost the Eastern Shore Handicap."

The elevator door out in the corridor clanged just then and the brisk step of Richard Chilvers was heard approaching the little delegation of prominent citizens. Colonel Dangerfield moved to a strategic position at the head of the group. The publisher, a tall, forthright, hearty-looking man, stopped at the doorway and affected great surprise at the combination of wealth, social position and business power he found himself confronted with.

"Well, well," he remarked buoyantly, "the Bulletin seems to be honored this morning. It can't be possible that you're all waiting to see me, can it?"

Colonel Dangerfield lost his voice for a moment at the breezy assurance of this greeting. He coughed violently and then composed himself with a mighty effort.

"You know perfectly well why we're here, Dick Chilvers," he said majestically. "We're here because the honor and the sacred dignity of our homes and hearths have been ruthlessly assailed in the public prints."

The publisher walked toward the door leading to his office. He held it open.

"Just step inside, gentlemen," he said quietly. "I never discuss business out here."

The prominent citizens moved inside and disposed themselves about the desk in the center of the room. Mr. Chilvers, who was irritatingly calm, laid his hat and gloves on the desk and faced them.

"Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" he asked suavely.

"Seated—hell!" retorted Colonel Dangerfield. "We want to talk to you standin' up. Why did you print that lyin' yarn this mornin'?"

"I presume you refer to the story about the Automobile Club," returned the publisher. "I'm not aware that it is a lying yarn, as you call it. I've been up several hours, colonel, and I've been doing a little investigating on my own."

There were excited murmurs from the group of protestants at this remark. Horace Chadwick, who stood next to Colonel Dangerfield, decided to go to bat in place of the latter. The colonel was palpably too mad to be articulate.

"Dick Chilvers," said Mr. Chadwick, "do you mean to tell your fellow club members and business associates that you give the slightest credence to this fairy tale?"

"I mean to tell you," replied the publisher evenly, "that I have faith in the men I employ. I didn't see the story until I read it in the paper this morning. I must confess it sounded incredible. I got my night city editor out of bed and he told me that the story had been thoroughly investigated and verified."

"Verified?" shouted Colonel Dangerfield, finding his voice again. "Who in the name of Andrew Jackson verified it?"

"A gentleman we all know extremely well," returned the editor. "I'm going to call him up."

He reached for the telephone book on his desk, looked up a number and gave it to the operator. His visitors gathered round his desk, whispering excitedly to each other. There was a moment or two of tense silence and then the bell rang.

"Is that 3459 Parkway?" he asked. "Please give me Mr. McDonald."

As he waited the distinguished citizens looked at each other in amazement. They moved closer to the telephone. Presently the publisher was talking again.

"Is that you, Mac?" he asked. . . . "This is Dick Chilvers. You know what I want to talk to you about, I guess. . . . Yes, that's it. . . . Hell? I should say so! I've got an even dozen irate citizens here now, and I'm dead certain there are more on the way. . . . Dangerfield? Yes, he's here. . . . Yes, he's a little excited about it."

An indignant snort from the colonel interrupted the conversation. His associates nudged him into silence.

"Jennings said you gave Crandall the story," Chilvers was saying. . . . "You did, eh? What's the idea? . . . Come now, Mac, this is serious. Don't laugh like that. Why, if Dangerfield ever heard that laugh he'd commit aggravated assault and battery on the spot. . . . Ye-es—ye-es—well, of course ——"

The little group bent forward eagerly to catch every word. The one-sided conversation began to get more and more cryptic to them.

"You will, eh?" the publisher continued. . . . "No—not this time. I'll get this particular story myself. . . . Noon, eh? All right, Mac."

Chilvers hung up the phone and turned to his friends.

"Gentlemen," he remarked easily, "I'm going out on a little assignment myself. I'm going to interview Mr. Donald McDonald of the Merchants Trust Company. He says he's got another story that's better than this one. I'll have to ask you to excuse me until I see him."

"We'll meet you at his office," blurted Colonel Dangerfield. "There's something powerful queer about this thing, and we're going to see it through."

"Mac won't be at his office," responded the publisher. "He said he'd prefer not to meet any of you until to-morrow. We've arranged a—well, a sort of secret rendezvous."

VII

HORACE CHADWICK was stirring the next morning before anyone else in the house. He crept down the main stairway in a suit of pink pyjamas and a purple bathrobe and made straight for the front door. He opened it and peered out on the porch. The morning papers had not yet arrived. He slipped back into the hallway and sat down on a settee. He had had a sleepless night and he was in a rotten humor. The wife of his bosom hadn't spoken a word to him since the affair of the breakfast table the day before, and he had been so unmercifully guyed by every friend he met that he had taken refuge in his library early in the afternoon and had smoked three times as many black cigars as were good for him.

Chilvers had been inaccessible since the visit of the deputation, and every effort to get in touch with anyone on the Bulletin had been met with the response: "Explanations will be made in to-morrow's paper." To make matters worse the Reverend Doctor Chaddow had called to offer spiritual consolation to dear, kind Mrs. Chadwick. Mr. Chadwick had heard the cleric intoning his sympathy in the drawing-room, and had been obliged to stand at an open window to cool off and keep himself from rushing in and laying violent hands on the reverend gentleman. The story was the talk of the town, and telephonic reports from other members of the aggrieved group of prominent citizens brought word of the continuance of violent hostilities in nearly a score of households.

The memory of these things seethed in Mr. Chadwick's mind as he sat with his aching head bent forward on his hands and heard the library clock chime six. Presently a dull thud was heard against the door. Mr. Chadwick jumped up and stepped out on the porch again. He picked up the tightly rolled little bundle of newspapers a boy had just thrown in from the sidewalk, and slammed the door shut behind him. He eagerly unrolled the package, picked out the Bulletin and held up the front page under the shade of a tall hall lamp.

Della, the cook, who was coming down the front stairs in direct violation of a household rule at this particular moment, was frozen in her tracks by the incisive explicitness of a blistering exclamation which came up out of the hall below. It was followed by murmurs and mumbles which she couldn't quite make out, then by a chuckle or two, and finally by a hearty laugh that sent her scurrying upstairs again and down the back way, convinced that the gentleman of the house had suddenly gone out of his mind.

Mr. Chadwick followed her up with the nimbleness of a schoolboy, waving the paper in his hand. He knocked loudly at his wife's door.

"Elizabeth!" he shouted. "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world."

"What's that?" came a sleepy voice from behind the locked door.

"The blond peril has passed on out to sea," he said gayly. "Take a look at this morning's Bulletin."

Mrs. Chadwick unlocked the door and admitted her husband. He blithely escorted her over to the window, drew up the curtain and flashed the paper in front of her blinking eyes. At first she saw only a smear of black type and a dancing set of little pictures. The type presently resolved itself into a five-column headline which told a story that the whole town would be chuckling over in another hour:

HAPPY HOMES OF SCORE OF FIRST CITIZENS
NEARLY BROKEN UP BY COLOSSAL
HOAX PERPETRATED BY DONALD
McDONALD IN SATISFACTION
OF AN ANCIENT GRUDGE

Fate and a Theatrical Press Agent Play Into Hands of Prominent Banker and Give Him Sweet Revenge After Lapse of Many Years

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST

Mrs. Chadwick gazed bewilderedly at the flaming headline and at the pen-and-ink sketches illustrating the story that followed—sketches picturing with comic effect little scenes like that which had transpired at her own breakfast table the morning before.

"I don't understand," she said weakly.

"Read the first few paragraphs and you will," chuckled her husband.

His wife obediently read the introduction to the long story Crandall had written:

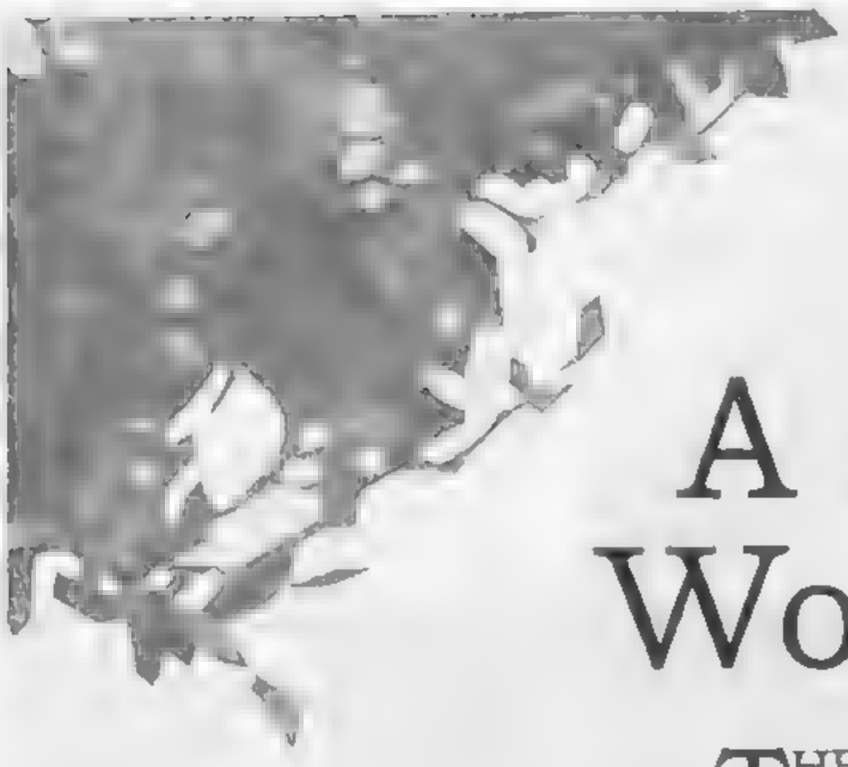
"On a certain spring night a score of years ago a certain Baltimorean gazed up at the star-spangled heavens on the desolate shores of a little inlet of Chesapeake Bay, twenty long miles from a railroad and fifteen from any human habitation, and swore by all the nine gods that sometime, somehow, some place he would get even collectively and appropriately with two dozen of his fellow club members who had just played him what he considered the scurviest trick known to mortal man. He had been kidnaped on his wedding night and dumped without ceremony on the loneliest spot in this corner of the world all by way of a joke.

"This same man sat yesterday in the living room of his country home with a perpetual grin on his face and a heart full of joy. He knew that every living man of that party of jokesters was suffering something approximating the torments he suffered on that night of nights, and that he had stirred up more trouble in a score of households than half a hundred genuine vampires might have succeeded in doing.

"Opportunity chose the disguise of a theatrical press agent when she finally knocked after all these years—which statement leads naturally to an account of the real inside of the story of the projected

(Concluded on Page 92)

"Send it to the Laundry"



A Message to the Women of America

THE times have brought new and trying problems to women—problems that have multiplied the cares of housekeeping.

A scarcity of help, too, has tended to increase domestic difficulties.

It has devolved upon the modern woman to be mistress of many things. While acting as mother and business manager in the home, she must also give ear nowadays to appeals of the community for welfare work and social service.

To save time and meet these many demands being made upon her, the modern woman must simplify her household methods—and this she can do if she will avail herself of the help the laundry industry offers.

It is this industry that of mornings sends ten million business men to their offices with spotless collars. Five thousand hospitals are dependent on it for their daily supplies of sterilized linen. From it ten thousand hotels secure their acres of immaculate napery. By it a million workers are clothed thrice a week in aprons and coats of snowy white.

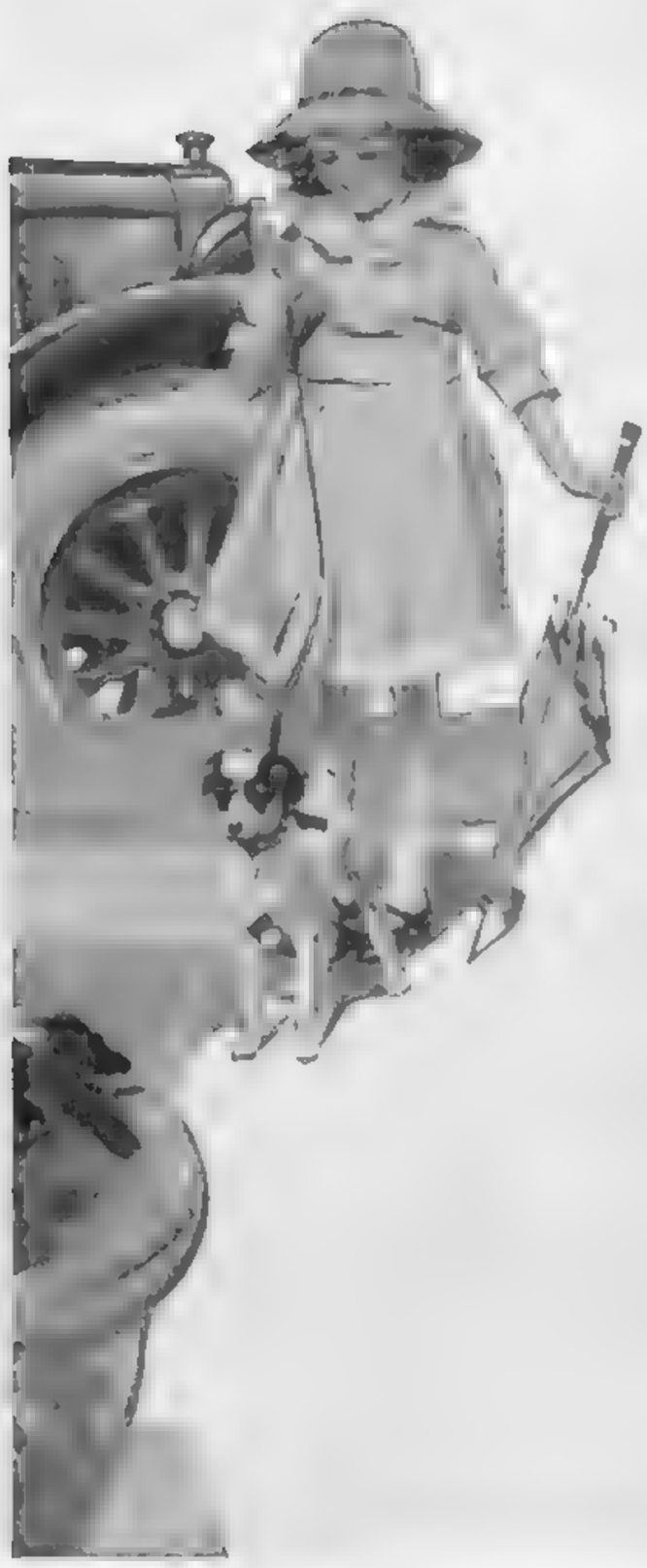
This industry, which for half a century has kept the business world "dressed up", is ready to extend the benefits of its services to the homes and women of America—and to assume for womankind, the burden of the family washing.

It is well qualified for this mission. Old methods have been refined and perfected to a degree that even the housewife herself cannot excel. The banishment of boiling and bleaching and their replacement with the improved method of sousing and rinsing in water of velvety softness and suds of creamy white is an example.

If you seek leisure for more devotion to your children and increased participation in the bigger things of life, could anything be simpler than packing your troubles in a laundry bag? Or could anything be more satisfying than to have your clothes returned sweetly clean and beautifully finished?

In your city are modern laundries. In these you will find men and women who are courteous, accommodating and desirous of giving you that family washing service you have been waiting for.

Give your family bundle to the laundry and receive in return leisure for larger usefulness.



This advertisement is the first of a series intended to acquaint you with the progress that has been made by the modern laundry. A sure belief that with this knowledge will come a passing away of the prejudices that have come down from the old-fashioned laundry of a decade ago, prompts this enterprise in behalf of the laundry industry of America.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

(Concluded from Page 89)

millionaires' chorus-girl joy-ride party which amused and startled this city yesterday. . . ."

VIII

THE advance sale of seats for the engagement of the Frolics opened that morning. Jimmy Martin stood chatting with Manager George Seymour in the lobby of the Lyric Theater and watching the long queue of prospective ticket purchasers that stretched out to the sidewalk and curved up the street for nearly half a block. Jimmy couldn't resist gloating just a little bit. He had adapted a more or less casual "I told you so" attitude the day before when the first story had appeared, but this morning he just naturally expanded.

"Well, Georgie, old man," he remarked cheerily, "you've got to give him credit. The kid's clever."

"What kid?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"That Martin fellow ahead of the Frolics," responded Jimmy playfully. "I told you stirring up towns was a specialty of his. He certainly handed this one a jolt. Do you hear 'em all talking about this morning's yarn? It's the biggest press story in years."

"Just luck—dumb luck," returned the theater manager.

"Pretty good for the little old show shop and the little old show, though, you've got to admit," retorted the press agent. "Come on, Georgie, act human. Own up that if it hadn't been for the big idea I led in by the hand little old Robert B. Luck wouldn't have had a chance to sit in and draw five cards"

"Say," remarked Seymour irrelevantly, "did you know Meyerfield was coming over this morning? He phoned me from Washington last night after you'd gone."

"Didn't know it," responded Jimmy, "but it's music to my ears. I want to be lingering round when he lamps this line. You know he told me to smear the girls all over the front page, but he didn't say anything about doing it two days running."

Jimmy strolled down the lobby and loitered near the slowly moving line. He felt a pleasurable little thrill as he listened to the comments on the Bulletin's story. He walked out to the street and ran his eye along the queue, which nearly reached the corner. Then a taxi drove up and Meyerfield alighted. Jimmy caught a flash of the Bulletin sticking out of the manager's overcoat pocket. So he'd seen the story already, he thought. Well, he'd try to be modest.

"Hello, Martin," said Meyerfield, holding out a clammy hand and giving Jimmy's a barely perceptible grip. "Glad I caught you. Pittsburgh's canceled, and we're going straight through to Boston from here. You'd better duck over there right away. Come back to the office a minute. There's something I want to talk to you about."

The manager gave the line a look of quick appraisal as he passed hurriedly back to Seymour's office. Jimmy followed him, a little shade downcast at the failure of his employer to make mention of his achievement.

Meyerfield greeted Seymour pleasantly, slid into a chair, slowly lit a cigar and assumed his most judicial manner.

"Martin," he said presently, "I want to talk to you about these stories that have been running in the Bulletin. Now ——"

"Some little smear, eh?" interrupted Jimmy.

"It's a smear all right," returned the manager, "but it isn't the kind of publicity I want."

"But, Mr. Meyerfield," broke in Jimmy incredulously, "did you see the line? Why ——"

"Yes, I saw the line, but that doesn't mean everything. It's just a little flash in the pan, and besides it's dangerous stuff—why, you can't tell what would come of it. Someone told me on the train coming over that there was a quarter of a billion dollars represented by the names in that story."

"But that's just why it's good stuff!" persisted Jimmy. "The more important the people ——"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me," snapped his employer. "I've got a silent partner in New York—a big banker—he's going to back my new summer show. Why, if he ever gets wise to this stuff you can't tell what'd happen. He may know some of these fellows you've mixed up in this story, and he may call the whole thing off. You came pretty near getting me in Dutch. Maybe you have. You'd better pull a new line of stuff over in Boston. This kind'll never do."

He watched Jimmy narrowly to see how that ordinarily enthusiastic young gentleman was responding to this line of talk. Jimmy's first expression of bewilderment was replaced by one of great anxiety.

"All right, Mr. Meyerfield," he said deferentially. "You know best. You've been at it longer than I have, and of course you know the show business from more angles than I do. I'm sorry it happened. I didn't understand. I'll try and pull something different over in Boston."

"That's it," beamed Meyerfield. "The fireworks stuff is all right, but sticking to facts and real legitimate publicity is what lasts. We'll let bygones be has-beens. You'd better start on the earliest train possible.

"By the way, Miss Bellairs is going to lay off for a couple of weeks after our opening here. Her doctor says she'll have a six months' session in a sanitarium if she doesn't, but we can get by that all right. You understand?"

"Sure I understand," replied Jimmy. "Who's going on in her place?"

"Little Leona LeClaire," said Meyerfield. "It's a chance to put her on in the leading rôle, but I think she'll fill the bill all right. She's been understudying all season."

"I get you, Mr. Meyerfield," returned Jimmy. "I'll try and pull something different."

"That's the talk," replied the manager, extending a fishy hand again.

As the door swung shut on the press agent Meyerfield turned to Seymour and gave him a prodigious wink.

"How do you like my work, George?" he asked expansively.

"I don't understand," puzzled the theater manager. "What do you mean? I thought that newspaper stuff was blamed good if you ask me. Best thing pulled off here in years."

"Of course it was, George," responded Meyerfield with an air of great wisdom. "It was one of the best ever, but if I told that fresh gink I thought it was there'd be no holding him. He'd take the bit in his teeth and bolt down Main Street. He'd begin to think he was worth a thousand dollars a minute. Birds like that have to be held down. Don't let 'em ever think they're good. I know how to handle all his kind."

Meyerfield's office boy dumped a big pile of Boston Sunday papers on his desk the following Monday morning. The manager opened the Press and turned to the theatrical page. He skimmed it hurriedly and then uttered a low moan. Staring him in the face was a double-column picture of Leona LeClaire. Over it was a headline which read:

PRIMA DONNA'S ILLNESS
GIVES LITTLE CHORUS GIRL
HER BIG OPPORTUNITY

A story detailing the facts about Bessie Bellairs' threatened breakdown followed, together with some account of the stage beginnings of the understudy. Meyerfield frantically looked through the other papers and found the photograph of the LeClaire girl featured in each one of them with practically the same story. He called his stenographer and angrily dictated this telegram:

"JAMES MARTIN,
"Agent Meyerfield's Frolics,
"Star Theater, Boston, Mass.

"Why did you print that bonehead story about understudy after my instructions to the contrary? You're ruining my business. Wire immediately.

"MEYERFIELD."

This answer came back—collect—in an hour and a half:

"MAURICE MEYERFIELD,
"1426 Broadway, New York City.

"Go out and play with the chippy birds. If you want to put anything over on me you'll have to set your alarm clock earlier. I'm off song-and-dance shows for life; nothing but highbrow stuff for mine from now on. Have signed to go ahead of Olga Stephano in Ghosts, by Henri K. Ibsen.

"MARTIN."

HELP!

(Continued from Page 7)

soup cartoons—in a chef's white cap and jacket, with magnificent grand-opera mustaches and a lordly manner, and master of a wondrous lore of cookery. Did he not achieve piccolo biscotti—which in American means hot biscuits; and did he not render a not-half-bad Latin version of corned-beef hash? And all for fourteen dollars a month—a sum absurd for his skill and his make-up.

And there was Pepino, the gardener, who worked all the daylight hours for eight dollars a month. And Teresina, the maid, who worked even beyond the daylight hours and thought herself the luckiest of maids, because the rich American nobleman lavished upon her each month all of six dollars instead of the four she had been earning. And once when Teresina went off on a festival day to visit her mother in Sorrento and the rich American nobleman in the most casual manner in the world tipped her with an Italian gold piece costing about four dollars, she was terribly overcome by his munificence. She dropped on one knee and grabbed his hand and kissed it and made him feel wonderfully feudal and grand. It was worth the money. Larger tips in his own land have brought him nothing like this acknowledgment.

And there was French Marie, in Paris, who did everything an apartment needs to have done in it, including excellent cookery and the darning of socks, which I had long supposed to be a lost art like the tempering of copper. Marie, the gaunt Normandy woman of severest mien, with a hawk's eye ever upon the francs. She was never happy save when working, and she kept happy for thirteen dollars a month. And not only did she save her own money; she saved mine. She shopped cannily each day with her net bag, haggled with tradesmen, walked a long block to save a sou, and the wastage in her kitchen would never have nourished even one dieting cockroach.

Once I took home a guest for the night and, come morning, I asked what would he for breakfast, and he said what did I, and I said fruit and coffee and an egg. So he said the same for him. And I told Marie. And I was first at the table, and there were the eggs in their egg cups, and the egg before me showed upon its north pole a most legible cross made with a soft pencil; but the guest egg was unmarked. So when Marie fetched the coffee an idle curiosity stirred me and I demanded of her what the cross on my egg wished to say. And Marie, loyal soul, blushed the slow difficult blush of age and confessed that the cross wished to say that my egg was well fresh.

Of course it wasn't so bad as it sounds. It meant that the guest egg had been bought for one-half cent less than mine, being intended for omelets or something, where an egg's juventility is not subjected to the most exigent tests; or—for I never did fathom the mind of Marie—mayhap it had been bought precisely for a guest egg; and anyway it shows you why the French are the richest people on earth. Of course I might have effected a gallant exchange, taking for myself the landsturm egg, as you might call it. Still that penciled cross made the shell kind of messy-looking and the other egg looked so neat and clean. It was a nice point for the conscience, and before I could decide it the guest came to take his place at table, so I thought the less talk about it the better.

How remote seems Marie! Creature of another epoch; of another life in a better world! Marie, who positively would not let the tailor take a suit of mine to press until she could decide in her own mind that it needed pressing; and who had such stern notions about the laundering of evening waistcoats that I was obliged to make their perhaps delicate need a very gross and obvious necessity by bold applications of coal dust from the grate. Marie, whom I fought for two years because I am unable to regard fried potatoes as a detached course in a meal, and because I ever wish to have more than enough food on the table, whereas Marie would never have but just enough—which, of course, never looked anything like enough. Wonderful Marie, who did all and more and did it better than the combined Kutzukis and who worked a year and a half to amass what the Orientals make in one simple month. I sincerely hope she is profiting by the new dispensation. I hope she is even richer than the Kutzukis!

And, my good people, what are we coming to? I don't know, but I think I can tell how we have come this far. True, as a sociologist my amateur standing has never been impugned, but it is plain to me that something has gone wrong with civilization's devices for keeping woman in her place. Like a professional sociologist, I will quote you statistics. They are things it is usually wise to skip, but I will make these easy to read. I have found a revealing bunch of them in my New York morning paper; and you can find about the same bunch in yours any morning you choose to look.

First: There are thirty-five columns of "Help Wanted, Female," to twenty-six columns of "Help Wanted, Male."

Second: There is but half a column of "Situations Wanted, Female," to eight columns of "Situations Wanted, Male."

Men, these are bitter figures! Woman has not only come into her own, she has come into a lot of ours.

But here is another contrast: Of the "Help Wanted, Female," two hundred and six of the advertisements plead with velvet words for household servants; and of the half column of "Situations Wanted, Female," just eight offer the kind of service besought by the anguished two hundred and six. And even these eight invite a closer scrutiny. Two say bluntly that the advertisers wish situations as cooks. Of these one confesses herself to be "a refined widow" and the other says she is a German. Let us pass on. Of the six who advertise under the head "General Housework" a colored girl specifies "small family." A young Irish girl specifies "no washing." A "Girl, neat, colored, wishes housework mornings, small family or one man." A "Young woman, white," wishes housework "for several days a week." The last advertiser is the only one to have an old-fashioned ring in her voice: "Housework—plain cooking, city, country, moderate wages."

Of this person I need hardly say that every housewife will at once know her to be incompetent. She must be, or in these times she would use more arrogance.

And that is why life for me has all at once become real and earnest. For it happens now and again that I must go into the kitchen myself, because other people have suffered a nervous breakdown. Not that I mind cooking, but the world at large is no brighter or better for it, whereas when I strive at my art—but I will leave this for others to say, as they undoubtedly would say if I cooked for them. For I cook entirely by ear, not being able to read a note. The other day I looked up in a cook-book what was touted as "A Simple Luncheon Dish." Of all the sensational literature! It began in this florid manner: "Take the breasts of six pheasants, one quart of rich cream and one pound of best creamery butter." But take them from whom? Not me! In these times I should be thrust into a felon's cell before I got as far as the quart of rich cream. Still, I can compose a stew, where the imagination may run riot; and I can burn bacon so that it tastes as good as any you ever ate round a camp fire—if you will just sprinkle some sand and ashes on it.

But occasional or even semioccasional cooking is not the peak of my load. For prominent in my entourage is a cow. True, she is not always in commission, but when she is she has to be milked, and I say to you that she milks hard. She is a sightly creature, chosen for her rich coloring of tan and dark brown so that she might make a more affable landscape of the West Terrace; but when it comes to milking her, if you know what I mean, her handles are too short. Yet often I must leave literature flat and in something tweedy go up to the

(Concluded on Page 96)

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal RUGS

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

The Popular, Sanitary Floor-Covering

EVERY housewife knows it is impossible to prevent dust and grime collecting in the texture of fabric floor-coverings. And what a back-breaking, dusty task it is to beat or sweep them!

But it is not so with Congoleum Rugs. The surface being firm and non-absorbent does not absorb the dust. Thus to clean them requires but a few moments with a damp mop. Never any sweeping or beating. That, and the fact that the base material is water-proof, is what makes Congoleum Rugs really a *sanitary* floor-covering.

Durable and Economical

Congoleum Rugs are long-lived, resisting wear to the utmost, and they lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind. Economical, too—sizes and prices are as follows:

6 x 9 feet	$8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
9 x 12 feet	$17.00		

Look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee

When you select your new Congoleum Rugs and Floor-Coverings look for the Gold-Seal pasted on the face. If not there, look for the name "Congoleum" on the back. The Gold-Seal is our Money-back Guarantee to you.

Send Today for Free Color Chart

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. You can then decide at home just which will look best with *your* furniture. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. Specify which you want when writing.

CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

Philadelphia San Francisco
Chicago The Barrett Company Boston
Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

The pattern shown here is Congoleum Rug No. [illegible]. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

MO

RRIS

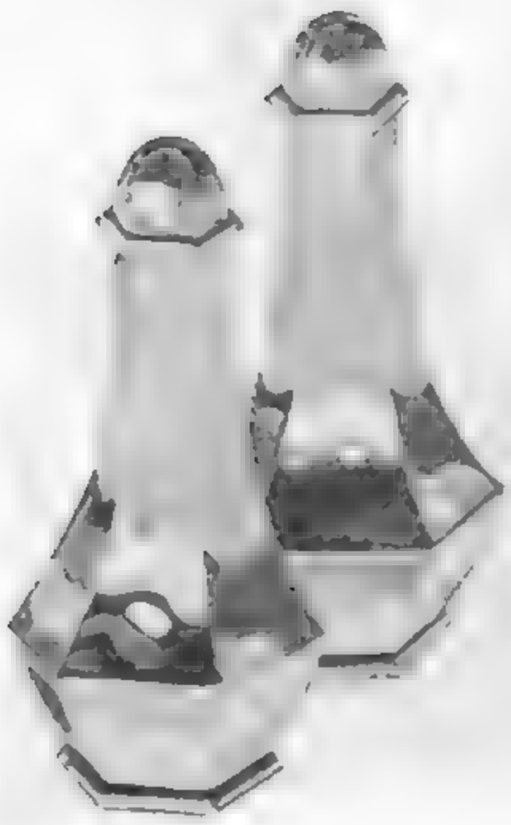
You'll like the flavor of this bacon. It has just the right taste—mild and delicate: the result of our *one* famous cure.

Supreme Bacon

There are many other Morris foods you'll like—ham, sausage, butter and eggs; meats, fruits and vegetables in tins.

They all bear the Morris flavor-mark—*Supreme.*

MORRIS & COMPANY
U. S. A.



(Concluded from Page 92)

barn to blandish and wheedle her. All because that distinguished hidalgo, Pedro de Zulueta, now commands four dollars per diem instead of the two I paid him for milking the cow and watering the daffodil. Which throws us into sociology and the laboring classes again.

You might think that Pedro de Zulueta now enjoys an income of twenty-four dollars a week instead of twelve. A thousand times no! Twelve dollars a week is all Pete wants of life. So he works three days and amasses it. Then he hies him to town and for the remaining days of the week abandons himself to a life of profligacy. In his kampus-kut suit with the noble shoulders and his buttoned yellow shoes he mounts the throne outside the Unique Pool Parlor and has the shoes made to glitter; then he goes inside to joust at Kelly pool and smoke the Walter Pater five-cent cigar continuously, with no more thought for the future than a silly butterfly. It has been suggested to me that Pete is a philosopher, knowing when he has enough. Perhaps. But I have watched him water the daffodil and I suspect his real trouble to be that he is too slightly immune to fatigue poisons. In either case he is not for me.

So then, is—or are—belles-lettres to perish from the earth? For when I would sit to the baby-grand typewriter and let my fingers wander idly over the keys I must instead go out to perform the degrading tasks I have named. Either that or we must live by canned milk and quit keeping a daffodil. Nor is this the end. It would seem that presently I must practice certain handicrafts that will occupy all my waking hours.

After a startling interview with my tailor the other day, abruptly terminated by me, I rushed to look for one of those natty suits that not so long ago used to be eighteen dollars, no more, no less. And I found the same suit in the window, but the card now reads: "Was $60.00—Take Me Home for $50.00." I didn't.

And now I foresee there must be sheep on the place. And after a pained scrutiny of certain late bills I perceive that we shall have to keep a silkworm. And shoes? Have you bought shoes lately? So we shall have to keep the animals man gets his leather from. I must look it up. And I must experiment with cotton and plow the glebe to sow potatoes and other plain food, for our few acres of glebe have taken on more than scenic values.

Everything has gone up but the "Free Air" advertised by garages, and that will at least have a tax on it by next week. In truth, when one considers the mounting prices of all staples—but I am reminded of something. Excuse me just a moment.

Ed. POST, *Sir:* The only people I haven't heard complain of mounting prices are editors who pay a beggarly pittance for stuff like this to fill out their magazines, because they know darned well people wouldn't buy them for the advertisements alone; and even our latest dog cost twice as much as any other dog we have, and he is a police dog, so he has to have a big wad of raw meat every day or else he would grow up to be a perfect sissy and not arrest people like he was meant to; and you must know what meat prices are, so I think we should all stand together in this matter, and hoping to hear from you soon ——

Where was I? Oh, yes, about mounting prices. And a dollar for a golf ball that once could be had for a half. It's either a dollar now or form a subterranean and unholy alliance with the Caddies' Protective Association at twenty-five cents a ball, which no high-minded man would do if it wasn't so much cheaper.

I can see what my day is going to be. Instead of sitting here comfortably thinking about writing something pretty soon, I must be up and out with the dawn. I must milk—after having traded this beast for one that fits my hands. I must feed and rub down the silkworm; I must corner the sheep and prune it of enough wool for a plain business suit; then to the cotton patch, chanting one of those mournful old plantation melodies, to hoe out the boll weevils—or bolls weevil. Then I must incite the potatoes to renewed effort, cherish the budding asparagus and mulch the cereal shrubs. After this I must sit at the cobbler's bench in my quiet study and make shoes for self and family. I suppose they will be rough affairs at first. I expect it will be a matter of months before I can turn out a nifty pair of dancing slippers now priced at nineteen dollars in the sordid market place. Of course eventually we shall all be wearing moccasins, because what with spinning cotton, carding wool and winding silk from the fecund worm there will be scant leisure for fancy leather work—and no time to dance. Already I have ordered one of those happy little devices that cut your own hair when told to. And perhaps we shall all be primitive and joyous once more, as in the childhood of the race; and when the house has fallen apart and we are forced to a cave, perhaps I may take up literature again and scrawl upon the cave wall some apothegms about hired help to rejoice the prowling archæologist of a distant age. And all because we have allowed woman to defeminize herself, and labor to get ideas above its situation. A blasting prospect, I call it.

In my troubled state of mind I have even consulted a philosopher. Of course I know that the philosophy of all philosophers has never so much modified or stimulated human progress as, say, the invention of the shoe lace; but I had heard much of this one and went to him a little hopefully.

His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, and I had heard that he was simply great about keeping labor in its place. He is too. He conceived a beautiful world in which we could have all the help we want at decent wages. He says pithily that our work will be done with less and less revolt and less driving as we evolve a class whose ambition to engage in more inviting pursuits grows smaller and smaller.

It must be grand to be a philosopher and think up things like that. He says the ideal cook is one who has no thought of anything higher than cooking. Therefore, he says, we must have a class content to obey without question. Don't you love that "therefore"? Strong words these and they heartened me mightily, so I hurried on through eight more volumes to learn how the herr professor was going to do his evolving. But he never tells. He says—oh, so beautifully—that my drudgery, which is unpleasant, should be given over to a slave class whose sense of its unpleasantness is less acute than mine. But he lets it go at that, and I already knew that much. But the slave class insists on a couple of hundred dollars a month and nights out to wait on banquets.

So I saw through Nietzsche. He knew absolutely nothing about women and next to nothing of men, save the little he could glean from the exhaustive study of words that made him a philologist. As to contemporary human life and the reaction of slave labor to an offer of less than it can get from those not having to eke out a miserable existence on a typewriter, any cab driver could have instructed him vastly. He thought out a system of noble, austere beauty whose only flaw was that at no single point did it fit the world he was writing about.

What a great poet he was and how sad that he should have fancied himself a philosopher! The most peaceable of men, he preached the sacredness of war; the most pitying of men, he preached the sin of pity. But what is his gospel to me when the help quits cold? I know we of the superior caste should coerce slave labor, but what if it won't let us?

After getting this far with the old fraud his superman left me languid. For, since his superman is always two jumps ahead of current man, I myself am the superman of yesterday, which is something the talkative Zarathustra neglected to point out. But you wrong me if you think I am puffed up about it when I must cajole milk from a diffident cow. And I hereby abolish the cult of Nietzsche and proscribe the man, save as a corking free-verse poet.

Yet I am sorry the poor chap made his dreadful eternally recurrent circle, for it seems to have formed the rim of a bottomless mental abyss into which he presently tumbled, mind and body. I wish he could have lived to glance through the labor news in to-day's paper; and the news from Russia and the news from Germany and the latest help bulletins from my own household. I should like to have heard a bit of talk between Friedrich Wilhelm and Pete, while Pete with a lighted Walter Pater and $11.95 in his pocket was having his shoes lacquered and facing four days of such lordly indolence as the poet never knew. I wonder what he would then think of his third class—the slaves. And would he then advise me, even at my advanced age, to study general farming as a means of livelihood? Can it be, can it possibly be, that the writer of good stuff is not worth so much more than a mere farmer as I have believed he was? What a sickening thought!

But I have consulted a lawyer. He knew of Nietzsche only as a name that few can pronounce and none spell, but he saw at once that the poor fellow was but a fairy-winged dilettante of actual life. He said that a philosopher to be any good must start with the world that is and not with one built up in his own mind. And he said the way to keep help was to leave it something handsome in your will. You will listen to him when I tell you that he has had one cook in ten years and when I add that he pays her no exorbitant wage. Let the man talk.

"It's simple. She knows I will go—in the ordinary course—before she does, and she knows she will have a snug little competence. I have showed her the will and had an interpreter explain its terms to her in all foreign languages, including chiefly the Scandinavian. She will never quit."

"But may I not," I began, as the best of us get the habit of saying these days, "ask if you are by any chance unfamiliar with the mischievous effects of ground glass upon the human viscera and the subtle neatness with which it may be sifted into cooked food?"

"Certainly, go on and ask," he retorted wittily. "You don't suppose I dangle that bequest over her as a reward for my early murder, do you? Not so. Things like that are such a mistake. My will provides that each year her legacy shall be increased two hundred dollars. And she hopes to see me stepping for a good twenty years yet. When she cautions me about overeating, or rich sauces, or too many sweets, it comes from her heart out. If you don't believe it go into that kitchen yourself with some ground glass and see how far you get with it."

Of course the chap was spoofing a bit because I don't know how to grind glass and wouldn't know how to find his kitchen. But there you are! In a wide circle of acquaintance his is the only household I know that is assured of tranquil labor conditions. I give his plan for what it may be worth. To me, alas! with prices mounting at their present velocity it is worth little or nothing for reasons that will one day be divulged in a court of probate. For the present there is no recourse but to advertise once more, offering one-half the modest income, a good home, respectful treatment, free access to the jazz records at any hour of the day or night, the use of the car on Sundays, and a member of the family on demand to make a fourth at bridge.

Cleans Your Teeth, of Course—but Pebeco Also Checks "Acid-Mouth"

Teeth that look clean, white and sound on the outside often are found upon examination to be on the road to decay inside. Therefore, merely to clean the teeth, it seems, is not enough. For if the authorities are right in their belief that 95 in 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth," and that it is the chief cause of tooth decay, then at least 19 out of every 20 persons must do something to check unfavorable mouth acids as well as to keep their teeth white and polished.

"Acid-Mouth" is so insidious that it gives no preliminary warning of the havoc it works. It is a condition that gradually weakens the enamel until cavities are formed. Then germs enter and destroy the soft interior pulp—*the very life of a tooth.*

Unless you are free from "Acid-Mouth"—and remember you are the exceptional one in twenty if you are free—you positively need Pebeco Tooth Paste. It counteracts unfavorable mouth acids—because it stimulates the natural, abundant flow of saliva, which is distinctly alkaline, and normally neutralizes "Acid-Mouth," and keeps the teeth, gums and mouth clean.

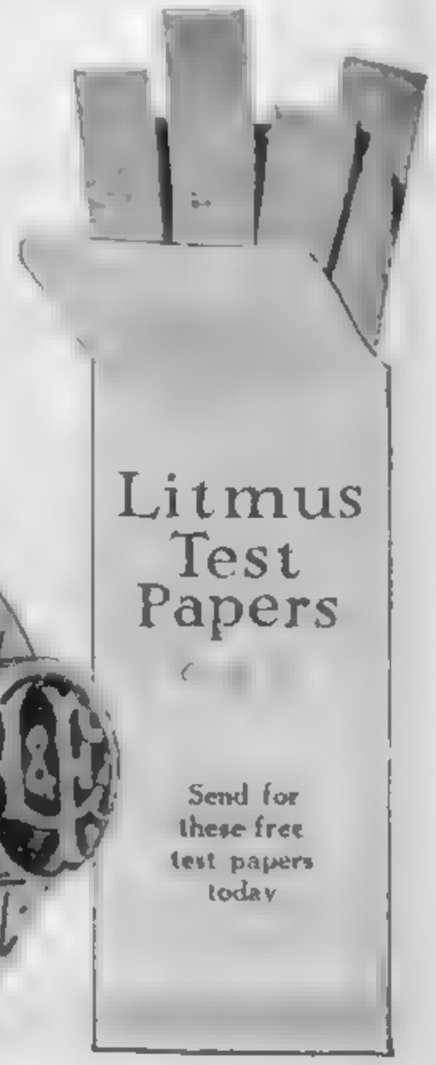
Pebeco is just powerful enough to be an effective cleaning and polishing agent without scratching the enamel or irritating the delicate membranes of the mouth. It retards the action of harmful germs in the mouth, and helps to dissolve the protein plaques to which germs, food particles and tobacco stains adhere. Pebeco invigorates the gums, and its keen, refreshing flavor benefits the whole mouth. Dentists recommend Pebeco, and many thousands use it constantly.

To ward off decay, use Pebeco twice a day and have your teeth examined twice a year by your dentist.

PEBECO
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TOOTH PASTE
Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Try this Simple Free Test for "Acid-Mouth"

Write to us for a set of our Litmus Test Papers. They will be sent free with a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco. They are the standard laboratory test papers for determining the presence of acid in the mouth. Place one in your mouth and keep it there until it is moistened. If it remains blue, you are free from "Acid-Mouth." But if it turns pink then you have the condition. If it does turn pink, brush your teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Then place a second Litmus Test Paper in your mouth. This time it will remain blue, proving that Pebeco is effective in counteracting "Acid-Mouth."



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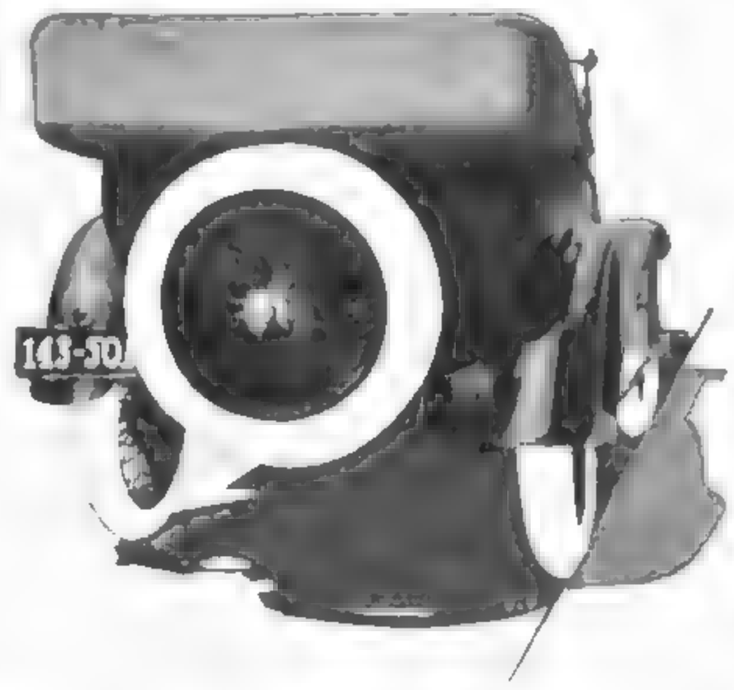

WHITE RUBBER TIRES

When tires grow dingy with use people paint them *white* to make them look new.

Why? Because so many tires when new are *white* tires, taking their color from the Zinc Oxide that goes into them.

Zinc Oxide also contributes toughness and long life to any automobile tire. Satisfactory tires have not been produced without Zinc Oxide being used.

The New Jersey Zinc Company has been supplying pure Zinc Oxide for this purpose since the advent of the tire industry. This Zinc, made from the unique ore of its Franklin Mines, has always been the standard among manufacturers who have built their reputations on the merit of their tires.

We manufacture Zinc products only, devoting our experience, resources and research department to the one purpose of giving each industry the materials best suited to its needs.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *160 Front Street*, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

PITTSBURGH: The New Jersey Zinc Co. (of Pa.), 1439 Oliver Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust, Salt Cake and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

THE CHARM SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 5)

and not in a newspaper office," when a footman came in with a card.

Mr. Johns scowled up over his spectacles; that scowl was one of his greatest business assets.

He had also a priceless grunt which was considered terrifying in the extreme. He read the card and grunted.

"Who the devil is Mr. Austin Bevans? Who is he?"

The footman, though an excellent mimic, and able to do both the scowl and the grunt to perfection in the kitchen, had his nerves, like other artists. He murmured something unintelligible, and Mr. Johns roared:

"What is it? What do you say? I can't hear you."

Steadying himself the footman explained that it was a young man who said he had sold Mr. Johns an automobile the day before.

"Why the devil does he come at such an hour as this? Show him in," said Mr. Johns, who had had trouble with the foot brake of his car.

Almost immediately Bevans was standing in the doorway, looking rather timid, and, except for his evening dress, like a captured faun.

"Evening," said Johns. "I suppose you've come in answer to my note about the brake. Tell your employers from me, will you, that it would be better business—and I'm supposed to know something about business—if they'd give more time to perfecting their machine and less to having to apologize for its defects."

"I haven't come about the car, Mr. Johns," said Austin with an almost seraphic gentleness; "but I'm sorry there has been trouble with the brake. Your man has probably oiled it."

"My man has done nothing of the kind," shouted Johns in a voice that made the footman waiting in the hall outside tremble with apprehension.

"That's the way with manufacturers nowadays—if their article isn't up to standard they say it's the consumer's fault. Why the devil should my man oil it? Do you think I employ fools? And if you haven't come about the car what in hell have you come about?"

"I've come to ask you to lend me some money," said Bevans.

"Why to me?"

"Because you are the only man I know who has much into whose house I thought I could get," replied the young man unwaveringly.

"And you got in here under false pretenses, sir," shouted Johns, who, it is to be feared, actually valued himself in the rôle of the raging lion. "What right have you to steal my time any more than my money? Men like me have important matters on our minds, and we have a right to peace and leisure in our own homes. My servants have orders to keep out everyone, even my own relations ——"

"Oh, one's relations," murmured Bevans, as if they always came first on everyone's list of outsiders.

"Yes, sir, my relations. And do you suppose that the first little jackanapes who forces his way in to borrow a five-dollar bill ——"

"I want to borrow ten thousand dollars," said Austin.

He made just the effect he wanted to. Mr. Johns was so staggered at the sum that he was silent for an instant, and while he was gathering his powers together the young man went on:

"You see, Mr. Johns, a very extraordinary thing has just happened to me."

"You've lost your pocketbook, I suppose."

"No, queerer than that. I've inherited a girls' school."

"A girls' school! What school? Not—— What school?"

"The Bevans School."

"God bless my soul!" said Johns, in a tone of such complete surrender that Austin sat down without being asked.

"Mrs. Bevans was my aunt by marriage, and as she died without a will and I am her nearest of kin, the school is mine."

"Oh," said Johns. "I see. If she had deliberately left it to you she ought to have ended her days in a lunatic asylum."

"You mean I am not a fit person to manage a girls' school?"

"About the most unfit I ever saw."

"Mr. Johns," said Austin seriously, "there you are absolutely wrong, as I will prove to you. I am a peculiarly suitable person, infinitely more so, as a matter of fact, than poor Aunt Sophy. You know as well as I do, sir, that education—one of the great necessities of modern life—is wretchedly behind from a commercial point of view. Educators are not business men—or even philanthropists; they don't give their services and yet they don't get a big return. Are great fortunes made out of education?

"No. Why not? I'll tell you: Because the one great business principle which has made the commercial success of the stage, the movie and the newspaper has never been applied to education."

"What principle is that?" asked Mr. Johns, not even pretending that he wasn't interested.

"Giving the public what it wants."

"Giving the girls what they want?"

"Mercy, no! Who cares about the girls! No, the parents—the parents of our public in education. Now, Mr. Johns, what is it that every parent who sends a girl to a fashionable school really wants?"

"To get rid of her," answered Johns with utmost conviction.

"Very true, but that's not all. It's no good to get rid of her for four or five years and then have her back on their hands forever. Parents want girls made into charming women—marriageable women. Parents don't dare to say this, least of all to teachers, of whom they are naturally afraid. They talk a lot of bunk about cultivation and womanliness, but what they really mean is attractiveness—they want their daughters to be charming and have beaux—of course they do. Well, my scheme is to meet the parents halfway. To come out boldly and say that the object of my school is to teach charm. And, by heavens, I'll teach 'em—have 'em taught, that is."

"By constant personal contact with young ladies?" asked Johns mildly.

"Quite the contrary," answered Bevans firmly. "I shall hold myself entirely aloof—like President Wilson. I shall be an unseen power. Oh, I shall speak to the assembled school whenever it is necessary to put over an idea. I shall set my ideals before them. Now when a dear old fat woman like my aunt told them to stand up straight and lower their voices, they didn't pay the least attention; but when a young man about their own age tells them, you'll find it makes a lot more impression. Do you see the idea?"

"I think I get your point."

"Another thing I mean to do," Bevans went on. "I shall let it be known that I accept only promising material—only girls that in my opinion may be made charming. Of course, as a matter of fact, I shall take pretty much anyone, just as my aunt did, but it will give them all a wonderful sense of having been specially selected, allowed in on their looks. We'll have a waiting list as long as your arm."

"Hem!" said Mr. Johns. "One difficulty occurs to me. Schoolgirls are notoriously silly creatures. Suppose they all took it into their heads to fall in love with you. You know your appearance ——"

"Please don't let us speak of that," said Austin, turning his toes slightly inward as was his habit in moments of embarrassment. "For, as a matter of fact, I am not a man who inspires affection."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Johns quite politely.

"Thank you," returned the other; "and anyway I'm in love with another girl, and only interested in this whole scheme in the hopes of getting enough money to marry her before she sees someone she likes better, so I really don't care what my pupils do, as long as the school succeeds. But even accepting your warning—suppose they did fall in love with me? All the better.

"We should immediately sublimate the emotion into love of their work."

"You would do what?"

"Sublimate their emotion. Not familiar with the works of Freud?"

"Never heard of him."

"Mercy, you've led a sheltered life! Well, in a word, the Freudian theory is that though our lower emotions are always there trying to sweep us down stream, if properly understood they may be dammed up and made to run the useful mills of everyday life."

"I don't get it."

"Oh, I'll lend you a book about it, but don't leave it about. But the point is that if any of them should develop a sentiment for me she'd work all the harder."

"I see," said Johns. "Pass her college entrance to please you, if not to please her parents."

"College," cried Austin. "I shall not allow my girls to go to college."

"The Bevans School has always made a specialty of college examinations," said Mr. Johns.

"Why, how did you know that?"

"No matter. Some girls are very intellectually ambitious."

"Mr. Johns, would you want your daughter to go to college?"

"No."

"Well, if she came to my school I would guarantee that she wouldn't want to either."

"How would you accomplish that?"

"Oh, it's a question of understanding psychology—the indirect suggestion, you know. Every fine-looking man who came to lecture to them on architecture or the drama or geology would be instructed to slip in somewhere that no really attractive woman ever had been to college—Cleopatra, you know, and Juliet. You'll see. Within a year not a girl would be hired to go."

"Well, if you can accomplish that I'll lend you ten thousand dollars gladly. My granddaughter's there."

"Good heavens!" cried Bevans. "Are you one of my parents?"

"One of your parents, sir!"

"You know what I mean. I never suspected it."

"I did not mean that you should until I had examined your scheme Well, I approve of all of your ideas. When do you begin?"

"At once. I'm going there tomorrow to look things over and address the school, and next week I shall move in."

"To address the school?"

"A short talk on my ideals to teachers and pupils."

"I'll take you up in the car."

"Thank you," said Bevans; "but with my new responsibilities, I don't know that I ought to trust myself in a car whose foot brake doesn't work."

"Oh, don't be a fuss!" said Johns. "The brake's all right."

(Continued on Page 102)

"I Want to Borrow Ten Thousand Dollars. You See, Mr. Johns, a Very Extraordinary Thing Has Just Happened to Me"

Owners' Records of 100,000 Made by

THE ultimate mileage of White Trucks is still unmeasured. Some have rounded out 300,000 miles. Many have run 200,000 miles. Hundreds, probably thousands, have passed the 100,000 mark—a very common White performance.

100,000-150,000 MILES *Each*

Owner	No. of Trucks
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1
Akers & Harpham Co.	2
R. T. Allen & Bros.	1
American Livery & Stage Co.	1
K. A. Anderson	1
S. M. Anderton	1
Andre & Andre	1
John Arata & Son	1
Joseph Arbiter Co.	1
Atherton Fowler Furniture Co.	1
Bergner Plumbing, Heating & Supply Co.	2
Berz Co.	1
Block & Kuhl Co.	1
Boston Furniture Co.	1
Botzum Bros. Co.	1
Boulevard Transportation Co.	2
Bower Transportation Co.	1
Bradford Baking Co.	26
Brainol Manufacturing Co.	1
L. Brizzolara	1
Bullocks	5
Burns & Campbell Co.	1
Canton Provision Co.	1
H. C. Capwell Co.	1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	1
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1
Central Paper Co.	1
Chandler & Rudd	5
Frank A. Cholewinski	1
City Ice Co.	1
Cleveland Police Department	3
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	2
Clyde Line Passenger & Express Co.	7
Coca-Cola Bottling Works Co.	1
John Collins	1
Columbus Transfer Co.	6
Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	1
Criss Bros.	1
Crystal Spring Water Co.	1
Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1
Davis Furniture Co.	1
Frank J. Derry	1
Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.	3
Downes Lumber Co.	1
F. B. Dupree	1
Duncan & Goodell	1
East Ohio Gas Co.	1
Eatonville Tacoma Stage Co.	2
Eberhardt-Hays Music Co.	1
Economy Auto Supply Co.	1
Chas. F. Eggers Co.	1
L. E. Elliott	1
Fleming Bros.	1
Flynn-Froelk Co.	1
J. H. Foerster	1
Fort Valley Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	1
Foster & Kleiser Co.	1
Alexander Fowler	1
Fries & Schuele Co.	1
Chas. Gaffney	4
Gazette Printing Co.	1
General Baking Co.	1
Gifford's Express	1
Gimbel Bros.	25
Grand Rapids Lumber Co.	1
Greenfield Transfer Co.	1
Hagan's Taxicab Co.	1
Hale Auto Corporation	1
Hardy Furniture Co.	1
Harris & Mowry Co.	1
J. Clark Helms	1
The Higbee Co.	1
R. A. Hilborn	1
Humptulips Logging Co.	1
Interurban Auto Car Co.	1
I. M. Iralson & Son	1
Kraus Plumbing & Heating Co.	1
Kee & Chapell Dairy Co.	2
P. C. Knowlton Co.	1
Kohlberg Bros.	1
Theodor Kundtz	4
Kussmaul's Express	1
S. Laskau	1
E. Lehnhardt Estate	2
Lexington Dry Goods Co.	1
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation	1
Los Angeles Police Department	1
Walter M. Lowney Co.	1
Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.	6
Malandre Bros.	1
Marathon Auto Drayage Co.	1
May & Co.	1
A. J. McCarty	1
Dorman McFaddin	1
McLaughlin Transfer Co.	1
McMahon Transportation Co.	2
Memphis News-Scimitar	1
Mendham Garage	1
Merchants' Biscuit Co.	1
Mesaba Transportation Co.	1
Michaud Bros., Inc.	3
J. Miske	1
J. E. Monahan	1
Moore-Handley Hardware Co.	1
Timothy Murphy	1
Murta Appleton & Co.	1
Norwood, City of	1
A. J. Norris	1
M. O'Neill Co.	1
Ott Hardware Co.	1
Oxford Dye Works	1
M. I. Passalacqua	1
G. E. Patteson	1
Pearson Paper Box Co.	1
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	7
People's Store Co.	1
The Perkinswood Companies	1
Portland Hotel	1
W. E. Prouty	1
Puro Ice Cream Co.	1
Mark Regan & Sons	1
The Reliable	1
W. S. Roe	4
Ryan Fruit Co.	1
San Bernardino Auto Stage Line Co.	1
G. L. Sandusky	1
San Joaquin Baking Co.	1
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Co.	1
Shenberg & Rubinoff	1
Smith Bros. & Burdick	1
Smith-Green Co.	1
Springfield Ice Co.	1

200,000 300,000 *miles* WHITE TRUCKS

100,000-150,000 MILES *Each*—Continued

Owner	No. of Trucks	Owner	No. of Trucks	Owner	No. of Trucks
St. Paul Daily News	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Star Store	1	United States Bakery	4	White Hardware Co.	1
Sterling & Welch Co.	7	United Transportation Co.	1	White Motor Transportation Co.	1
Stevens Hardware Co.	1	Waltham Laundry	2	White Transit Co.	1
Tacoma Taxi & Baggage Transfer	1	Watkins Bros., Inc.	1	W. M. Whitney & Co.	3
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	2	Webb & Hendricks	1	C. F. Wing	2
Titus & Co.	1	M. Weiland	1	Winzeler Undertaking Co.	1
J. M. Traxler	1	Western Canada Flour Mills Co.	1	Worcester Baking Co.	1
Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend Railway	1	Western Motor Transfer Co.	1	Zanesville Fruit Co.	1
Tuolumne Lumber Co.	1				

150,000-200,000 MILES *Each*

Christian Atz	1	A. Graham & Sons	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co.	1	Chas. E. Harris	1	Schulze Baking Co.	1
Chambersburg Auto Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	6	Arlington Setzer	1
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	1	Hunt Mercantile Co.	1	Shepherd & Story	1
Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	1	Indianapolis Abattoir Co.	1	Shreveport Ice Delivery Co.	2
C. Denecke	1	S. Laskau	2	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	3
Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.	1	Massachusetts Baking Co.	1	Star Baking Co.	1
East Ohio Gas Co.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	3	Jas. A. C. Tait & Co.	1
Emerick Bus Line Co.	6	J. Mullany & Co.	1	Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	1
Foley Auto Delivery	1	Ocean County Coal Co.	1	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
William Freeman	1	Portland Hotel	1	United Transportation Co.	2
Frevort-Bledsoe Furniture Co.	1	Public Service Auto Co.	1	Western Auto Stage Co.	1
Friends' Hospital	1	G. F. Reed & Son	1	White Rapid Transit Corporation	1
Fries & Schuele Co.	1	Roshek Bros. Co.	1	White Transit Co.	6
Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	San Bernardino Auto Stage Line Co.	1		

200,000-250,000 MILES *Each*

Armour & Co.	2	Kirchners	1	San Bernardino Auto Stage Line Co.	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.	1	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	3	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	1
Geo. M. Cooley Co.	1	Mendham Garage	1	W. P. Southworth Co.	1
Emerick Bus Line Co.	3	Pacific Baking Co.	1	Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.	1
Fowler, Dick & Walker	1	Pacific Brewing & Malting Co.	1	Tuscola Produce Co.	1
Hancock Bros. Fruit Co.	1	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.	1	Warner & Co.	1
The Higbee Co.	1	E. C. Petrie	1	Westfield Laundry Co.	1
D. C. Huddleston	1	Portage Transportation Co.	1	White Star Bus Co.	1
A. D. Hullett	1	G. F. Reed & Son	1	White Transit Co.	8

250,000-300,000 MILES *Each*

Broadway Taxicab Operating Co.	8	The Higbee Co.	1	Wouter's Laundry	1
H. H. Harbaugh	1				

300,000 MILES AND MORE *Each*

Alexander & Walling	1	Eberhardt-Hays Music Co.	1	Western Auto Stage Co.	4
Columbus Bread Co.	2	Tacoma Transit Co.	4		

THIS list includes only trucks whose records we know of. There are many others. They roll up mileage years after the best ordinary truck is worn out. In the long run, White Trucks involve less investment. Fewer units are required to do the work. They put off the day when new trucks replace them. Operating and maintenance costs are also lowered by the steady volume of performance which makes possible these high mileage records. *White Trucks Are Money Savers.*

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 99)

David, who got up at five to study, had already gone to bed when Austin came home, so he heard nothing of the evening's work, and was much astonished the next morning to see his friend beautifully dressed in a suit of gray clothes with a blue tie exactly the color of his eyes, stepping into an immense car in which an elderly man was already seated smoking a cigar.

Bevans had not slept at all—the penalty of an active mind. He had done better: he had outlined his speech, rewritten the school circular and altered the curriculum. He got up feeling more refreshed than if he had rested.

The morning was calm and mild. They moved north at a high rate of speed.

"The cops are rather officious in this neighborhood," he said, speaking from a long and bitter experience.

"Won't arrest me," said Johns.

"Why not?"

"Know too much," answered the great man; and that was all the explanation Austin ever obtained of a phenomenon which long continued to excite his astonishment

A little before eleven they turned in at the school gates between clumps of drooping rhododendrons. The school buildings were high and ugly, but the lawn was beginning to turn green, and beyond the lawn the waters of the Sound were blue. At the very edge of the water Austin saw the little white cottage that was to be his home—his and perhaps Susy's. His spirits rose to the adventure.

"Humph!" said Mr. Johns. "If I were about to address fifty giggling girls, I should be nervous."

"They won't giggle," answered Austin almost grimly.

They were met in the hall by Miss Curtis, a little gray-haired woman who, having been chosen the school secretary for her fitness as a subordinate, had been suffering tortures during the last weeks owing to the number of decisions that had been forced upon her since Mrs. Bevans' death.

"Oh," she cried with relief in her tone, "is this Mr. Bevans?" and she held out her hand to Johns.

"What, you don't remember me, Miss Curtis?" said he. "My name is Johns."

Miss Curtis was overcome at her stupidity in forgetting the face of one of the school's most influential patrons. "But the fact is, Mr. Johns," she explained, "we are expecting Mr. Austin Bevans this morning, and my head was full of that."

"And I've brought him," said Johns. "This is Mr. Bevans."

Miss Curtis looked at Austin and gave a low cry. "Good heavens!" was all she could think of to say.

Austin saw that it was time to assert his authority. He spoke firmly: "I should like to speak a few words to the school—pupils and teachers both. Will you call them together?"

"But they are in classes," stammered Miss Curtis.

"They must be taken out of them."

"Of course, of course," murmured Miss Curtis, experiencing once again the joy of being under orders. "Please wait a moment in the office, and I'll assemble them in the great hall." She ushered them into a little room and hurried away.

"Ha!" said Johns, when they were alone. "Going to be a tyrant, eh?"

"Most people like orders better when they're clear," said Austin.

Johns nodded. "Young man," he said, "you have some very sound ideas."

In the meantime, Miss Curtis, breathless and flustered, rushed into the geometry class. A fat girl in a navy blouse was at the blackboard—thinking, not why one side of a triangle was shorter than the sum of the other two sides, but, rather, why it was that anyone should torture her to give her reasons for believing so obvious a fact—when Miss Curtis beckoned away the teacher and closed the door behind them both.

"Oh," she cried, "the most extraordinary thing has happened! There's a young man downstairs who looks like a god and says he owns this school."

Miss Hayes, who looked rather like a worn middle-aged Diana herself, smiled at her friend's excitement. She was Ph.D. in mathematics and had always been Mrs. Bevans' right hand—so much so that most people had expected that the school would be left to her.

Nevertheless, she laughed.

"You wouldn't laugh if you had seen him," Miss Curtis went on. "He's just the kind of young man who ought never to be allowed to enter a girls' school at all. He's—he's unsettling; he's beautiful," she added, as if nothing could be wickeder than that.

"Well, if he owns the school we can't keep him out," said Miss Hayes, growing grave in deference to her friend's obvious distress. "You're sure he really is Mr. Bevans?"

Miss Curtis sighed. "Oh, I'm afraid there's no doubt about that. Mr. Johns, the little princess' grandfather, brought him. And the worst of it is he's going to break up the whole morning's work. He wants us all assembled so that he can address us."

"I'll attend to it at once," said Miss Hayes.

A thrill of the wildest excitement ran through the school at the news that the new owner was actually in the building. They knew, of course, that their school had been inherited by a male relation of Mrs. Bevans', and some of them had even got hold of a rumor that he was in the automobile business. But there are all kinds of ways of being connected with this great industry, and two opposing theories had developed in the school: One, that the new owner was a rich old man who wouldn't be bothered and meant to close the school immediately, and all the girls were to be shipped home at once and would never work again because of course their parents couldn't get them into other schools at this late date, and, my dear, isn't it too divine? The other, that he was just a day-laborer who couldn't even read and write, and what is he going to do with a girls' school, my dear, I ask you? The whole school had gone through the name of Bevans in the telephone book, from Abimelech Bevans, an upholsterer in West End Avenue, to Zachary, who did a business in wines and cigars on the Bowery, without discovering anything, since Austin's telephone was under David's name.

As soon as everyone, with much laughing and shuffling of feet, was gathered in the assembly room, a large room shaped like an amphitheater, Miss Curtis summoned Austin and Mr. Johns. As they entered Austin said to her:

"Say a word or two to introduce me."

Miss Curtis wrung her hands. "Oh, I can't, Mr. Bevans. I never have." But as the two men had firmly sat down, leaving her standing alone, she began in a voice almost inaudible: "Girls, it is a great pleasure to leave our classes"—the girls giggled, and she changed the sentence—"I mean it will be a great pleasure to you to know that you are to hear a few words—or more—from our new principal Mr. Bevans."

Austin stood up.

Now every girl in the audience, except Mr. Johns' granddaughter, had supposed that Mr. Johns was the man. He certainly looked more like what a new principal should be.

In spite of the optimism of youth, no girl really thought that Fate was going to send her a schoolmaster of the physical appearance of Austin, and so when he rose an "Oh" went up from the entire audience, like the exclamation with which a holiday crowd greets a rocket.

He stood silent a moment and then began easily: "First I want to assure you all that nothing is going to be changed, I hope, as far as our staff and our students are concerned. I should not wish to change what my aunt ——" He passed into a restrained but moving eulogy of his Aunt Sophy. Miss Curtis wiped her eyes.

But praise of an old lady he had hardly seen a dozen times in his life did not take all Austin's attention, and it was during this part of his speech that his eyes began to rove critically over his audience. They were a very nice-looking group of girls, he thought, some positively handsome; it would not be out of the question to teach them charm.

His eye fell on a fat, red-faced girl, chewing something rhythmically. Should he allow her to stay? Could she be made to do him credit? Yes, fat people had a peculiar charm all their own. He must not be narrow.

"—— whose mind thought out, whose heart warmed, whose will achieved this institution," he was saying, when glancing a little farther along the line his eyes met another pair of eyes lifted to his with such an expression of adoration that he instantly lost his place. They were wonderful eyes, soft, dark and large as pansies, set in a lovely little face turned up to him with the look of a worshiper to a saint. It was only for a second, of course. Austin wrenched away his eyes, and managed to go on with what he was saying, just as if nothing momentous had happened.

But, he went on to say, there was one point in which it seemed to him all schools failed in their duty. It was the duty of a school not only to train the mind, but to fit for life, to make its pupils happy, useful, well-developed people—in other words, to fit them not only for intellectual achievements but for their human relations.

And here, with something of a bound, he passed on to the question of charm. What was charm? The whole school sat up. It was, first of all, an affair of the soul, of the very core of the being, but it was also an affair of expressing that soul outwardly, of voice, of manner, of bearing. Truths expressed in a rasping voice were at a disadvantage, and judging by the sounds he heard as he came down the corridor he feared a good many truths were put at that disadvantage by members of the school. Well, he simply did not intend his pupils to go through life with any such handicap as that every time they opened their mouths. They needn't think he was going to have them taught elocution in the sense of wasting time repeating Antony's speech. No, indeed, it was everyday speech he was after, everyday life. He knew colleges which taught men to write splendid briefs about municipal ownership which did not trouble to teach them to write a decent note. That was the trouble with colleges. He did not mean them to fall into that error. While keeping up the high intellectual standards for which the school was known, he hoped to teach his pupils to be women of the world in the best sense, charming women of the world.

"You'll find it," he added, with his first smile, "a very useful thing to be."

He withdrew, leaving behind such a tumult of applause and discussion as the assembly room had never heard before. Miss Curtis, still emotionally stirred, followed him to the office.

"Oh, Mr. Bevans," she said, "that did touch us all—what you said about your dear aunt. It was beautiful, beautiful!"

Mr. Bevans was immensely gratified that Miss Curtis liked it, but did she know where Mr. Johns was, as he had business in town? As a matter of fact he had not as yet notified the automobile company that he had ceased to be their salesman.

"I think Mr. Johns must have stopped to speak to the little princess."

"To the what?" said Austin.

"To his little granddaughter—Elise Benedotti. You know his daughter married, most unhappily, an Italian prince—both dead—the child—a sweet child—I'll go and see."

Miss Curtis hurried away still murmuring information.

Could it have been a princess who had looked at him with that expression? Austin caught himself wondering. Then he thought: "How ridiculous! What difference does it make who she is?—one of my pupils, that's all."

The door opened and a tall angular woman entered.

"I'm Miss Hayes, Mr. Bevans," she said in a brisk, pleasant, almost too competent voice.

"I teach mathematics. I think it's more honest to tell you I'm not a bit in sympathy with a great deal that you said this morning. You want them taught to please, the poor dears! They're too eager to please as it is—women, I mean."

"Not all," said Austin, and then wished he hadn't, for she laughed, understanding him quickly.

"I couldn't assist in any such plan. This continual thinking about their charms holds women back so, and—yes—even from your point of view, makes them less charming."

"You mean you are not sufficiently in sympathy to stay with us?" said Austin firmly.

She smiled, but not triumphantly. "I have a three-years contract," she answered.

Austin looked at her. He thought she would be a determined but not a dangerous opponent. At this point Miss Curtis came fluttering back.

"Oh, Mr. Bevans," she began, "won't you please say just a word to poor Sally Boyd, one of our dearest girls? She's in tears because she thinks you mean to turn her out, that no one could ever make a woman of the world of her. She says she saw you look at her with disgust—her own word. She's rather plump, it's true, but one of the kindest natures ——"

"Ask her to come in," said Austin. He had not anticipated an interview with a pupil so soon, but he was not one to turn back at the call of duty.

"Awkward, when they take us literally, isn't it?" said Miss Hayes. Austin regarded her coldly. He saw he would have trouble with this woman.

Miss Curtis returned presently bringing with her Sally, who was pulling down her navy blouse in the hopes of lengthening the lines of her figure. She was no longer crying, only sniffling a little. Austin found himself confronted with a new problem—what he should call his pupils. He had to make a decision.

"How do you do, Sally," he said, quite paternally.

Encouraged by his kind manner, Sally broke out: "Oh, Mr. Bevans, I agreed with every word you said, but I don't see how I ever can be made into a charming woman of the world. You know I can't, and so I think I'd just better go away and not be a blot on the school."

"Sally," said Austin, and this time he spoke with great severity, "you must understand that that is entirely a question for me to decide. I intend to retain you as a pupil. When in my opinion you become a blot you will hear from me. Until then confine your attention to matters within your comprehension. You can be made anything I decide to make you. That will do."

Immensely relieved and hopelessly intimidated Sally withdrew, and was swallowed up at the door by a questioning group whose voices, all talking at once, could be heard moving away down the corridor.

Presently the door opened and Mr. Johns entered, but, to Austin's profound disappointment, entered alone. "Ready to go?" he demanded briskly.

"Quite," answered Bevans, "only I thought you would want to see your granddaughter."

"Oh, I've seen her," said Johns. "Was bringing her in here to speak to you, but her room-mate, Sally Boyd, gave such a terrifying account of you that she lost heart and ran away."

Austin felt less satisfied with his newly acquired manner. He held out his hand to Miss Curtis.

"Oh, Mr. Bevans," she began, as if she were about to ask some personal favor, "might we—would you be so very kind as to send us out a bookkeeper once a week? Our old one has left, and oh, dear me, I don't understand accounts and ——"

"I'll send you out a young man from the bank," said Mr. Johns.

"A very steady one, please, Mr. Johns," said Miss Curtis with unusual firmness, "because, you know, the school bookkeeper gives the seniors individual instruction once a week—at a small salary."

"Well, if anyone can teach my granddaughter to keep accounts he ought to have a halo, not a salary! Come along, Bevans."

"You'll see that he's steady," Miss Curtis pleaded, following them to the hall door.

"All my young men are steady," grunted Mr. Johns, getting heavily into the car, and added under his breath: "What does she think a bank is?"

Austin did not reply, for his attention had been completely distracted by a sight which had escaped Mr. Johns' notice. As they drove down the avenue toward the gate a slim little figure suddenly rose on a rock at some distance and waved. Turning completely round in the motor, Austin gazed again upon the velvet softness of those eyes. As he did so she kissed her hand—doubtless to her grandfather, who fortunately continued to look in the opposite direction.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he was saying: "I'll lend you five thousand, if within a month Elise notifies me that she has given up the college idea."

"That's too easy."

"Ha, you think so, do you. She's awfully self-willed."

Self-willed, Austin reflected! With those eyes!

III

DURING Mrs. Bevans' lifetime it had been against the rules for the girls—even those with families in the neighborhood—to go home for Sunday. So it was

(Continued on Page 105)

Stylish Washwear that stands real boy play

Of course he is hard on his clothes—regular fellows always are That's why mothers select Tom Sawyer Washwear—it means good looking "dress-up" clothes that stand real boy play.

Tom Sawyer Washwear looks better and wears better because it is made so much better—you notice this the moment you see it. Tom Sawyer cloth is extra strong. The colors are fine, even and fast—repeated washings do not fade them. Patterns are manly; boys like them.

You will admire the tailoring. Every garment is roomy, and reinforced where strains come. Yokes double. Collars set right and sleeves hang right. Strong buttons are sewed on to stay, and buttonholes don't tear out. Hems and outlets are deep—seams and edges are finished. Ties, belts and trimmings are the best quality.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

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Type A-38, 118-inch Wheelbase
Five-Passenger Touring
Two-Passenger Roadster
(Straight Seat)
Three Passenger Cabriolet-Coupé
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Five-Passenger Sedan

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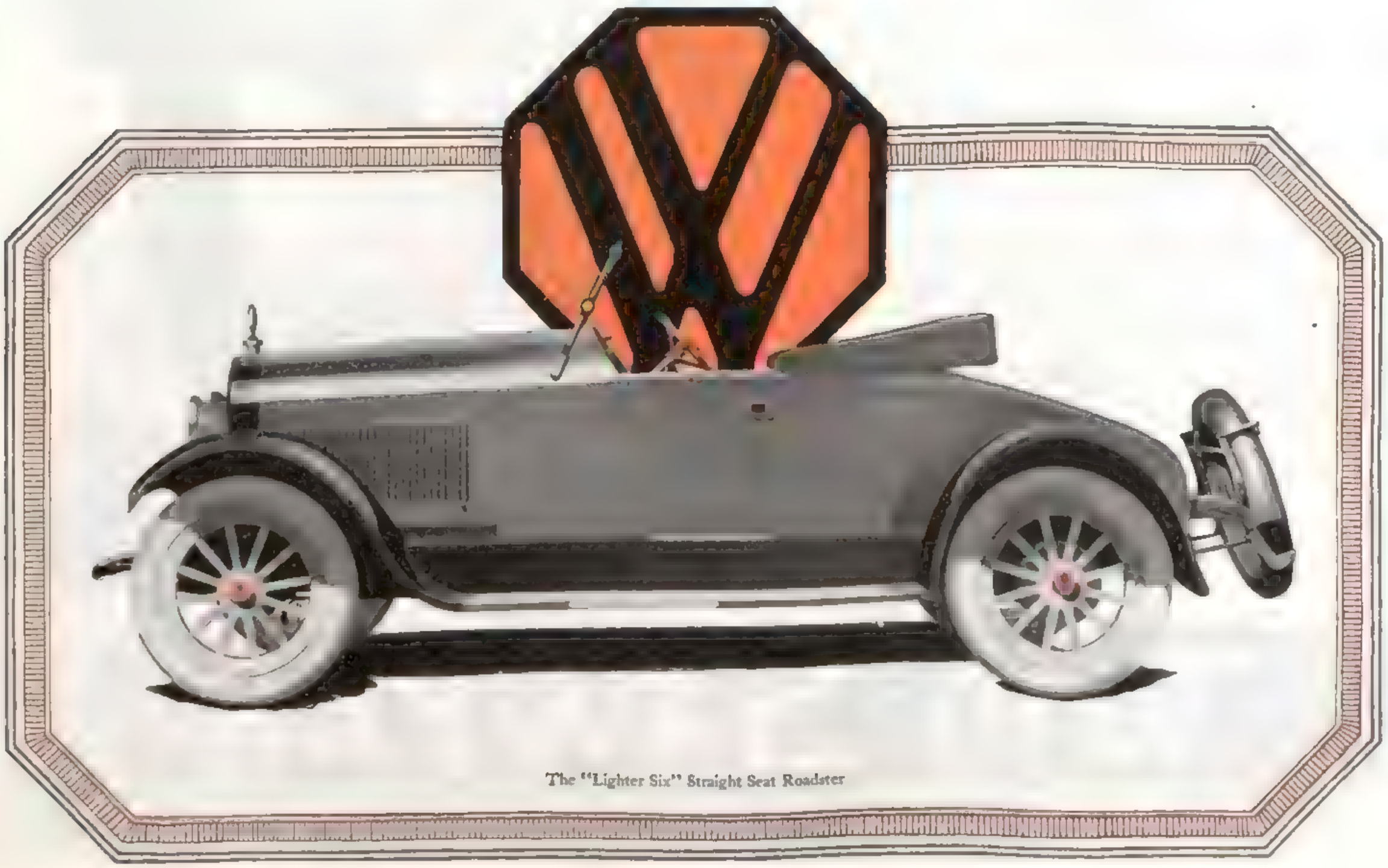


The "Lighter Six" Straight Seat Roadster

(Continued from Page 102)

still, but under Miss Curtis' milder reign many girls attempted it, and some actually succeeded.

The day after Austin's visit, which was a Saturday, Sally Boyd, whose parents had a large country place near by, went home and took Elise with her. They felt they needed the uninterrupted leisure of twenty-four hours in order properly to discuss the recent events of school life.

The Boyd family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and two children, George and Sally. George, the elder of the two, was employed in Mr. Johns' bank, and had ever since he was a little boy worshiped Elise—a devotion which had become an unexciting but not an unsatisfactory part of her everyday life. When things went badly with her and the world seemed hostile, she often caught herself murmuring: "Well, anyhow, George worships me"; and so undiscriminating is human egotism that she took great comfort in this thought, although she attached but little importance in general to George's opinion.

Mr. Boyd was a tall, heavy man, not so good-tempered as fat people are supposed to be. Both George and Sally took after him physically; indeed, Mrs. Boyd, who was pretty and slight, seemed like a visitor in her own family, or like a captured fairy who has assumed obligations toward her jailers. She was at heart a strangely unmaternal person, but sympathetic and so interested—not to say curious—about all lives, her children's among others, that she really knew and understood more about them than many better parents.

"Well," she said eagerly, as the five sat down to dinner that evening, "have you seen your new headmaster yet, and if so, what's he like?" She would have been just as much interested in the experiences of total strangers, but the girls did not know that.

They, on the other hand, were struggling with the problem that assails all young people, business men, indeed anyone who is at once a member of a family and involved in outside interests. With every wish to be friendly and chatty they did not want to submit their difficulties to the arbitration of family discussion until they were sure it couldn't do any harm. Sally could not be quite certain whether or not she was in love with Austin, and until she settled that point for herself she did not really want any parental counsel. So now in answer to her mother's question she dropped a veil like a mask over her open countenance and replied that Mr. Bevans seemed to be "all right."

This wouldn't do for Mrs. Boyd at all. "But describe him, describe him," she said. She would have been content to be a bedridden invalid for the rest of her life if everyone she knew would have contracted to come and give her every detail of their own adventures.

"Is he young or old?"

"He's about twenty-five," said Sally reluctantly.

"What?" said her brother, starting out of a dreamy contemplation of Elise.

"He's older than that," said Elise.

"I should hope so," said George.

"He's twenty-eight," Elise went on.

"What?" cried George again.

"Why, that's an extraordinary thing, isn't it?" said Mr. Boyd, looking hard at his wife down the length of the table, as if no one would understand what he was trying to convey by the look.

Mrs. Boyd dived to the essential. "Is he nice-looking?" she asked.

At this the faces of the two girls became like carved stone, and at last Sally dropped a casual "Why, yes," as much as to say "If you are interested in that sort of thing I suppose you might think so."

"How perfectly wonderful!" said Mrs. Boyd. "You must describe him to me."

The sphinxlike quality in Sally did not go very deep, and she answered eagerly:

"Well, I think he looks like the picture of Tristram that hangs in the back hall."

"Oh, that horrid picture!" said Elise. "Mr. Bevans is so much more virile looking."

"I mean if it had blue eyes and a better figure," said Sally.

"Really, mother," cried George, "do you think Sally ought to talk about a schoolmaster's figure and eyes—she ought not know he has them."

"Wouldn't be much use as a teacher if he hadn't," answered Sally.

"Do you mean that the fellow is handsome," inquired George, in the same tone Miss Curtis had used, as if it were a contemptible quality for a man to possess. Sally began to giggle, but Elise, turning fully to George and fixing her eyes on his, replied clearly:

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw."

"How outrageous!" said George.

"How amusing!" said his mother.

"Rather an unusual situation," said his father with another glance.

"Well," said George in a loud tone, rather modeled on Mr. Johns' own, "I hope, mother, you don't intend to allow it."

"To allow Mr. Bevans to be so handsome, George?" inquired his mother mildly.

"To allow Sally to stay in such a place. You ought to take her away—you ought to warn Mr. Johns."

"My grandfather?" said Elise innocently. "Oh, grandfather is crazy about Mr. Bevans. It was he who brought him up in his car yesterday. I don't know when I've seen him so nice to any younger man."

This piece of information was, as it was perhaps intended to be, the last straw. George was afraid of Mr. Johns, not only because he shouted and grunted, not only because he was at the head of the bank, not only because he controlled Elise's destiny, but because he made him, George, seem like a fool. The very way in which he shouted "Ha, George!" on seeing him, as if arrest in the king's name was about to follow, drove every sensible idea out of George's mind. The notion, therefore, that this adventurous schoolmaster, this Tristram with blue eyes, was not only free of terror but actually contrived to make the great man motor him about the country, was simply intolerable.

"It's out of the question," he said, trying to rouse his parents to some sense of their responsibilities; "it can't be allowed. It ought to be against the law for a man under thirty to own a girls' school, particularly if he is handsome."

"Wouldn't it be amusing," said Mrs. Boyd, "to watch a jury deciding how handsome a man had to be in order to disqualify him?"

"It's immoral!" announced George.

"George always thinks that anything that doesn't suit him is immoral," said Sally.

"All nice men do, my dear," said her mother. But in her heart she was a little disturbed, for she really wanted her son, like the industrious apprentice, to marry his employer's heiress, and she was aware that the romantic currents were setting strongly in the opposite direction.

The evening was given over to diplomatic conferences—George with his parents, telling them what they ought to do, say and fear; George with the girls, trying under the guise of interest to extract information to be used against them, and not getting very far; Mrs. Boyd with the girls, same object and better success; the girls with each other, deciding to be more masklike in the future; and finally Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, deciding that Mrs. Boyd had better go and look the situation over as soon as the new master was established.

In the course of the evening Elise quarreled with George—at least as much as one can quarrel with a person who believes that nothing said or done can change a relation in the least. Their quarrels always took about the same course. Elise in a moment of candor told George how she really felt toward him; George grew sulky and said if she felt like that they had better not see each other any more. Elise replied that perhaps that would be best. George would then withdraw for a period of a few hours. At the end of that time he would return, having recovered his temper, and advance the theory that Elise had been angry. Elise would answer that she certainly had. George would then laugh and say, as one old and wise in the ways of woman: "I knew you didn't mean what you said." Elise would then assure him that she had meant every word although she would not have told him if she hadn't been cross. This statement George always took as a huge joke, a feminine whimsey, a charming method of saving her face and so settled back into his old attitude.

This cycle had been run through by the time they parted on Monday morning.

"It's because I love you so much, Elise," he said, as he bade her good-by. "I want to guard you from him; to be near you and watch over you."

The last words were heard by Sally, who answered: "You might come and give a course in morals, George—you're so strong on morals."

George couldn't think of anything better than "One of you could learn manners with advantage." He saw them giggling with their heads together as they drove away; and turning, he observed to his mother that Sally was at a very unattractive period of her development.

On their return to school the girls found that the excitement, far from abating, was increasing every hour. Trunks and cleaning women had been seen at the white cottage. All the windows in the school buildings which overlooked the cottage were crowded at all hours, and girls, even the most unpopular, who had rooms on that side of the house, could be sure of an unceasing flow of visitors.

Then came a late afternoon, two days later, when a geranium-colored car glided unannounced up the drive and stopped in front of the cottage door. That evening at supper the whole school was like a regiment on dress parade, every curl in place, every finger manicured. But nothing happened.

Toward the end of an anxious meal Sally, stirred to action by a whispered word passed to her round the table, inquired of Miss Hayes, who sat next to her, whether Mr. Bevans wasn't very late for supper.

Miss Hayes had been long enough a teacher to be aware of the tense expectation with which the whole school had been watching the door, but she was tactful enough to answer casually:

"Oh, Mr. Bevans doesn't eat at the school. He has his own cook at the cottage."

The girls looked at each other blankly. They had never imagined such a calamity. They had assumed that in taking over the school he would do exactly as his aunt had done.

An even more alarming possibility now presented itself. "I suppose," said Sally faintly, "that he'll take the Sacred Literature Course to-morrow morning, won't he?"

Miss Hayes was gathering the room together with her eyes, preparatory to making the move, and her attention appeared to be on that as she answered:

"No, Mr. Bevans isn't going to do any teaching at all. Miss Simmons will go on with the Sacred Literature Course."

Fifteen buncoed seniors stared at each other in horror. At the beginning of the term they had all elected the stupidest course in the whole school—and as one of them remarked that was saying a mouthful—on the confident assumption that the nephew would take up the aunt's work. Miss Hayes' cool announcement plunged them all into the deepest thought. Each, having resolved to give up the course, was inventing a plausible reason for dropping it.

As every biologist knows, the nest-making instinct is not wholly absent in the male, and Austin derived the keenest pleasure from settling himself and his few belongings in the white cottage at the edge of the water. The process of settling consisted largely in trying Susy's beautiful, long brown photograph in different positions. His own dressing-table seemed too intimate, his sitting room mantelpiece too remote, and he finally decided on the desk in his study, where visiting parents, looking upon it, might understand that he was practically an engaged man.

Though he had taken over the school primarily with the object of making enough money to marry Susy, having taken it over he desired burningly to do the right thing by his pupils. It had always seemed to him tragic the way the happiness of women in this world depended on their possession of charm. He saw that Miss Hayes and people of her sort were trying to reorganize all human life, so that charm would not be such a preponderating factor. His own ambitions were much less vast; he simply wanted to help the little group under his charge to the attainment of as much of the precious quality as was possible. About this he was extremely serious.

Indeed, exactly the same quality that had made a good automobile salesman now made him a good school principal—that is, a profound and conscientious attention to detail. His former employers had sometimes thought he carried this tiresomely far, but now that he was his own boss he could carry it as far as he liked. It was this attention to detail that from the first made Miss Curtis worship him. She, too, was conscientious, so that she suffered intensely when things went wrong, but so unexecutive that she never knew how to get them right. Mrs. Bevans had been a little slack at times—had pretended that the roof really wasn't leaking and that the furnace man wasn't drunk. But Austin was on the roof instantly, and had taken the furnace man to the priest to sign the pledge almost before he was sober enough to know what he was doing.

Austin never confided to Miss Curtis how the furnace man explained his bad habits, as the geranium-colored car bore him toward the priest's house.

"It's this working for women gets me," he said. "It's so polite they are, and yet always after you."

The first academic problem to present itself was the case of the course in Sacred Literature. Miss Curtis simply couldn't understand it.

"The strangest thing, Mr. Bevans," she said. "All fifteen of the seniors elected it this term, a thing that never happened even when your dear aunt was giving it. Miss Simmons was so flattered. She regarded it naturally enough as a tribute to her. And now all of them—all but one at least—want to drop it. We can't understand it."

"Why do they want to drop it?"

"All for different reasons, and they seem such good reasons too. One girl finds it conflicts with a course her parents particularly want her to take, and one thinks it is sacrilegious to treat the Bible as if it were literature, and one says—Eleanor Hayes, what are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing," said Miss Hayes, who had just entered the conference, "at the unexpected powers of invention that exist in our senior class."

Miss Curtis was shocked. "You mean you don't believe them?" she asked.

"Of course I don't," said Miss Hayes. "They elected the course because they assumed Mr. Bevans was going to give it, and they are dropping it because they find he isn't."

Austin decided to interview them himself in conjunction with Miss Curtis. He derived a great deal of amusement and some information in the process. They came to him, fourteen of them, so candid, so sincere, so willing to be reasonable and meet him halfway. They told their ridiculous stories as if only he, out of all the world, would really understand them. He was particularly impressed by the story of one girl, Helen Doughty by name, who feared that her belief would be undermined by certain doctrinal questions that had come up in connection with the Book of Job.

When they had all finished Austin got up with his hands in his pockets and said:

"Oh, come now, really girls, this sort of thing won't do. You'll all take the course you elected, and that's an end of it. But while we are on the subject let me give you a word of advice about trying to put something like this over. Don't be so terribly sincere and candid and reasonable, and above all don't be so glib. Do remember that the person you're talking to has probably tried to put something over in his time, and tried to do it by being just as candid and sincere and reasonable as all of you are. Everyone ought to have a course in listening to an office boy trying to get off to a ball game. There's a look of almost divine innocence that comes over his face that once seen is never forgotten. It's been on every one of your faces for the last ten minutes."

There was a pause, and then Sally Boyd said in the tone of one who has been wounded almost beyond bearing: "You don't mean that you don't believe us, Mr. Bevans?" And Miss Curtis at his elbow whispered: "Oh, don't say that you don't, please, please!"

"Sally," said Austin, "the rational part of me to which you have all addressed your remarks exclusively, knows there isn't a joint in your logical statement. But the subconscious part of me knows that we haven't yet touched on the real reason why you want to get out of the course, whatever that reason may be."

There was another pause, and then the girls nearest the door began to file quietly out. Miss Curtis was deeply distressed. She felt she had witnessed a painful, an almost indecent scene.

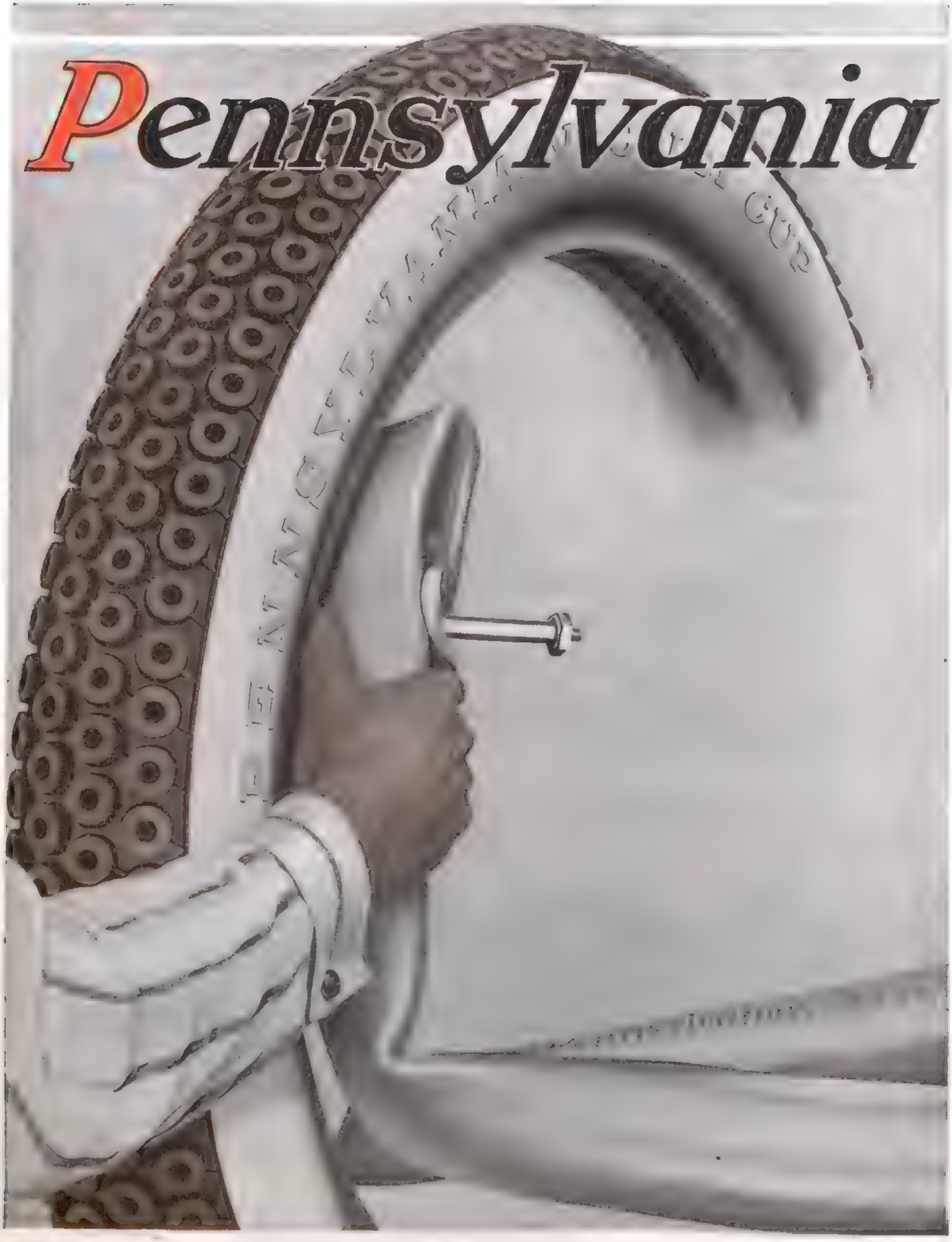
"I know you didn't mean it, Mr. Bevans," she said, "but I'm afraid the girls got the idea that you didn't quite believe their word, and that is such a mistake with these young sensitive souls."

"Who was the one senior who didn't appear?"

"Elise Benedotti."

Of course he had known it was she.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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THE MIND OF THE U-BOAT OFFICER

(Continued from Page 11)

bit more English than he did German—that the bluejackets blown overboard had been U-boat survivors, and had promptly shown their satisfaction at what seemed to them a proper fate for the men of the service they held responsible for most of their troubles.

The captain of a British destroyer in which I spent some weeks hunting submarines in the North Sea last summer told me at one time or another a good many interesting little stories throwing illuminative sidelights on the ways—and indirectly on the minds—of U-boat skippers he had matched his wits against. An especially interesting train of reminiscence was started one evening as a result of some question I had asked about the practice of placing buoys over spots where U-boats are supposed to have been sunk to make it easier to return and resume investigation later if deemed desirable. We had just finished scattering a half dozen depth charges over a spot where the conning tower of a U-boat had been seen to submerge a half hour previously, when a signal was received ordering the Flash to report for some other work that had turned up. A destroyer in the North Sea was subject to as many kinds of summons as a country doctor. Mooring a buoy to mark the spot for future reference, the captain saw her headed off on the course she was to hold till daybreak, and then took me down to the chart house for a bowl of cocoa before turning in.

"There are times," he said, leaning back on the narrow couch that served as his sea bed and bracing with outstretched legs against the twisting roll, "when the commander of a U-boat will do things that would lead a superficial observer to think that he had a sense of humor. Of course we know that he hasn't anything of that kind, any more than the general run of him have honor, decency, sportsmanship or any other of the attributes of a normal civilized human being. But the illusion is there just the same, especially when he tries on such little stunts as the one he incubated a couple of months ago in connection with the buoy I dropped to mark the spot where there was a chance that my ash cans might have sent him to the bottom."

Suspicious Wreckage

"It was just about such an indeterminate sort of a strafe as the one we've just had—no chance for gunfire, not much to go by for planting depth charges, and in the end nothing definite to indicate that any good had been done. So in case it was decided that my report was of a nature to justify further looking into I left a securely moored buoy to furnish a guide as to where to begin, quite as we have to-night.

"Well, it chanced that the S. N. O. at base reckoned that there was just enough of a hope to warrant following up. Indeed you may be sure that there isn't very much that isn't followed up these days, now that we've got our whole comprehensive plan into operation and adequate craft to support it with. So he sent out quite a little fleet of us—craft fitted to do all the various little odds and ends of things that help to make sure one way or another what has really happened to a Fritz. Luckily the Flash was able to return with them. If she had not—if someone who had not seen the lay of things the night before had not been along to draw comparisons—Fritz's little joke might have turned out a good deal more pointed than it did.

"We picked up the buoy without any difficulty, as the day was fine and the sea fairly smooth—just the weather one wanted for that kind of work. While we were still a mile or more distant the lookout reported a broad patch of oil spreading out from the buoy for several hundred yards on all sides. This became visible from the bridge presently, and at almost the same time my glass showed fragments of what appeared to be wreckage floating both in and beyond the sleek of the oil

"Now if there had been any evidence whatever of either oil or wreckage the night before I should not have failed to hail this morning's exhibit with a glad whoop, and nose right in to investigate. But as it had been an extremely clean patch of water—even after the stirring my cans had given it—that I had dropped that buoy into after giving up the fight, the plenitude of flotsam did not fail to rouse a certain amount of suspicion.

"Ordering the sloops and trawlers to stand-off-and-on at a safe distance, I went in with the Flash to have a closer look at a number of fragments that were floating a couple of cable lengths away from the buoy. A piece of box—evidently a preserved fruit or a condensed milk case—with German letters stenciled across one end was undoubtedly of enemy origin, as was also a biscuit tin with patches of its gaudy paper still adhering to it.

"I did not like the careful way the cover of the latter had been put on, however, and besides tins and cases are the sort of things that a submarine throws over just as fast as it is through with them. It was some real wreckage I was looking for, and this it presently appeared that I had found when the bow wave threw aside a deeply floating fragment of what—even before we picked it up—I recognized as newly split teak. Closer inspection revealed the fact that it was newly split all right, but also the fact that an ax or hatchet had had a good deal to do with the splitting. What had probably been a part of a bunk or locker had apparently been pried off with a bar and then chopped up into jagged strips. Attempts to obliterate the marks of bar and ax by pounding them against some rough metal surface had been too hasty and crude to effect their purpose."

Overhauling the Baited Trap

"'That settles it,' I said to myself. 'Fritz is trying to play a little joke on us by making us think he is lying blown up on the bottom, while in fact he is probably lying off somewhere waiting to slip a slug into one of the most likely looking of the salvage ships. Now that we've twigged his game, however, we'll have to do what we can to defeat it.'

"As senior officer I ordered the three destroyers present to start screening in widening circles, while—on the off chance that there really was a wreck on the bottom—two trawlers were sent to drag about under the messy spot with an explosive sweep.

"My diagnosis was quite correct as far as it went, but it did not go quite far enough. Still, by the special intervention of the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack, my plan of action proved quite as sound as if I had had all the facts of the case spread out before me. Had the U-boat really been lurking round waiting for a pot at some of the ships trying to salve his supposed remains—something that we never gathered any definite evidence of—our screening tactics would probably have prevented his success; while the trawlers, with their sweep, furnished the best antidote for the little surprise party that he already had prepared for us.

"Scarcely had the trawlers entered the oily area when the jar of a heavy under-sea explosion jolted against the bottom of the Flash, which—a thousand yards away—was just beginning to work up to full speed; to be almost immediately followed by three or four others coming so close together as to make one ripping detonation of tremendous violence. An instant later I saw several columns of grimy foam shoot skyward, two or three of them so close together that they seemed to boil into each other as they spilled and spread in falling

"Though neither of the trawlers appeared to be immediately over any of the explosions, both of them received terrific shocks. One of them I distinctly saw rear up till it seemed almost to be balanced on its rudder-post as round bumps of green water drove under it, while the scuppers of the other spurted white as they cleared the flood that a spreading foam geyser had thrown upon its deck.

"It seemed impossible that either of them could survive such shocks, and I fully expected to see nothing better than two foundering wrecks emerge from the smother which hovered above the scene of the explosions. Imagine my surprise, then, when two junklike profiles—they were both of the marvelously seaworthy Iceland trawler type—came bobbing serenely into sight again, and I noted with my glass that neither appeared to have suffered serious damage.

"At the instant the jar of the first explosion made itself felt the thought flashed through my mind that there actually was a U-boat lying on the bottom and that the explosive charge on the sweep had been detonated against its hull. The bunched explosions immediately following also lent themselves to this theory, and it was not until the distinct columns of blown water began rising in the air that I surmised the real cause of them—mines, probably laid so close together that the explosion of the first had set off the others. This fact indeed we were shortly able to establish beyond a doubt.

"What had happened, as nearly as we could reconstruct it, was this: The U-boat had been a mine layer, probably interrupted on its way to lay its eggs off one of our main fleet bases. The chances are that it had been sufficiently injured by my depth charges to make it more of a risk than its skipper cared to take to proceed farther from its base. Quite likely indeed he had to put back at once. Then the chance of preparing a little surprise party for the ship responsible for his trouble must have occurred to him, and the result was that a snug little nest of mines was laid all round my marking buoy.

"Having more mines than he needed to barrage the buoy, he had scuttled those remaining after the first job was completed, and these had been the ones set off by the explosive charge on the trawlers' sweep. The spreading of wreckage as bait round the trap was probably an afterthought, for it was so hurriedly done that it defeated the end it was intended to accomplish.

"I am inclined to think in fact that if the mines had been laid round the buoy, with no spread of oil or wreckage left to decoy us into them, they might well have had a victim or two to their credit. They were laid shallow enough to have bumped both sloops and destroyers, and the exploding of a mine against the bows of one or the other of these might well have been the first warning we had of Fritz's little joke. As it was, that part of the show was so crudely done that it gave away at once that something was wrong."

When Is a Joke a Joke?

"Yes, I have always thought of that as Fritz's little joke," continued the captain, bracing himself at a new angle to meet a rollicking corkscrew action that was working into the destroyer's wallowings. "It was just the sort of a little plant that I would have taken the keenest delight in leaving behind for Fritz if our rôles had been reversed, and for a while I felt more kindly toward all Fritzes for having knocked up against it.

"That feeling persisted until about three or four months later, when the fortunes of war—in shape of a luckily planted depth charge—paved the way for an opportunity for me to tell the story to a certain Hun Unterseeboot officer during the hour or two he was my guest on the run back to base. He spoke English fairly and understood it well, so that I was able to run through the yarn for him just about as I have for you. He gave vent to his approval in guttural *ja's* and grunts of satisfaction until I ended by asking him if he didn't think it was a jolly clever little joke. And what do you think he said to that?

"'Choke!' he boomed explosively; 'choke! Vy, mein frent, dot vos not ein choke ad all. Der kapitan of dot Unterseeboot vos trying to zink your destroyer. Dot vos no choke'"

The captain stretched himself, with a whimsical smile.

"How unpleasant it would be to be shipmates with a chap like that, who couldn't see the funny side of being blown up."

"Just as unpleasant," I replied, "as it is pleasant to be shipmates with a man who could."

I can think of no other incident more fitly illustrating the difference between the German and British naval officer than this one showing their respective ideas of a joke.

By far the keenest students of the workings of the mind of the German submarine commander were the Q-boat skippers, the success or failure of whose plans nearly always hinged upon whether they could forecast accurately what the former would think under certain given conditions, and after that what he would do.

As I heard one of the cleverest say once: "The success of any kind of a U-boat hunting stunt depends on whether you can outguess the Hun you're after or whether he can outguess you. It's almost entirely a matter of psychology."

And he went on to tell me how the plans for by long odds his most spectacular achievement—the sinking of a U-boat with a lance bomb dressed up as a baby—had been based on the assumption, arrived at after a careful study of the records of torpedoings from the beginning of the war, that the average German submarine commander would go to far greater trouble and take far more chances to put down a vessel carrying passengers than he would to sink a freighter.

Another very painstaking student of the psychology of U-boat commanders was the captain of a little motor launch with whom I spent a highly diverting fortnight while studying the ins and outs of North Sea patrol. He was a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and had left his Kansas farm for England early in the war in hope of getting into the game in any way he could. It was his knowledge of gasoline engines that got him a commission in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and the command of a small M. L.; but after that it was sheer Yankee ingenuity and a nose for trouble that won him the reputation of being the most successful harrier of U-boats on the east-coast patrol.

Sea Habits of the Hun

Lieutenant D—— had reduced his U-boat research to a fine art.

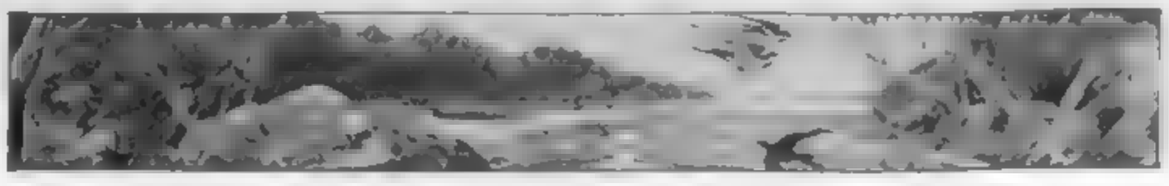
"I began by studying the habits of Fritz just as I would those of any other animal I was going to hunt," he said to me one night in explaining how he prepared for an operation in which he bagged his first submarine. "I specialized on this for some months, confining myself almost entirely to what he did when attacking or when being attacked by M. L.'s, and ignoring his tactics with sloops, trawlers and other light craft.

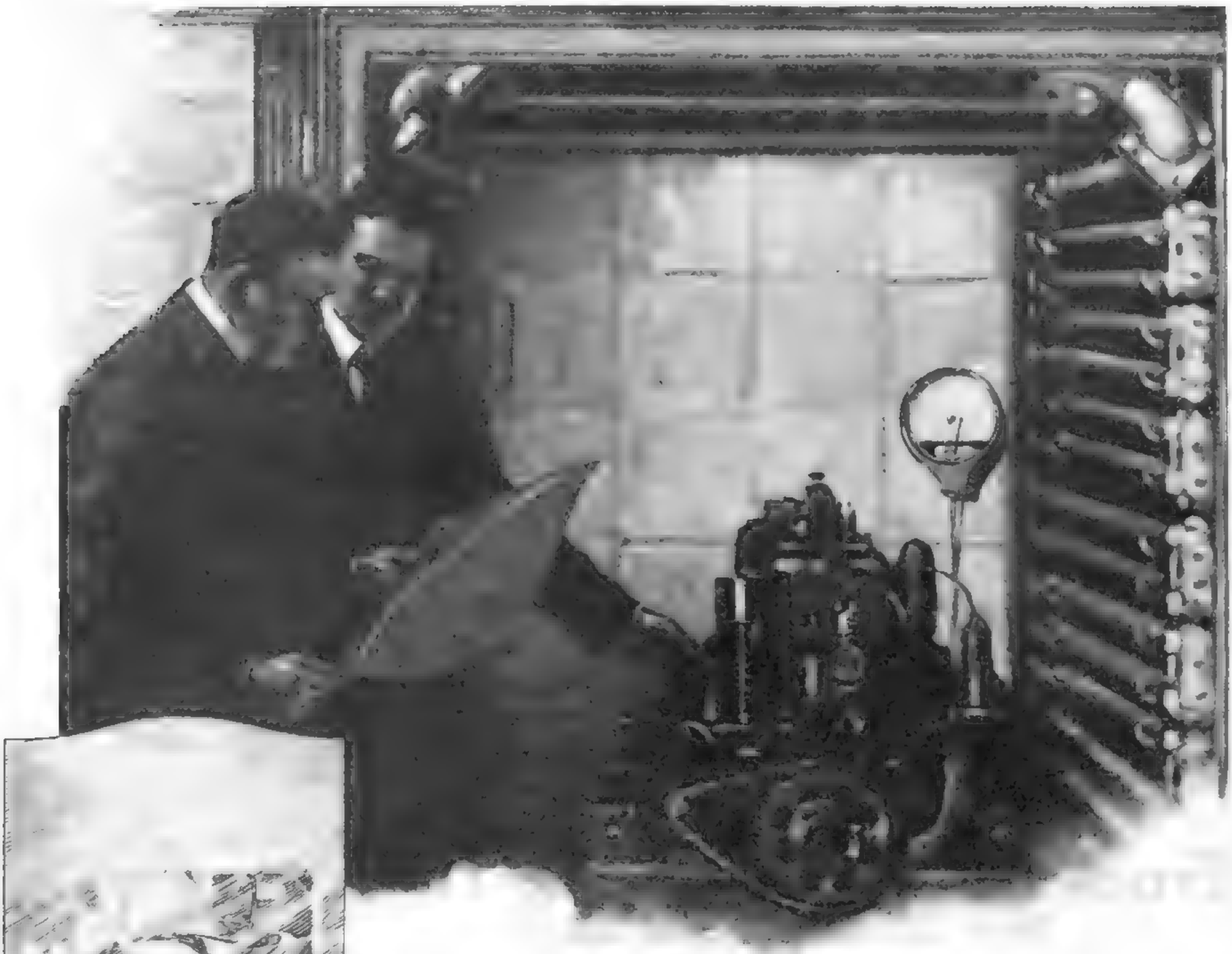
"It wasn't long before I discovered that it was his almost invariable practice—when it was a matter of just himself and an M. L.—to get the latter's range as quickly as possible, endeavor to set it afire by a few hurried shots, and then to submerge and make an approach under water for the purpose of inspecting at close range the damage inflicted.

"I also found that when explosions had taken place in the M. L.—or when it was heavily afire by the time the U-boat drew near—it was the practice of the latter to come boldly up and finish the good work at leisure, with the addition of any of the inimitable little Hunisms—such as firing on the boats, or ramming them, or running at full speed back and forth amid the wreckage so as to give the screws a fair chance to chop up the swimming survivors—of which the Unterseeboot skippers were even then becoming past masters. In short, I studied the vermin in just the same way I did the gophers and prairie dogs when I started to exterminate them on my Kansas farm. I found out when they were most likely to come, when to stay down; what things attracted them and what repelled. Then I went after them. Of course there was no chance for the clean sweep I made of the gophers and prairie dogs, but we've still managed to keep our own little section of the beat pretty clear.

"Having satisfied myself regarding the Hun's penchant for stealing up submerged to gloat over the dying agonies of his victim, it seemed to me that the obvious thing to do was to lead him on with an imitation death agony, and then to have a proper surprise waiting for him when he came up to gloat. The first thing I started working on was how to burn up and blow up with sufficient realism to deceive the skipper of a submerged U-boat, and still be in shape to

(Continued on Page 111)





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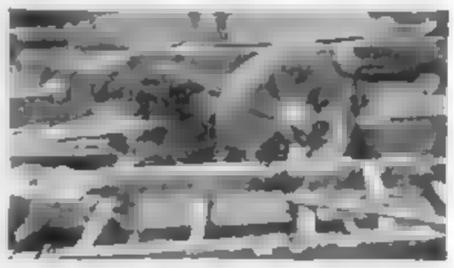

This heavily loaded truck was thrown forty feet by a B. & O. train at Dayton, Ohio, and completely demolished—except for its Dayton Steel Wheels. The pressed on tires were partly displaced by the impact, the force of which cannot be realized by the layman, but will be appreciated by the truck engineer. The wheels themselves withstood the shock without damage, and are now in use on a new truck. This unbreakability is characteristic of all Dayton Steel Wheels.

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New York

(Continued from Page 108)

spring an effective surprise if he could be tempted into laying himself open to it."

Without going further into the details of Lieutenant D——'s Q-boat stunts with a motor launch, I may say that his operations, based on the theory that under certain conditions a U-boat commander could be counted upon to come to gloat at short range over any craft that he was satisfied was helpless and unarmed, netted that quick-minded Yankee two German submarines sunk beyond a doubt, to say nothing of one which the Admiralty reckoned as probably destroyed, and two or three as possibly.

It was an interesting and significant thing the number of times one used to hear the men who were hunting U-boats in the North Sea compare the officers of the latter to some kind of animal—usually a tiger or a shark. In beginning this article I have quoted an officer who said that nothing he had ever learned of the ways of man or beast had given him a sure line on 'a Hun submarine skipper. Yet I recall another who credited much of his success in outguessing U-boats to what he had learned to do in outguessing tigers.

Study Tigers and Learn Huns

One night in his cabin he had shown me a photograph of one of the small U. C. type of German submarine, remarking casually that he had winged it with a shot from his foremost gun in the first place, and then forced it to come up with a luckily planted depth charge. On my expressing surprise that he had been able to slip in close enough for a shot—within the week I had seen three or four gray conning towers dissolve into gray mists where sea and horizon met before the gong had more than sounded for action stations—he replied that it was largely the result of the fact that the submarine was preoccupied.

"You've hunted in India," he went on, "and so probably know something of tigers and panthers. Now I've always maintained that the fact that I had given a bit of study to the ways of man-eaters was a big help to me in understanding the ways of the Hun. A hungry tiger, on the prowl for something to devour, is about the hardest brute in the world to stalk successfully; while on the other hand one that has made its kill and is sating its bloody lust upon it is just about the easiest. It's just the same way with a U-boat. About the only chance we have of surprising one on the surface is while it is in the act of sinking a merchantman with bombs or shellfire; or just after the victim has been torpedoed and the pirate is standing by to fire on the boats and pick up any officers he may think worth while to take prisoner. That was what was responsible for the luck which befell me this time.

"The U. C.——, a day or two previously to the one on which she was slated to meet her finish, had sunk the British merchantman Hilda Bronson, and carried off as prisoners the captain and mate. These men, after we had rescued them, were able to give us some account of the way their hosts had spent the morning of the day on which they were fated to make the acquaintance of the Dash. Their general practice of course was to submerge in the daytime and at night run on the surface, charging their batteries.

"Emboldened by two or three recent successes in sinking small merchantmen by gunfire and bombs, they appeared to have become very contemptuous of our antisubmarine measures, and declared that they were just as safe on the surface in the daytime as at night. Bearing out the probability that these words were by no means spoken in jest is the fact that they did not dive at daybreak but continued to cruise on the surface on the lookout for unarmed ships which could be safely sunk without risking the loss of a torpedo or damage to themselves by gunfire.

"About eight o'clock their search was rewarded. The two British sailors heard a number of shots, and presently understood the U-boat skipper to say that he had just put down a small Norwegian steamer. As they were still full up with stores looted from the Hilda Bronson no attempt was made to take off anything from the sinking Norwegian, but there was some altercation between the commander and one of the junior officers because the former refused the latter permission to go over in their collapsible boat and bring away the ship's bells before she went down—something it appeared he was making a collection of. There was also some dispute as to whether a lifeboat, which was observed to founder, had been hit before or after she was launched.

"The commander gave one of the gunners a call-down for firing on the boat in the water without his orders, and the gunner—to establish his innocence of having displayed such an excess of zeal and initiative—claimed that the boat had been holed while still slung on its davits. It was all a matter of action without orders. No one appeared to be doing any worrying about the men in the water, only two or three of whom—as I learned later—were alive when our patrols picked them up.

"All morning the pirate continued to cruise on the surface, diving only once. Great attention was given to sounding, stops being made every hour or two to heave the lead. About noon another helpless victim—this time a British merchantman—was sighted, and the imprisoned sailors counted nine shots before tremendous consternation and confusion spread through the submarine as fire was opened upon her by some ship coming up from the same direction as the merchant steamer bore, and she dived with all possible dispatch. This was the point where I brought the Dash into action.

"Now the fact that this particular Fritz ought easily to have sighted us at twice the distance at which we opened up with our foremost twelve-pounder bears out exactly what I said about the traits the Hun U-boat commander and the tiger have in common. They are both foul feeders and begin to see so red, once the blood lust of prospective satiation is upon them, that they are half blinded to everything else. If this fellow hadn't been so absorbed in doing that helpless little steamer to death he need never have let us get within a range that would have permitted more than a swift shot or two at his disappearing conning tower. You have doubtless seen enough of that kind of blazing away into the brown to know how hopeless the chance of a hit is. It was only that U-boat skipper's sheer blood drunkenness that gave us our chance."

The rest of Lieutenant Commander L——'s story, while detailing one of the smartest U-boat captures of the war, shed little further light on the working of the mind of the German submarine commander. This particular one, as it chanced, was killed by the shell which shattered his conning tower as he popped out on his bridge after having been forced to rise by a well-placed depth charge. The U. C.——, though leaking but slightly, sank while being towed to port, doubtless as a consequence of some contrivance set before her crew abandoned her. The two British merchant officers, none the worse in mind and body for the trying experience they had survived, were landed within a few hours—in time to reach their homes the same evening.

From what these officers had told Lieutenant Commander L—— of their experience it occurred to me at once that they must always figure among the most authoritative witnesses of the human side of U-boat life as glimpsed by anyone of Allied nationality during the war. Through the courtesy of the chief censor of the Admiralty I was allowed—some weeks later—to read the official report taken down of their story immediately after they were landed. As this contained little I had not already heard from Lieutenant Commander L—— it appeared that the only way to get a comprehensive account of what they had seen was to look one of them up personally as opportunity offered. This—unluckily—I was not able to do for some months, and when I finally found myself in Newcastle it was to learn that Captain K—— had been drowned when his last command was torpedoed a month previously, and that his former mate, now himself a captain, had sailed with a Norwegian convoy the day before. When I finally did contrive to meet the latter some months later, however, it was to find that what he had to tell was even more interesting than I had anticipated.

Though a British subject, Captain R—— was of Swedish parentage and had spent a good part of his life in steamers plying to the North Sea and Baltic ports of Germany. As a consequence he spoke and understood the language of the latter country quite as well as he did that of his own. For that reason what he overheard in the U. C.—— was of even more significance than what he was told direct.

"There was nothing especially out of the ordinary in the sinking of the Hilda Bronson," he said. "We had no gun of any kind, and as soon as the Huns were sure of this they signaled for us to send a boat to bring a sinking party aboard. While some of them were fixing bombs next her bottom to set off and put her down, others went over our stores, searching in particular for bacon and margarine.

"They transferred two or three boatloads of stuff of this kind, and in stowing it interfered considerably with the trim of their submarine. I heard the officers arguing pro and con later about ditching some of it, but though they all agreed that it would be safer, their greed for the fat greasy food was too great. The crew had even wanted to go for another boatload, and I heard them grousing a good deal among themselves because their share in the loot was not going to be larger. They seemed to have some sort of system for dividing stuff seized in this way—so much for officers and so much for the men according to rank, just about as we allot prize money in our navy.

"It appears that they had home leave after every voyage, and that the one thing above all others that assured them of a hearty welcome was having a big bundle of loot—especially food. Bad a hole as we were in, I could hardly help laughing when one chap—some kind of petty officer—told his mates how he had been made miserable on his last leave by the reproaches of his wife because he had come home empty-handed while his next-door neighbor, who was in another U-boat, had rolled in with a box of scented toilet soap and a tin of lard. Another told how all the finest ladies of his village had begun calling on his wife since it became known that she had margarine on her table every day.

"There was no doubt from what they said that the families of U-boat sailors occupied a position of their own, partly because they had more food and partly because their heads belonged to the service which all Germany believed was winning the war for her. I also overheard not a little open boasting among the men regarding the attentions they received from the girls. Men of the Zeppelin service seemed to be their only rivals, and even these did not figure seriously in the running so long as the U-boat sailor had any soap or chocolate in hand."

Captain R——'s account of the man who collected ships' bells contained not a little that was highly illuminating of the character of the German submarine officer.

"The officer in charge of the party sent to sink the Hilda," he said, "came provided with a screw driver and cold chisel of his own, and while his men were busy setting bombs and rifling our stores he was engaged in taking down bells. He had finished with the two large bells for striking time upon and was just turning to go on the gongs of the engine room and stokehold when he was recalled to his U-boat. Anything that rang or tinkled seemed to be in his line; and he told us—in English, for I never let on of course that I knew German—in the boat on the way back to the submarine that the biggest bell from the Hilda was to go to the town hall of the city in Mecklenburg where he lived, and that a bronze tablet with his name as donor upon it would be set under it."

Prisoners on the U-Boat

"The last bell he got from an English ship had been given personally to the mayor, he said, and when the mayor gave a dance in his honor the bell had been set up in the orchestra and banged along with the drums and the cymbals. He told us quite frankly that that had been the proudest moment of his life. It never seemed to occur to him that we might have difficulty in seeing what there was to be proud of in looting the bell from an unarmed merchant steamer.

"The commander of the submarine, as soon as he saw the bells, started growling about that officer's neglecting his duty, and I gathered that on another cruise the bell collector had just missed exposing the U-boat to a strafe from a destroyer through hanging on too long in search of his special line of loot. The next day the commander refused to let him go off at all, insisting on putting a Norwegian steamer we met down by gunfire. I learned later that something like half her crew were either killed or drowned by the sinking of a smashed-up boat."

Respecting his treatment in the U. C.——, Captain R—— said it was neither better nor worse than he had expected.

"Their questioning of us—from a long printed list they had—was very clumsy, and when the commander found himself no wiser at the end of it he relieved his feelings by telling us that it was the fixed determination of Germany to go on capturing or drowning English merchant marine officers until those left were afraid to go to sea. 'After that,' he said, 'your country will very soon grow tired of the war.'

"As if to show us what a food shortage would mean in England they put us on what they said was their regular U-boat ration. We actually had to watch those three officers guzzling the bacon, chocolate, biscuit and margarine they had looted from the Hilda, and then follow on at the same table with black bread, sauerkraut, blood sausage and raspberry-leaf tea.

"That little thing did more to drive home to me the meanness of the Hun than anything else that happened. Somehow I wasn't so much surprised when I heard them talking about smashing up the boats of the sinking Norwegian steamer, but that way of dealing out the rations they had just looted from us was beyond anything I ever could have reckoned on.

"I must confess to a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction on seeing the commander dished and done for on his own bridge when we finally came up; but that was nothing to the pleasure I've had since in thinking how the Huns were cheated of that big haul of greasy food. In fact we about came to the conclusion that the bad trim all that stuff gave her had a lot to do with the crankiness of the dive that laid her open to the depth charge that knocked her out for good."

It occurred to me very early in the war that the Allied sailors who spent some time in German submarines as captives would be able to give by far the most weighty

(Concluded on Page 114)

German Officers on Board S. M. S. Viceroy at Kiel. The One on the Right Boasted That He Launched the Torpedo That Damaged the Justice

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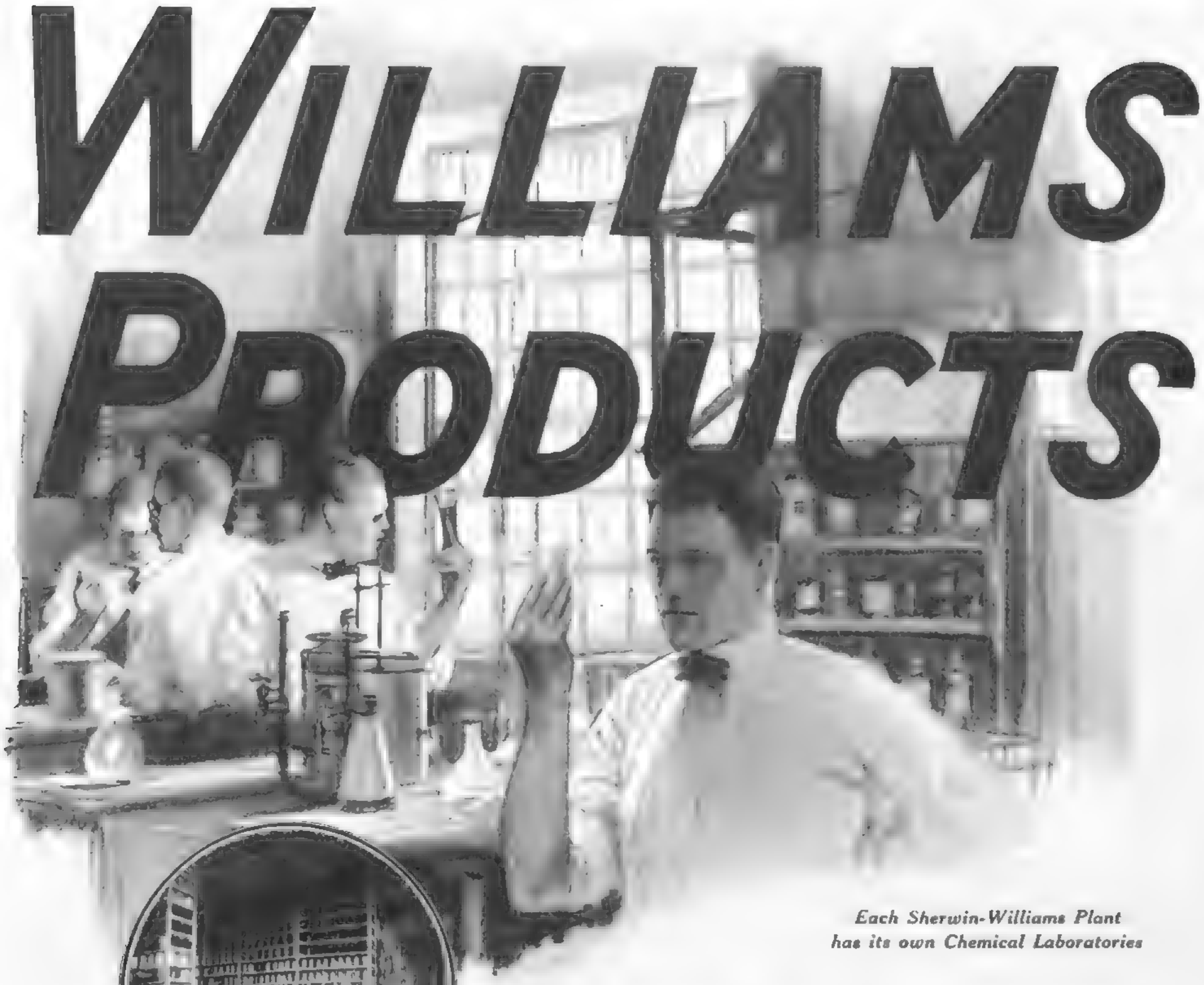

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(Concluded from Page 111)

testimony respecting the state of mind in which the U-boat officer approached his task. However, with the exception of Captain R——, quoted above, I found that their bitterness toward their captors left few if any of the number of such men I have since talked with in a frame of mind to give anything like an impartial version of what they saw and experienced. Most of them were harshly, some of them brutally treated, and what they have to tell centers rather round this than on what the Germans were saying and doing among themselves.

A rather finely finessed little piece of Hunism which will hardly have been passed on to the general public I learned from the officers of an American destroyer I was out with for a fortnight of escort and antisubmarine work last summer. Stopping to watch the cook and a couple of Filipino stewards trying to teach a lugubrious white mongrel to sit up and beg one morning, I was told that his name was Ole Olson, both because he was some kind of a Swede and because—like his famous namesake—he had tried to come aboard in two "yumps" the day they found him perched on a bit of wreckage of the Norwegian bark to which he had belonged, and which had been sunk by a U-boat an hour previously.

They told me a number of stories in this destroyer in connection with the survivors they had rescued—or failed to rescue—from ships sunk by U-boats. Most of them were the usual accounts of firing on open boats in an attempt to sink without trace; but there was one piquant recital which revealed that elusive but ever diverting thing, the Hun sense of humor, at a new slant.

This was displayed, as it chanced, on the occasion of the sinking of Ole's ship, the Norwegian bark.

After this unlucky craft had been put down by shell fire and bombs the submarine ran alongside the boat containing the captain and mate and they were ordered aboard to be interrogated. Under the pretense of preventing any attempt at escape on the part of the remainder of those in this boat the Germans made them clamber up and stand on the narrow steel runway which serves as the upper deck of a submarine. No sooner were they there, however, than the Hun humorist on the bridge began slowly submerging.

The German Yellow Streak

When the water was lapping round the necks of the unfortunate Norwegians and just threatening to engulf them the nose of the U-boat was slanted up again, this highly entertaining operation being repeated during all the time that the captain and mate were being pumped below by the commander of the submarine. No great harm—save that one of the sailors, losing his nerve when the submarine started down the first time, dived over, struck his head on one of the low rudders and was drowned—eventuated as a consequence of this little pleasantry; but it is so illuminative of what the German U-boat officer is in his lighter moods that I have thought it worth setting down to offset the opinion of the British officer I quoted earlier in this article as stating that the Hun has no sense of humor.

When I first went to Germany with the Allied Naval Armistice Commission immediately after the surrender of the German fleet I had some hope that among the large number of naval officers with whom we should be thrown in more or less intimate contact there would be at least a few from whom many revealing details of the U-boat war might be gathered. This hope, I regret to say, was doomed to almost complete disappointment. The Germans appeared to have determined in advance to pursue a policy of conciliation in their relations with the Allied Commission, this even being carried so far as very palpably inspired demonstrations of friendliness on the part of the civil population on the streets, at railway stations and along the banks of the Kiel Canal.

In carrying out their part of this policy the German naval officers we met seemed to follow a more or less predetermined plan by which they denied point-blank anything not to their credit respecting which they felt there was a chance that the Allies did not have conclusive evidence, and expressed the deepest regret and penitence for the rest. The bully streak which runs through the average German—in about the same way that fat streaks bacon—made it very natural and easy for him to fall into the attitude of a cringing penitent the moment he saw the game was up; and it was an almost invariable rule that the most subservient and abasive individuals whom the members of the commission encountered were the fat bull-necked Prussian type, who have repeatedly been found inspiring or actually committing the worst brutalities from the beginning of the war.

It was these who were continually finding imaginary specks of dust on one's sleeve to be brushed off; and it was one of these who was always trying to adjust the collar of one's overcoat or extending him a helping hand—for all the world as though he were a cripple or a woman—when stepping off or on a train or launch.

Knowing in a vague sort of way that the U-boat war and the way it had been carried on were things upon which the minds of the Allied peoples were pretty well made up, the German naval officers we met were almost a unit in avoiding the subject entirely. Now and then when you found one ready to justify them it was invariably on the ancient plea of "Your blockade was killing our women and children by starvation, and that was just as bad as our killing yours by drowning."

The Pilot's Story

They were also glib with impossible details of the Baralong incident; indeed "Baralong" was their unfailing reply to "Lusitania," "Leinster," "Edith Cavell," "Captain Fryatt" and all the other names on the interminable list of atrocities on land and sea that civilization has checked against the Hun.

I have never yet met an American or British naval officer who—knowing all the details of the Baralong incident—did not hold that the roughly handled crew of the German submarine got just what they deserved. Even so, however, the occurrence was an unfortunate one from the Allied standpoint on the ground alone of the amazing propaganda the Germans were able to make of it among their own people. No matter what may be brought home to the Germans in the years to come of the depths of infamy to which their army and navy sank in the course of the late war, the fattest, most placid frau will justify them to you, as she has to herself, by repeating "starvation blockade" and "Baralong."

There was one ex-U-boat officer who made an inadvertent admission of some interest. He was the pilot of the British destroyer Viceroy, which was taking the members of the subcommission for seaplane station inspection to Warnemünde and Rügen, in the Baltic. He had maintained an attitude of sullen standoffishness for the first half hour following his arrival on board in the morning, but after the Viceroy had missed ramming the famous raider, Moewe, by a hair in nosing out through the fog of Kiel Fiord, he warmed up and informed the several British and American officers on the bridge that he had spent most of the war in the submarine service, and that he had himself launched the torpedo which disabled the Sussex.

"Then perhaps you had something to do with making the drawing of the ship which your government sent with its reply to one of Wilson's notes?" hazarded an American flying officer.

"No, I am afraid that drawing was made elsewhere," was the unabashed reply.

I hardly need to recall the fact that when the German Government transmitted with one of its notes a silhouette of a ship totally unlike the Sussex, it was with the statement that the sketch was made by the commander of a U-boat operating in the Channel at the time the Sussex was damaged, to show the type of the ship he really did torpedo.

On the chance that this man was one of those who might later be wanted by the Allies, I took his photograph—in company with a German flying officer, also on board at the time—at the first opportunity. I was commended for my zeal later, but informed that no one was down to be hanged for the torpedoing of the Sussex; that this act was not reckoned among the several great crimes for which it was hoped that the perpetrators would be made to pay the extreme penalty.

There was one occasion—in a train just pulling out of Wilhelmshaven—when I thought for a moment I was about to hear a real confession from an ex-submarine officer.

"Those oil-tank cars there from Galicia," he said, stepping to my side where I was looking from a window of the corridor, "recall to me the most terrible hour I ever spent in a U-boat."

That couldn't be beaten for a promising introduction, and I cocked both ears in expectation of hearing something extra special in the way of a tale of remorse over the foundering of a torpedoed passenger liner.

"It was the night we got word that the Russians had occupied the Galician oil fields in their first advance, and we knew that unless they could be pushed out very soon our reserve of oil would come to an end—and with it the operations of our U-boats."

It wasn't much of a tale of remorse after all.

A U-Boat Officer's Confession

The only man I met in Germany who spoke in the least freely about his life in the submarine service I shall endeavor not to identify—in case anyone still in authority there should resent what he said—by mentioning where and how I was thrown in contact with him. He was a native of Schleswig, he said, and up to the outbreak of the war had been an officer of a German merchant steamer in the Baltic. Shortly after that he was drafted to train for the U-boat service, in which he later received a commission.

"It was all right," he said, "in the first year of the war, when we were operating only against enemy warships. The terrible period for me began when the war on merchant shipping started, for I—largely Danish in blood—was repeatedly called upon to sink ships manned by sailors of that same blood.

"It was bad enough to have to sink unarmed English ships. However, I do not think I minded it so much after they began to carry guns and when their trap ships began to work against us. But to put down Scandinavian ships was almost more than I could stand.

"Yet all the other officers of the three U-boats I was in, first and last, were pure-blooded Germans, so that there was no chance for me to be any less merciless than they were—I was never in command myself—without exposing myself at once. They all gloried in what we were doing, and never had any trouble justifying themselves in their own minds. I was more or less directly responsible for sinking a good many ships—with a considerable loss of life of course—though I never happened to have anything to do with any of the sinkings which the Allies hold most heavily against us.

"What made it harder for me too was the fact that in Schleswig—and especially the northern part near the border—a man in the U-boat service was not looked upon in the same way as in the rest of Germany. The home-coming of these—our leaves were much longer and more frequent than in the regular naval service—was often made the occasion for dances and receptions, and sometimes the presentation of testimonials from their proud townsmen. Everything possible was done to make them feel that they were men apart from their mates of the rest of the navy; that they were the ones who would win victory for their country no matter what happened. Far from there being reproach or shame over the way their work was done there was only exultation. I have heard two or three officers I have served with or under express horror—though never remorse—over the tragic results of the sinking of a passenger ship, but I have never heard such feelings expressed by a man, woman or child in Wilhelmshaven or Kiel.

"In Schleswig it was different—especially after the sinking of Scandinavian ships became so frequent. Where a U-boat man returning to his East Frisian village would be acclaimed all the way down the street, with us it was more often sadly questioning eyes, pitying rather than condemning.

"Yes, they were glad of the soap and chocolate and tea we were able to bring now and then, but that never made our women forget that the taking of these things perhaps involved the killing or drowning of men of their own blood. You see, in Northern Schleswig—and the same thing might be true on the borders of Holland—our people were closely enough in touch with those of a neutral country to gather some hint of the way our U-boat warfare was regarded by the outer world. That was why they pulled down the shutters when we came home in Schleswig, where in Oldenburg our mates were received with bands and flags. I came, in time, to dread these home-comings only less than the putting to sea on another cruise. Between them they broke me in the end."

Crippled, But Free

"Of course I tried every means I knew how to get transferred, but it was never any use, though my hands used to shake so that I could hardly hold a teacup—for I would often go a week at a stretch without getting any sleep—they would not let me go. Physical disability or a complete nervous breakdown, I was assured, was the only ground for being passed out of the U-boat service.

"Well, though I knew the nervous breakdown was only a matter of time, the other looked like the simplest way out of it: One day I had an accident—a very severe accident. I made sure of there being no mistake on that score. My right foot was caught in the closing of the water-tight door of a bulkhead. I made no more noise than I could help over it, and so the door went right on closing—shut. I hardly need to tell you that there is no room round the edges of a door that is built to stop water for a foot to go. Half of mine hung only by the leather of my sea boot and a strip of skin when the door was opened. They did a good job with it in the hospital, but as you see, I am a cripple for life.

"They were in desperate need of U-boat officers when I came out of the hospital, and nothing but the fact that I could not climb a steel ladder with my maimed foot saved me from being sent back. But it did save me, and I reckon that cheap at the price, especially as no one of the U-boats I was in survived the war. I finished out my time in an antisubmarine net layer, and now I am hoping to get back into the merchant service—if Germany has any ships left. Or perhaps a better chance will open through Schleswig going back to Denmark. But that seems almost too much to hope for."

I had a good many deliberate lies told me in Germany, but somehow I seem to be more than half satisfied in my own mind that that man was telling the truth.

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THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MARY ANN

(Continued from Page 9)

to it like some. That was about all you could say. When she spoke it didn't make you think of sweet silver bells a-chiming nor little birds a-caroling in the bosky glade nor laughing tinkling brooks nor none of them things. You just heard her speaking and paid more or less attention to what she was saying, like Dan Scott done.

It was about her cow that had strayed off with its calf two days ago and couldn't be found, hide nor hair, having probably got in with a bunch of the T A N cattle; and they needed the milk and hadn't we seen nothing of her—a black-and-white cow with pa's brand and only one horn?

"Why didn't your pa come here to ask himself?" says Dan, looking up from the mower we was tinkering at. "Does he think we run his cow off?"

"You'd be in mighty big business if you had," says Mary Ann. "Pa allowed it would be a waste of time asking you—and I reckon he was right."

She didn't snap it out; just stated it as a fact, calm and sober, and was turning her horse to ride off when Dan straightened to his feet and took off his hat with a flourish.

"Excuse me," he says. "I don't want you nor your esteemed pa to think for a holy fraction of a second that we ain't anxious to be neighborly and obliging. We ain't took the liberty of running off your respected cow, not as far as I know, and we ain't had the pleasure of seeing her, but I'll sure institute the strictest kind of inquiries and persecute the rigidest search for her with the greatest of animosity."

He looked round at us, grinning like a coyote, and his eye fell on Wes, who had been standing with his bridle over his arm acquiring a heap of information about mowing machines that the inventor never guessed of. "Mr. Clow," says Dan, "will you favor me by climbing on your horse and helping the young lady find her cow?"

Dan was certainly a humorous joker and could think up the comicalest things. The only one who kept a straight face and a shut mouth at that was Wes himself. As for Mary Ann, she hadn't waited and was quite a piece off already. The funny thing was that Wes took Dan in dead earnest and before any of us realized what he was doing or going to do he'd jumped into the saddle and was a-pelting off after Mary Ann. Dan tried to call him back, but he choked up with laughing and his voice failed.

In about a couple of miles Wes nearly catched up with her and she pulled up and wheeled her horse round.

"You just quit trailing me and get right back," she says, and Wes judged she meant prezactly and excisely what she said. He was surprised some too.

"I'm a-going to get your cow for you, ma'am," he says.

"You'll raise hell a-getting my cow for me," she says. "You get right back."

"I'm right sorry, ma'am," says Wes, "but I've got orders from the boss and I reckon I've got to follow them."

"I ain't got no objections as long as you don't follow me," says Mary Ann, and she kicked her sorrel in the ribs and rode on in about a bee line for lower Beaver, Wes trailing after her about ten rods behind. They rode that-a-way until they come to Beaver, and Mary Ann turned up creek.

"She ain't up that-a-way," Wes hollers, and swung down into the bottom to'rds the old Bateman crossing. Mary Ann didn't pay no attention to him though—not for a minute or two. Then she stopped and looked back. Wes was jogging along and not looking back and I reckon she got kind of curious. Anyway she turned round and followed him. Pretty soon he rode up a gulch and she couldn't see him, so she hurried along, and by the time she'd got to where he'd disappeared she seen him coming back—and waited.

"She ain't with that bunch," says Wes, as if they'd been talking right along. "If she's the black-and-white cow I seen yesterday she must be farther along down. They'd drift with the wind."

He rode on down the creek bottom and Mary Ann followed along. After a while she edged up.

Once or twice he rode up some gulch or got up onto the table and looked round, and when he come back to the bottom Mary Ann was a-waiting. And she edged up every time a little more

"That ain't no way for a lady to talk," says Wes, kind of to himself.

"I didn't say nothing," says Mary Ann, and she flicked the sorrel on the neck with the end of the rein and edged up alongside. "I didn't say nothing," she says again.

"Away back there," says Wes: "'Raise hell a-getting my cow for me.'"

"Oh!" says Mary Ann. "I didn't go for to say that," she says. "It kind of slipped out. It's a great byword with pa. He says 'You'll raise hell this' and 'You'll raise hell that' all the time. He told me 'You'll raise hell getting them T A N thieves to tell you anything about that there cow.'"

Wes spurred up the bank, a place where it kind of sloped, and looked round and then slid down again.

"There ain't no more breaks for a right smart," he says. "I reckon we'll run on her this side of the crossing though. You drap behind, please, ma'am; the trail ain't wide enough for two."

"It slipped out," says Mary Ann. "What I said back there, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am," says Wes.

A half a mile on the trail widened out and Mary Ann edged up again.

"When you've heard a byword like that right along all your life and you ain't thinking of what you're saying—it kind of—slips out."

"Yes, ma'am," says Wes

"Can't you say nothing but 'Yes, ma'am'?"

Wes studied on that for a while; then he says, "Is your pa's brand 7 U 7?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Mary Ann.

"Because I seem to recollect that was the brand on the black-and-white cow I seen yesterday hereabout, and there's a bunch feeding up that there break and—yes, there she is, sure 'nough!"

And sure enough there the cow was and the calf with her, and Wes didn't lose no time cutting her out and heading her back. Mary Ann told him that he didn't need to trouble no more, but he just nodded the sober way he had and went on driving her. They had to go slow because the cow wasn't noways speedy, but they'd nearly got back to where they started from on Beaver before Wes opened his head.

"You Just Quit Trailing Me and Get Right Back," She Says

"What made your pa think so?" he asks her.

"Think what?" says Mary Ann.

"That the T A N—er—men wouldn't tell you nothing?"

"Oh!" says Mary Ann. "Well, because here we come on that poor defenseless outfit and hogged a whole hundred and sixty acres of their range that they needed to keep their cattle from starving to death. Not to mention the spring. And all they'd got in the wide wide world was about a hundred and sixty miles square and all of Beaver and part of Horsehead and Witch Creek. They naturally would feel a mite hostile, wouldn't they?"

Wes nodded.

"Well, wouldn't they? You're one of them."

"Yes, ma'am," says Wes, and circled out to haze the calf along.

Finally they come to a fork in the trail to the T A N and Mary Ann broke about half an hour's silence.

"I won't have no more trouble now," she says. "We live just over that there ridge. You don't need to go out of your way no more."

"I reckon that's so," says Wes.

"I'm sure obliged to you for your kindness," says she.

"It ain't my kindness; it's Mr. Scott's," says Wes. "I reckon your pa'd better keep that cow fenced in if he doesn't want her to stay."

"My name's Miss Mary Ann Bodley," she says.

Wes nodded and looked at the cow.

"I wonder ——" he says.

"What?" asks Mary Ann, and gave him his first smile.

"I wonder how come she lost that horn."

"Pa knocked it off with the milking stool," says Mary Ann.

"I never could understand how he could bring himself to do such a thing—until this minute."

"Yes, ma'am," says Wes. "I reckon I'll be moving on." And he moved on.

"Did you find the young lady's cow?" asked Dan Scott when he got back.

"Yes, sir, I done found her," says Wes. "What would you like for me to do next?"

"Why," says Dan in his smooth way, "if you'd just as soon I'd like to have you go and knock your head against the snubbing post in the corral until I tell you to stop. I've got my suspicions that post ain't as firm set as it ought to be to stand the strain it's going to have when we brand them horses to-morrow, and I'd like to make sure. It won't hurt your head, I judge, if it's thick enough to let you go traipsing off the best part of a day hunting a loblolied, tiddley-winked, goodness-gracioused granger's cows for him. Don't you think they give us cowmen trouble enough? No, you don't think! You naturally couldn't. If you didn't have no legs you couldn't walk, and if you had the misfortune to be born without arms it wouldn't be reasonable to blame you or not scratching yourself. I was wrong to chide you, Mr. Clow. Of course you didn't think."

"You told me to help her find her cow," says Wes.

"Certainly," says Dan, "and I don't notice you jumping particular alacritous to test that snubbing post like I asked you. Well, I'll try to overlook it this time, but the next time I tell you to round up any 7 U 7 stock and return same to owner with compliments of the T A N don't do it. Sabe?"

"No?" says Wes with his wondering look.

"No," says Dan. "Just rope and tie me and keep me tied until you can get me took to the Yankton Asylum. I'll be crazy, and there ain't no telling what I'd do if I was let to run loose."

But that wasn't nothing to what the boys had got to say in the bunk house that evening. I said a few things myself that was about as mirth-provoking and as side splitting as anything you ever heard, if I could recollect to tell you. But Wes took it all like it was remarks about the weather, until Gid Spencer said something concerning Mary Ann that was considerable bordering on the nature of what you might call a raw crack.

Wes looked at him, and the way he looked everybody whooped, it was so dog-gone serious and disapproving. Gid laughed more'n anybody, but Wes kept on a-looking the same way without batting an eye, until Gid slowed down to a giggle.

"Well?" says Gid at last.

"That ain't no way for a gentleman to talk," says Wes, mighty slow and solemn, and everybody whooped again, Gid included, though he got a mite red in the face.

But Wes kept right on a-looking at him.

"You want to take it up?" says Gid, winking at us.

"You heared what I said," says Wes.

"That settles it," says Gid. "When reflections like that is cast on my character I get a craving for blood that nothing but blood will satisfy and appease. We'll shoot it out."

"Shoot it out?" says Wes.

Johnny Wells explained it to him.

"He means that you shoot at him with a gun and he shoots at you with a gun both as near simultaneous as you can and a mite previous—if possible. This here is what we call a gun, Wes." He took down his own from his belt hanging on the wall and broke it and shook out the cartridges on the table. "Them's got powder into 'em and you see this is lead a-sticking out at the end. Notice on the back end there's a little round do-funny. That's got stuff inside kind of like what's on the end of a match. We showed you about matches last week-remember?"

Wes nodded.

"Well, now we stick these here cartridges into these here holes. I'll take 'em out again, but we'll play they're all in. Now you wrap your finger round this jigger and pull it. See what that does? Makes this here go round, and at the same time it plunks this dingus down on the cartridge plumb square on the little round do-funny—like striking a match. That sets fire to the powder, which pushes the lead right violent out through this long tube—sabe?

"And that's what we call shooting. Anything what the lead hits is likely to get a hole in it. Get the philosophy of it?"

"I reckon," says Wes, taking hold of the gun kind of interested. "You put these in the holes and shut it up and then you point it at whatever you want the lead to hit, don't you—this-a-way?"

He pointed in the direction of Gid's stomach. Johnny let out a yell and grabbed his hand.

"I didn't have my finger wrapped round the jigger," says Wes, laying the gun down and covering it with his hand. "Wait, I want you to tell me. Supposing I want the lead to hit them three dirty pictures Mr. Spencer has got tacked up over his bunk, I'd point right to the middle of them one after the other and pull the jigger each time I pointed, wouldn't I?"

Before Johnny could grab again he picked up the gun, aimed and pulled trigger. You wouldn't have believed that he did it more than once before the gun was a-laying smoking on the table, and it didn't seem there was time for that once. It sounded like one shot, too, but three of the shells in the gun was empty and there was a neat hole plumb center through each one of Mr. Spencer's dirty pictures.

"I was fooling you," says Wes to Johnny. "I reely knew about guns all the time. I cut my teeth on the barrel of pappy's old cap-and-ball and he give it to me a year or two after when he got himself one of the newfangled ones."

Then he turned to Gid.

"We'll shoot it out if you say so, Mr. Spencer, sir," he says, "but that won't make it no way for a gentleman to talk."

"I allow you're right about that, Wes," says Gid. "I was just joking."

So there wasn't no more talk about Mary Ann for that while, but about three weeks later—maybe less—Ed Barry and Tracy Lamson come in and swore up and down that they'd seen Wes and Mary Ann riding together over by Witch Creek.

Barry had his field glasses along and him and Tracy watched them by turns and they was a-going to have sport with Wes when he got in.

"You'll find out that it wasn't no way for gentlemen to act," says Johnny Wells. "Won't they, Gid?"

Gid made out to smile, but he didn't say nothing. Tracy allowed that he'd cod Wes a few lines anyway.

"But the rich part of it was that Wes quit her," he says. "Sure! Quit her cold. Just rode off and got down in a washout and hid. We could see his face plain and he looked plumb disgusted; and all the while here was Miss Bodley a-lingering and moving on a piece and lingering again and looking to see if he wasn't a-coming back. Sometimes she lingered as much as five or ten minutes. We couldn't see her face account of the old sunbonnet, but I wouldn't be surprised if it didn't have a kind of disgusted look too; but all at once she give up, and went a-kiting and a-flying. Wes peeked up over the edge of the washout after a while and when he seen she was gone he climbed his cayuse and followed along on her trail; but he didn't ride like he wanted to catch up with her this side of kingdom come."

"I don't blame him," says Ed. "That girl certainly ain't much. I don't say she ain't a perfect lady, but she sure don't lack more than a quarter of being the half of nothing whatever. I don't believe she's real bright, myself. I tried to talk to her once."

"And that old sunbonnet!" says Tracy. "And that calico dress! And them shoes! Oh, I reckon they're clean, but they ain't—well, they ain't nothing—nothing out of the way and nothing else, like you say."

"Boys," I says, "this here is certainly a good joke, but you've carried it clear from Witch Creek here and I reckon that any farther would be too far. I won't say that a man ain't excusable in being curious under some circumstances, but if he puts his eye to a keyhole he'll be a heap more respected if he don't tell it—nor what he seen. The way I look at it is that we're a peaceful family and it's a pity to have it broke up with scandal and dissensions and coroner's inquests and such. You boys had best forget all about this and live on to a ripe old age, loved and honored by all what know you."

Well, finally I made them see it that-a-way. It seemed like Wes was crossing the head of Witch Creek, where that little park is, when accidental and unexpected he run on to Mary Ann. She was a-setting in the shade where the water run over the rocks and her horse was cropping the young green grass along the bank a piece away, with his bridle dragging, so at first Wes thought she might have been throwed. That was why he stopped. Then he seen that she was playing with a heap of little pebbles, picking them up one by one and holding them to the light, and he thought that was sure kind of curious for a grown girl; and then he started to go about his business.

"I was afraid you was going to stay and talk me to death again," she says. And he didn't know she had seen him.

"No, ma'am," he says.

"That's a change anyway," she says, tossing a pebble into the creek, "but I wisht you'd keep still long enough for me to talk to you."

"What-all did you want to talk to me about?" Wes asks her.

"Nothing in particular," says Mary Ann, stirring the pebbles round with one finger. "I just wanted you to find out that—I talked like a lady most generally."

"I ain't doubting it," says Wes.

He waited for her to say something more, but she didn't. So, not wishing to be unpolite, he asked her what she was doing with them pebbles.

"Playing they're nuggets," she tells him. "Pa washed some nuggets out of the creek in Strawberry Gulch once. If they was gold I'd buy ——"

She stopped and then went on to say that pa hadn't bought nothing but drinks for himself and the crowd. "Ma and me didn't get so much as a new pair of shoes," she says.

"It's right sightly here," says Wes, looking round.

"You're getting your tongue worked loose, ain't you?" says Mary Ann. "Yes, it's right sightly. That's why I come here when I can get away. I wanted pa to file on this place, but he allowed it was too broken. Pa likes plenty of plowland. I reckon he thinks that some time he might take a notion to work it and then it would come in handy. But it certainly is pretty. I'd like to have a little cabin with trumpet vines a-growing over it and posies all round set right there on that there knoll—and a spring house. There's a cold spring right behind the knoll and the limestone on the hill there splits as flat and smooth as a board. I'd have a big slab of it to work my butter on and I'd fix—well, there ain't no use talking about it and these here ain't nuggets either." She shook them out of her lap.

Wes allowed he'd have to be moving on and she told him that if he'd wait as much as half a minute she might let him ride a piece of the way with her, being she was going in the same direction, and before he could figure a way out of it she'd led her horse to a bowlder and got on it.

"Why don't you say something?" asks Mary Ann after a while. "Has the cat got your tongue again?"

"I reckon not," says Wes. "I was thinking," he says.

"I suppose you was thinking that I don't talk much like a lady after all."

"No, ma'am," says Wes. "I wasn't thinking of you no ways at all." He didn't mean to hurt her feelings; he was just telling her what was so.

"Probably about himself and how smart he is," says Mary Ann, addressing her horse and patting him on the neck.

"That certainly is a right sightly place," says Wes, sort of absent-minded. "I'd like to have a little cabin there myself—and a bunch of cows—and—I wonder!"

"That's what you mostly do when you ain't talking a streak, ain't it?" says Mary Ann. But Wes didn't seem to notice.

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Clow," says Mary Ann after a minute or two. "I reckon I'm feeling ugly, but I hadn't ought to have said that. Maybe if the cat got my tongue I'd be better off, but that cat would sure need all of its nine lives. I reckon your girl never talked to you like I do."

"I ain't got no girl," says Wes.

"Lucky for her!" says Mary Ann. "And yet it's sort of curious. They say 'most any kind of an excuse for a fellow can get some fool girl. Maybe you ain't tried. Don't you like girls?"

"I didn't want to lie and say I did," says Wes when he told me his side of it; "and I didn't want to be unpolite and say I didn't," he says. "So I left her right then and rode back a ways."

"Without saying nothing?" I says. "Well, the least said the soonest mended, and of course you wouldn't want to be unpolite to a lady, no matter if she was wearing a sunbonnet."

Wes said that he'd heard a right smart about that sunbonnet, but all the ladies he ever seen wore them account of not wanting to get freckled. I said that Mary Ann wasn't so bad looking, and he said to that that he hadn't never looked at her—not to notice—and wouldn't probably be much of a judge, not having seen but a few and one of them was a colored person.

"I ain't never thought about their looks," says he, "and this here Miss Bodley, all the times I've seen her ——"

I asked him how many times that had been and he looked kind of foolish and said that it was only twice, excusing the time he'd got her cow for her.

"Just happenstance, it were," he says. "And she didn't say scarcely nothing then. I didn't neither."

"Don't let it happen so again no more," I says. "The next time you see her coming get down into some washout and hide till she's gone."

"Sho!" he says, staring at me.

"Yes," says I, "I'm sort of keeping cases on you, son."

He studied a while and then he says: "I don't want for you to get no wrong ideas about this here. That little gal ain't got no use for me only to plague me and say things I can't make head, tail nor middle of. I reckon she enjoys that. I don't know why."

"You wouldn't," I says. "Personally," I says, "I've always found Miss Bodley as meek as Moses and as mum as a mummy with the mumps, but I reckon when she seen you she says to herself, 'Here's my pie! Don't nobody trouble to bring me a knife.'"

"I'll keep away from her," says Wes. "I'd done made up my mind to that."

But it looked like there wasn't no need for him to worry. A month went by and he didn't so much as see her tracks. Then one day he reco'nized the sunbonnet a-coming his way and he concluded to wait and see what would happen; but it looked like when Mary Ann seen who it was she turned square round and rode back faster than she'd come.

"I reckon she's mad at me," says Wes, telling me.

"What do you care?" says I.

"I certainly don't care one particle," he says. "Why should I care whether she's mad or glad? No, sir, it don't make no difference to me. If you think I care you're fooled a heap. So's she, if she thinks so."

He had one of his long spells of meditation; then he says: "I reckon she has her tribulations though. It must be sort of lonesome on that ranch with no neighbors, and her ma dead. I judge from what I hear tell that her pappy ain't none considerable. I just judge so."

I left him still a-studying, and time went on the way time does go on. I didn't hear no more about Mary Ann and I didn't tech on the subject of females until that summer they got up a dance over at Pass Creek and I had to argue quite a spell to get Wes to join the crowd of us that was going to take it in. He'd sort of suspicioned that there would be a passel of gals there and I had to own up that there was chances of such.

"But what if there is?" I says. "You've got to be exposed to them some time or another and it's like measles if you put off until you're along in years—apt to be fatal; whilst and whereas if you come down with them at our time of life chances are you'll have a light case and get over it. And you've got to learn to dance," I says.

"I can dance all right," says Wes. "Gabe Slyfield, a boy I used to know, learned me. He played the jew's-trump too, and he learned me that."

"You're all fixed out then," I told him. "All you need is a happy expression and a shirt and a suit of clothes; and you can get all of them at the store."

So finally I talked him down and we went to the dance, and sure enough there was a passel of gals there and amongst them, looking like a ragweed in a bunch of posies, was Mary Ann.

I certainly felt right sorry for Mary Ann. She wasn't wearing her sunbonnet, but she had on the same old calico dress, though it was washed until the pattern was 'most scoured out, and the way she was a-setting you seen that she was trying to hide her feet. She'd got her hair in tight braids wound close to her head, and somehow that made her look like a young one; and there was a bow of washed-out lilock ribbon under her chin that I reckon made me feel sorry for her more'n anything else. But she sure looked forlorn, setting there and nobody paying no attention to her, excepting to look at her once in a while and whisper and giggle once in a while. I noticed Wes looking at her, but it was when her head was turned. Her pa was among them present at the door spectating—and a sweet-scented parent he looked too!

Once a Z Bell waddy by the name of Crotty did go up to Mary Ann and crook his arm at her, but she shook her head and didn't even smile. Then by and by I bumped into Wes all dressed up in his new clothes, and asked him why he wasn't a-circling in the giddy mazes.

"There's Miss Bodley a-setting there waiting for you to ask her," I says. "Or you could go over and talk a streak to her if you don't want to dance. You said you could, though."

"Not these here newfangled fancy dances," says he.

Gid Spencer and Johnny Wells come up then and I told them how Wes was just a-telling me what a daisy foot-shaker he was.

"Bet you a dollar and fifteen cents he don't know one foot from the other," says Johnny. "Him dance!"

"Not these here fancy dances," says Wes. "I don't know nothing about these quadrilles and round-and-round hugging carryings-on, but I can dance the kind I know."

"Not no kind," says Johnny. "I've got a dollar and fifteen cents that says you can't lift one foot up and set the other down to any tune that was ever scraped off a string or blowed through a hole."

"Show him, Wes," I says. "Show him how Old Man Clow's boy can dance."

"I'll take you up on that," says Wes to Johnny. They had just finished the quadrille and was going to their seats. Wes walked up to Matt Bingham, who was wiping off his face and neck with his fiddle on his knees. "Can you play Turkey in the Straw?" he asks. "If you'll play it while I dance I'll give you a dollar and fifteen cents or a large strip of hide."

The next thing you know Wes was out in the middle of the floor and dancing; and when I say dancing I mean prezactly and excisely what I say. As slow as he talked and moved and turned things over in his mind, the way he lifted them feet of his and set them down was certainly surprising. It might have been the sticks rapping on a snaredrum or a hungry red-headed woodpecker drilling for breakfast the way it sounded. Double shuffle, heel-and-toe, whirl and rattle and stamp and whirl back and stamp, Matt sawing away his level best and liveliest and never once ahead a half of a fraction of a second, and Wes looking all the time as if the cold clay clods was a-falling on the coffin of his nearest and dearest.

I just took my eyes offn him the once and I seen Mary Ann a-taking it all in, her lips parted and a look on her face that give me all the information I wanted as to her reasons for a-coming to this shindig, shoes or no shoes. Then Wes give an extra jump and come down on the last note with a flat foot on the floor that sounded like the crack of a gun. At the same time he let out a yip that would have done credit to a full quart—and then, as the feller says, there come a storm of applause.

They wanted him to keep it up, but he shook his head and edged through them to Johnny Wells and collected his dollar and fifteen cents, which he turned over to Matt. Then he made a break for the door and when I followed him out I found him untying his horse. He was going back to the ranch. He'd seen enough of this here and he needed sleep. He couldn't get over this here thing of hugging dances; it didn't seem like a lady'd ought to let herself get hugged by anybody that come along—and right afore folks.

"I took notice she didn't. I'll say that for her," he says.

"Who didn't what?" I asked him.

"I just happened to think of Miss Bodley," he says. "She didn't, and I give her credit for it." He throwed his leg over the saddle.

"I don't know but I'll go back along with you," I says, wishing to pursue the subject.

"You don't need to do that," says he, and off he went.

"Hum!" I says to myself. "Want to be alone with your own steaming thoughts, do you? Just happened to think of Miss Bodley, did you? Against hugging promiscuous, are you? Well, it's a right curious world and some of us has got a heap to learn about it."

It wasn't but a little time after that I seen Gid Spencer a-talking to Mary Ann right interested, and she said something or another twicet and shook her head and then got up and gathering in her pa at the doorway quit the dazzling scene.

Wes had kind of got standing with the boys after that shooting practice of his and this hoedown of his helped it along a heap. Johnny Wells says: "He may look like a plumb fool and he may act like a plumb fool, but I notice that when it comes to a showdown it's 'most generally the other fellow that looks foolish."

I reckon that was the way of it. He'd got to be a good cow hand too, so Dan Scott had told him he was to draw puncher's wages at the end of the month. Pay day was a-coming on slow as usual, but it was mighty close all the same; so us boys was hustling in the hay for all we was worth, so's there wouldn't be no good excuse for detaining us from town when it did come. When we wasn't thinking of the glad event we was talking about it or making preparation.

Ed Barry and Tracy Lamson had been busy figuring a system to beat the wheel and they'd got it down fine and was going to pool their capital to work it and then quit the cow business for good and all and live in pomp and gilded splendor. Gid had a string of girls that he was going to distribute his society amongst and he was studying the fashion plates in a clothing catalogue.

Johnny Wells and Bud Westerman was eating all they could of Dad's cooking so's they'd get sicker of it than ever and appreciate the hotel and restaurant grub. Not a one of them was a-going to take more than a temperate drink, just for the form of the thing, but they all looked forward to an evening at the Jewel Theayter and there was some mention of the lady actresses

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118)

there. I said that I was a-going to put in my time looking after Wes and seeing that he behaved himself.

"I don't know as I care to go," says Wes. "I ain't used to town ways and I don't believe I want to get used to them; besides which, I aim to save my money."

"What's the use of it when you've saved it?" says Barry. "You've got to spend it some time, ain't you—unless you die first? And there ain't no sadder sight on earth than a corpse with money in its pockets. I remember a man down in Texas once that when we went through him after his sperrit had winged its flight we found clost to a hundred dollars sewed up in his vest—and he'd been to town only the day before and must have had it with him. I never forgot that and never will. It was a lesson to me."

"What are you a-saving it for, Wes?" asks Johnny.

"Well, I don't know," says Wes, sort of dreamy. "I reckon some of these days I'll take up a piece of land—at the head of a creek somewheres, where the water's clear and there's rocks for it to run over and a sightly knoll for a cabin and maybe a cold spring and"—he catched my eye on him—"and such," he says. "Up in the Belle Fourche country, I reckon. That's where I started for."

"Hum!" I says to myself. "Learning right along, ain't you?"

But I made up my mind that he was a-going to go into town with me and get initiated right under my watchful eye, so I kept after him and finally he weakened and when pay day come and we had received the meed of our toil and sorrow six solitary horsemen might have been seen wending their way on the keen jump for Blueblanket—and Wes was among them.

Well, we left the other boys, Wes and me, and had a right pleasant and instructive time taking in all the sights of the town. I showed him Judge Wilson's new steel windmill that he'd just put up, and the wax heads in Miss McArdle's milliner store window, and the new brick calaboose—explaining how the bricks was laid and stuck together with mortar—and quite a few other objects of interest; and then I eased him into Duffy's saloon and introduced him to Pat and ginger pop. He didn't seem to cotton to Pat, but the pop sure appealed to him and he drunk six bottles of it before I could drag him away from the bar. Then we watched Lamson and Barry working their system, still hopeful and not losing as much as you might think; and from there we went over to the Golden Palace Restaurant and Wes showed them how Old Man Clow's boy could eat.

It was getting pretty well along by the time the boy heaved a sigh and give up. "Now," says I, "I'm a-going to make your eyes bug out like fretful porcupines."

And without no more words I took him down the street and into the Jewel and done just what I said. He looked at the curtain, all lit up, with the picture of the lake and the boats with the striped sails and the residences with dooms and spinnacles backed up against the purple mountains painted onto it, and I could feel him shiver like a terrier at a rat hole. He looked at the big chandelier and the boxes with their yellow plush hangings and brass rails and at all the gilt gingerbread fixings and mirrors one after the other, and you could see he was scared to death that somebody would kick something over and wake him up.

I sure got the worth of my money right there, but there was more to come—when the fiddlers tuned up and begun to play and then when the curtain went up and Mick and Mac come on and done their stunt. By ginger! I thought he'd have a fit the way he strangled and whooped at them chestnuts. Then there was the Tyrolean bell ringers and Wes was real interested in them, but it wasn't till the next number—Miss Birdie De Lancey, the Nightingale of Niggerhead Gulch, in her world-famed and renowned song-and-dance specialties—that the smilax was reached.

Well, the first thing Wes drawed in his breath and let it out again with a whoo-oo-oof—like he was blowing a spoonful of hot soup. "My gollies!" he says in a whisper. "My gollies!" And the way that come out you didn't hardly need to look at him to know that Birdie had hit him like a safe dropping from the third story. He sat there just a-worshiping that there vision of legs and loveliness, a-drinking in the melodiousness of her voice like he had that ginger pop, and even more so, and a-following every move she made similar to a fireworks display. I never seen a good dog fight even get the strict attention that Wes gave to Birdie's performances.

The first song she sung wasn't noways suitable for young ears like Wesley's, but I reckon he didn't sabe, so it was all right. When she danced I'm bound to say that he tried not to look and blushed a considerable, but he told me afterwards that he knowed she didn't have no idea that her dress wasn't staying down the way it wasn't, and that some lady'd ought to tell her about it. She sung another song about her babe. Yes, sir, she did. Her babe. And Wes liked that and when she sung about Those Little Old Patched Pants That Johnny Wore, and come to how when Johnny died and called her to his bedside I looked at Wes and the tears was a-streaming down his face.

When she got through with her turn and the encore Wes rubbed his overworked hands on his knees and turned to me. "My gollies!" he says. "I didn't know there was anything like her in the world!"

"Quite a few of them, son," I says. "Quite a few." Then I got a shock.

"Do you reckon," he says, swallowing, "do you reckon I could get to speak to her?"

"Certainly not," I says. "You don't think that a high-toned exclusioned lady like her would have anything to say to a cowpuncher, do you?"

"I s'pose not," he says, and he studied on that a while. Then he says: "But I'd like right well to speak to her—and by gollies! I'm a-going to!"

Well, I naturally seen to it that he didn't that night. Birdie fluttered round the tables a spell after that and if I hadn't been bashful I might maybe have arranged an interview. But I didn't. I told Wes that the gentlemen she was a-talking to was old friends of her folks and childhood playmates and that they'd be offended and she'd be offended if he made any breaks like he'd mentioned and that if he'd be good and go back to the ranch with me right away I'd study out some way for him to get acquainted with the lady. He finally allowed that maybe I knowed best and I got him away. The rest of the show wasn't interesting him nohow. But he talked Birdie all the way back and all of the next day until the other boys come a-straggling in, and it was a considerable strain on my mind what to say to ease him off without roasting the fairest and noblest and smartest of her sex and getting him hostile and mule-headed.

Then I was foolish enough to mention the matter in confidence to Johnny Wells, and when Johnny had wiped away his tears and got his voice back he goes and mentions the matter in confidence to Gid Spencer, and right there the trouble begun. It seems like Gid went to Wes and got to conversing about Birdie, particular careful and respectful; and having the esteemed honor of knowing her and knowing that Wes was a gentleman he said he'd do what he wouldn't do for his own brother, and give him a knock-down to her. I reckon Wes must have mistrusted that I'd got some pure tyrannical and narrow views about lady actresses on the stage—or maybe Gid had told him that I had; anyway a day or two later I come back from Beecher's Buttes with a bunch of beef cattle for shipping and found that Wes and Gid had pulled their freight into town together and it was noon the next day before they got back.

"Well, Wes," I says, taking pains to speak kind and cheerful, "was she all your fond fancy painted her—or was it fancy done it?"

"Mr. Stegg," says he, giving me that sober steady look of his, "you've got the wrong idea about that lady, Miss De Lancey, if it's her you're making mention of. She ain't like the common ordinary run of ladies and you've got to be acquainted with her to realize what she is and not be no common ordinary run yourself; but I wouldn't like to hear no man make light of her. I'd be a right smart put out. I would so."

"Wes," I says, "to change the subject, could I borrow ten dollars offn you until I get good and ready to pay it back?"

He got red in the face. "I'm powerful sorry, Sam," he says, "but I ain't got no ten dollars. I—I ain't got no money at all, the way it is, or you could have it free and welcome. You know that."

I sure knew it, and I knew the way his summer's wages had gone too. Also I knew

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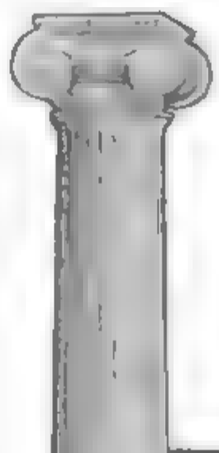

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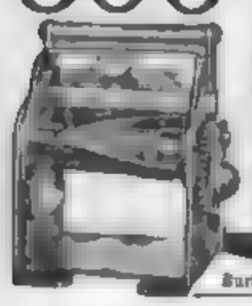

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just how much good it would do to try to keep Nature from taking her course. So I didn't make no such attempt and from that on Wes was a-wearing the trail bare into town every time things was so he could get away. Sometimes Gid went with him, but not every time. Rumors and reports was to the effect that ever since the dance Mr. Gid had been doing his best to be neighborly with old man Bodley. I knew of two times when circumstances pointed strong to him visiting at the old man's claim shack. His horse was outside and he wasn't occupying no space on it both times I noticed. However that might have been, Wes certainly worked hard enough to make up for any time he lost on them jaunts of his, and that's what Dan Scott said when I asked him why he didn't make the boy stay on the reservation.

"How would I make him?" says Dan. "You tell me. Every so often he comes to me and says: 'Mr. Scott, sir, I aim to go into town to-night and I'd like for you to let me have what wages is coming to me, please, sir.' I might say: 'Sure! Take your hornswoggled odoriferous wages and my holy holocausted blessing, Mr. Clow. Go plumb to with them and don't give yourself the trouble of coming back neither.' Well, I don't say that because I feel down in my heart that he'd go, and he's the only one of you that's worth any more'n the cheapest kind of three-on-a-grid accommodations in Gehenna. A sweet outfit I've got!" says Dan. "A luscious lot of lop-eared, loafing, lallygagging lunkheads! Here's Gid Spencer half the time chasing that little mudhen of Bodley's."

"Meaning Miss Mary Ann?" I asked him.

"Meaning I'm going to get some work done on this ranch if I can persuade you gentlemen to fall in with my views," he says. "I figure on doing some fencing to begin with, and I'd like to have you start in hauling wire bright and early to-morrow morning while Gid and Johnny amuse themselves getting out a few cedar posts and Mr. Clow and Barry excavates holes in the ground to put them in. Tracy and me can do what riding there is to be done for a spell. What you waddies need is exercise, and by the jumping jubilant Jehoshaphat you're a-going to get it—if there ain't no objections on your parts."

I told him I reckoned it would be all right with me and he said he was pleased to hear it and real obliged. Then as I was going away he called me back.

"That kid Clow is getting his innocence rubbed off a considerable in these town jaunts," he says. "He's got away and beyond ginger pop too. The last time—did you notice it on him? Well, why don't you talk to him?"

I said shucks I couldn't talk to him, and he said he thought that was my speciality. I didn't bandy no words with him further, but I made up my mind that the first good excuse I got I'd crawl Mr. Gid Spencer's royal American hump and learn him about enticing the youth of our land into paths of intemperance and also concerning the closed season on mudhens. I kind of wondered if Wes had heard about Gid's growing habit of riding over the ridge evenings. Seemed like he must have. And he had, but he didn't scarcely believe it was Mary Ann.

"It don't seem hardly reasonable," he says. "That gal ain't—Miss Bodley ain't hardly the style Gid would cotton to, I wouldn't think. Sort of—I don't know, but—she ain't got much to say, Miss Bodley ain't, and no style. She ain't —— She's a lady though."

"Seen her lately?" I asked him.

"Not more'n just to pass the time of day," he says. "She ain't got much to say. But all the same—I wonder ——"

"What?" I asked him.

After a while I asked him again. "What was you wondering about, Wes?"

"What's your ideas and opinions as to a lady smoking cigarettes?" he asks. "My stepaunt she smoked a corncob pipe and there wasn't never no finer lady than what she was; and my grandmammy she smoked a pipe and dipped snuff. She was right well thought of. But someways a cigarette—what's your idea?"

"I'm kind of strict myself," I says. "Personally I think that dipping snuff and smoking is as far as a lady should go in the use of tobacco. Some don't; but that's the way I feel."

"And about short skirts?" he says. "Of course if a lady is a professional lady—well about language?"

"It depends," I told him. "If a lady is a professional mule-skinner or something like that you might take a liberal allowance off what you think. But why do you ask me these here strange questions, buddy?"

"I was just a-wondering," he says.

"I've got ideas on the subject of liquor used by the young and tender—if you want me to tell you too," I says.

"I reckon I don't," he says in the same slow sober way. "I reckon I ain't so young and tender but what I can go to town and have a good time if I want to," he says. "I'm going to town to-night and I'm going to get full if I want to. You'd get full too if—if you ——"

He walked away without finishing what he was a-going to say, and Johnny Wells santers up and begins to prattle. "Wes allows he's going to town again," he says. "He'll be in elegant shape to dig post holes in the morning, won't he? Say, Birdie isn't doing a thing to him—deviling him round the way she is, coaxing and petting him one minute and then quitting him cold and carrying on with some of the other suckers. I wouldn't be surprised to hear of trouble some of these pleasant evenings. Wes is looking as if he'd wintered with a hard crust on the snow already. And talking about Birdie, who do you think Payne Simmons told me he seen at the Jewel about a couple of weeks ago? Miss Mary Ann Bodley, if you please. Yes, sir, Payne says she was there, sunbonnet and all.

"Her old man was with her though, and Payne says he looked as if he wished he wasn't. He's a shiftless old rooster, but I reckon she makes him do 'most anything she wants excepting hustle. I figure that she wanted to see what a show was like and naturally made the old man take her in there whether or no. Plumb ignorant! But they got out of there just as soon as Birdie had finished her turn, and she was as red as a beet."

"That's news," I says. "How do you think you'll like getting out posts?"

That set him off. There wasn't none of the boys that was real enthusiastic over Dan's fencing idea. But all the same the work started bright and early the next morning. It was a big pasture the upper end of Witch and I took my first load of wire up there and found Wes already digging post holes. He certainly looked tough, his eyes all red where they ought to have been clear white, and lines round his mouth. Seemed like I could just see his head cracking in all directions. But he was digging. He was so busy digging that he wouldn't no more than grunt when I spoke to him, so I set the brake on the wagon and lit my pipe and just watched him work, not speaking so's not to annoy him. But I don't s'pose I'd sat there ten minutes before he looked at me out of them bloodshot eyes of his and said a bad word and intimated that I'd better mosey along if I didn't want the shovel on the side of my jaw.

I told him that he'd got me mad at him and he needn't to expect no bromide tablets nor sympathy nor nothing from me, and I moved on up the line Dan had staked. I'd got to the bend by the limestone banks—just about where Mary Ann wanted her cabin—when I seen a old magazine fluttering by the side of the trail leading through the cottonwoods down to the creek and I got out and picked it up. The cover was tore off, but the front picture was there—a mighty peart good-looking female a-setting on a table and swinging a pair of right shapely legs. Underneath it said that it was Minnie Hauk as Carmen.

Well, as I was starting to get in the wagon again I seen fresh horse tracks, shed all round, on the trail, and being curious I followed them on down and come on to Mary Ann herself. She was bending over the water and I couldn't make out at first what she was doing. Then I seen she had an old milk pan and was sloshing it round like she was washing pay dirt. I watched her for a while and sure enough that was what she was doing.

"You won't find no gold in that limestone formation, Mary Ann," I says, and then laughed to see her jump.

"I'm just playing at finding gold," she says when she seen who it was. "Pa washed out some nuggets at Strawberry Gulch one time. But they say gold is where you find it, don't they?" She spoke kind of breathless.

"That's so too," I says, "and so's rubber boots and religion."

"If you found some nuggets where would you go to sell them—if you couldn't get to go to Deadwood—and how would you do?"

I told her all I knew, which—if you'll believe me—wasn't much on that particular subject. Then I told her that we was going to fence her out of her mining claim and she allowed that Mr. Spencer had told her. "But there's always wire nippers," she says.

"Mr. Spencer is a fine, handsome, high-toned boy," I observes.

"And nobody knows it better than what he does," says Mary Ann.

"We all try to copy after him at the T A N," I says. "Wes Clow is particular ambitious that-a-way."

"He's making an elegant success of it," she says, and the sunbonnet being turned my way for half a second I catched a glimpse of her face and somehow got the idea that maybe Gid Spencer wasn't so short-sighted after all. But she'd got quite a curl to her lip.

"Too bad Wes is sick!" I says. "I hope it ain't nothing serious."

The sunbonnet switched round again full on me. She didn't say nothing, but she'd turned white—plain white.

"Yes," I says, "he's too sick to be digging post holes out in the sun all alone by himself not more'n half a mile down creek from here, which is what he's a-doing. Well, I reckon I'll have to wrench myself away if I'm a-going to get another load here by noon."

"I s'pose he's been getting full again," says Mary Ann. "That's my book you've got there. I thought I'd dropped it somewheres"

I gave her the magazine and pulled my freight. Having the team I couldn't disgrace myself by hiding out to see what happened, but it was the way I'd figured. I wasn't no sooner out of sight than Mary Ann catched up her horse and rode down creek.

She found him a-laying on his belly trying to drink up the visible water supply of Witch, and she waited until he raised himself up with a heart-rending groan and turned and seen her. She didn't say nothing. Just looked at him much the same as I'd done a while back.

"Howdy!" says Wes finally. "I was getting myself a drink," he says.

"I allowed that was what you was doing," she says. "Does it always make you holler like it hurt you; or is it just because it ain't nothing but water?"

He turned red and said it was because he had a misery in his head and she said a misery was something, and he says you bet it was something.

"You're getting so's you can talk back," says Mary Ann. "A heap improved from when I first met up with you, ain't you?"

"Maybe," says Wes. "I guess I'll be getting back to my post holes."

"You'd better have another before you go," says she. "The morning's young yet and one more won't hurt you. So you think that maybe you've improved? Well, I don't; but then I may be mistooken and drinking whisky and gambling and carrying on with girls that ought to be ashamed of themselves may be improvements. I thought you was particular about a girl acting like a lady."

"I am," says Wes, looking black at her from under his eyebrows.

"But you like a lady to be up-and-a-coming, ain't that it?"

"That's it," says Wes.

"And have lots of pretty clothes and be right careful not to wear too much of them at any one time or place?" says Mary Ann. "Not old sunbonnets and calico dresses?"

"That's it," says Wes, sneering.

"And smoke cigarettes?"

"You've got it figured down fine," says Wes, laughing like a man laughs when he don't feel like it. "Them's the kind I like. Sure!"

"It's just as well to know a person's tastes," says Mary Ann. "You ain't afraid of folks laughing at you?"

"I certainly ain't," says Wes. "If folks is willing to take the resk they're kindly welcome."

"I'm glad of that," says Mary Ann, and she spoke sort of meek and low and a mite trembly. "I—I reckon folks would laugh at you quite a considerable if—if you took me to the dance they're going to have at Pass Creek two weeks from to-night. Are you certain sure that you wouldn't be afraid to, Mr. Clow?"

Well, that sure took Wes aback. "I—uh—I wouldn't be afraid to," he says, "but ——"

(Concluded on Page 125)

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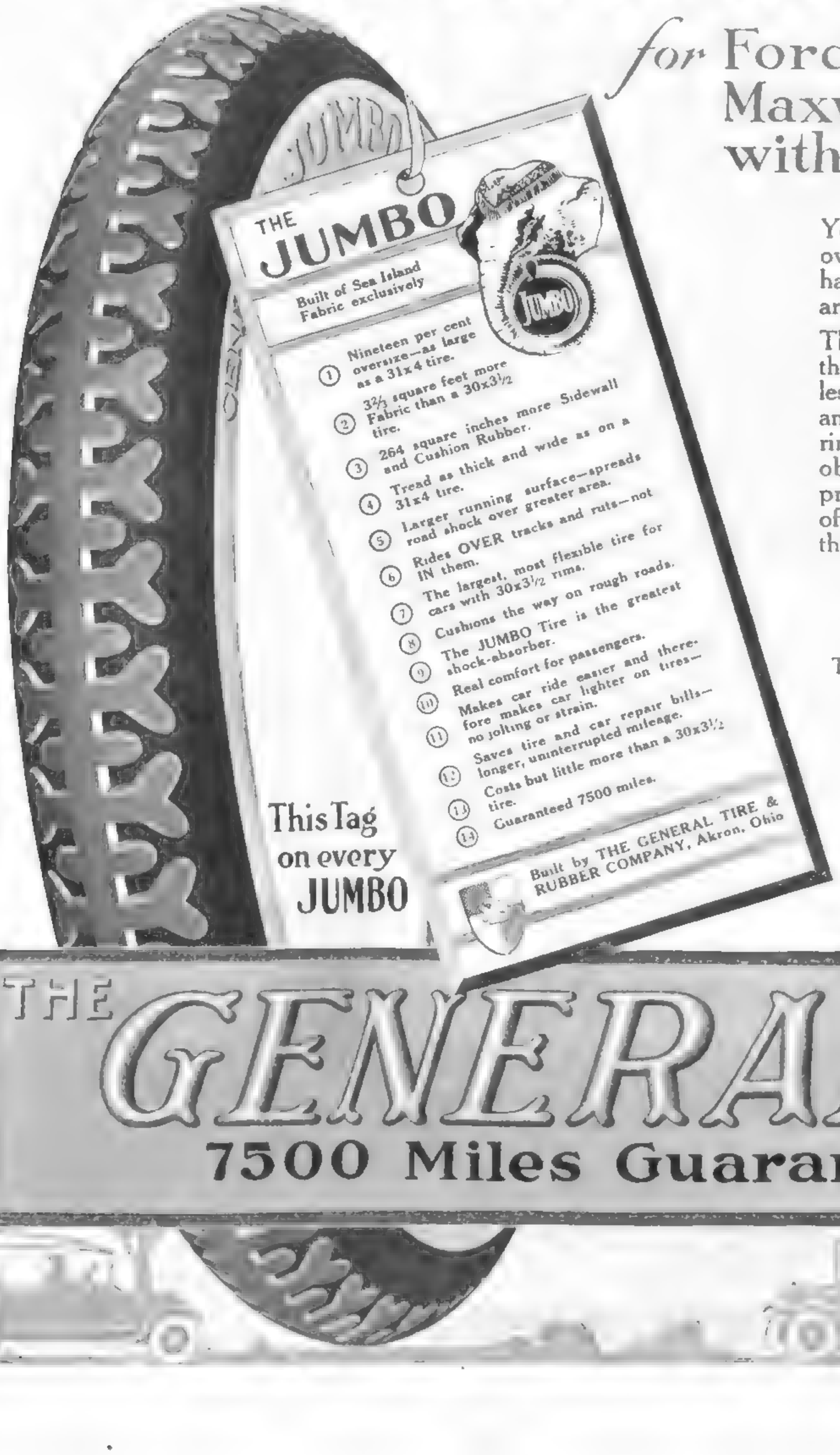
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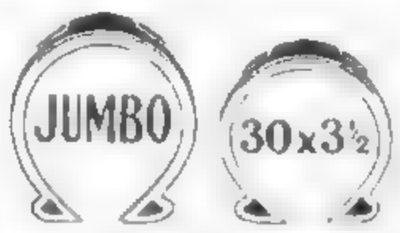

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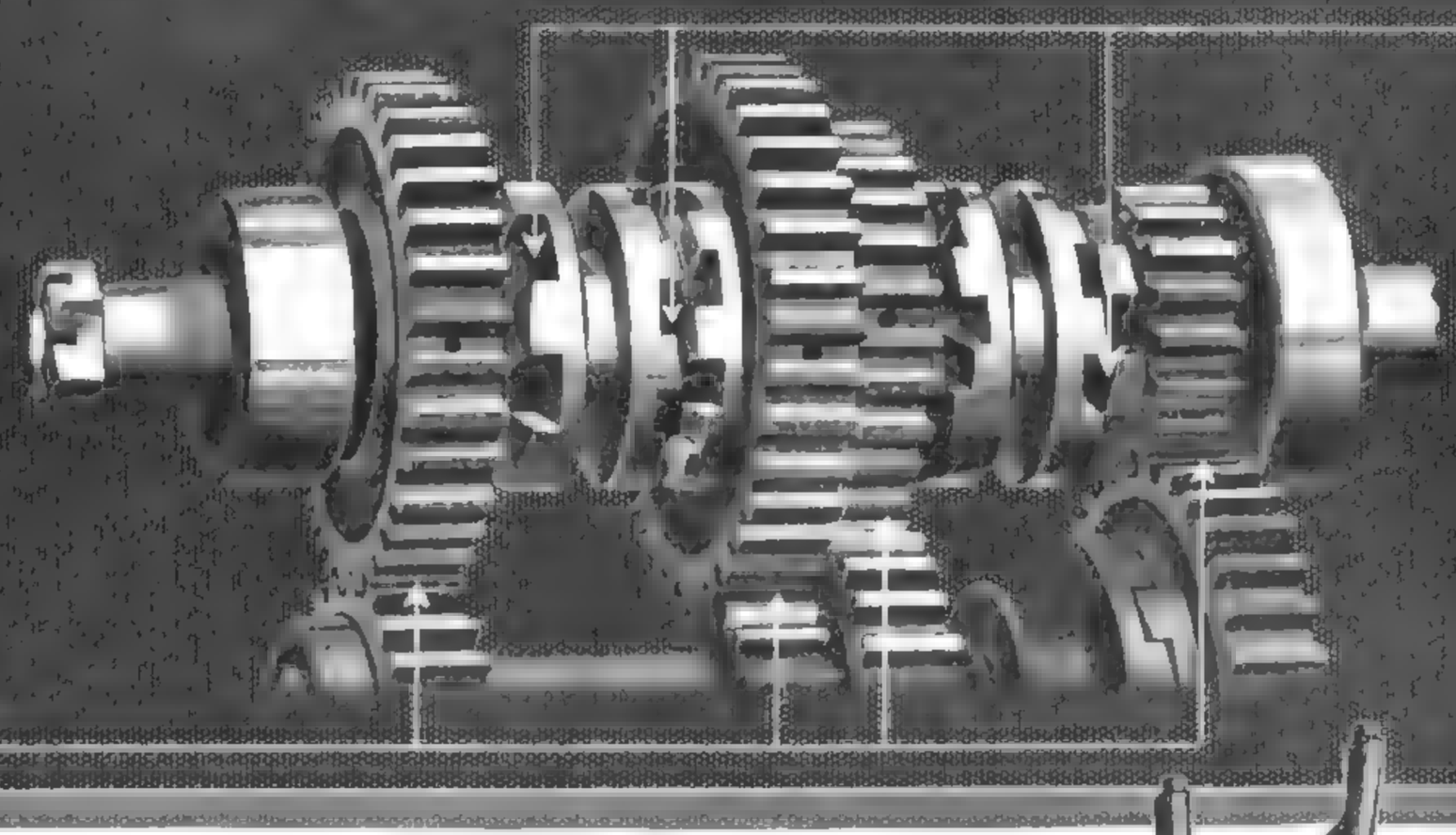

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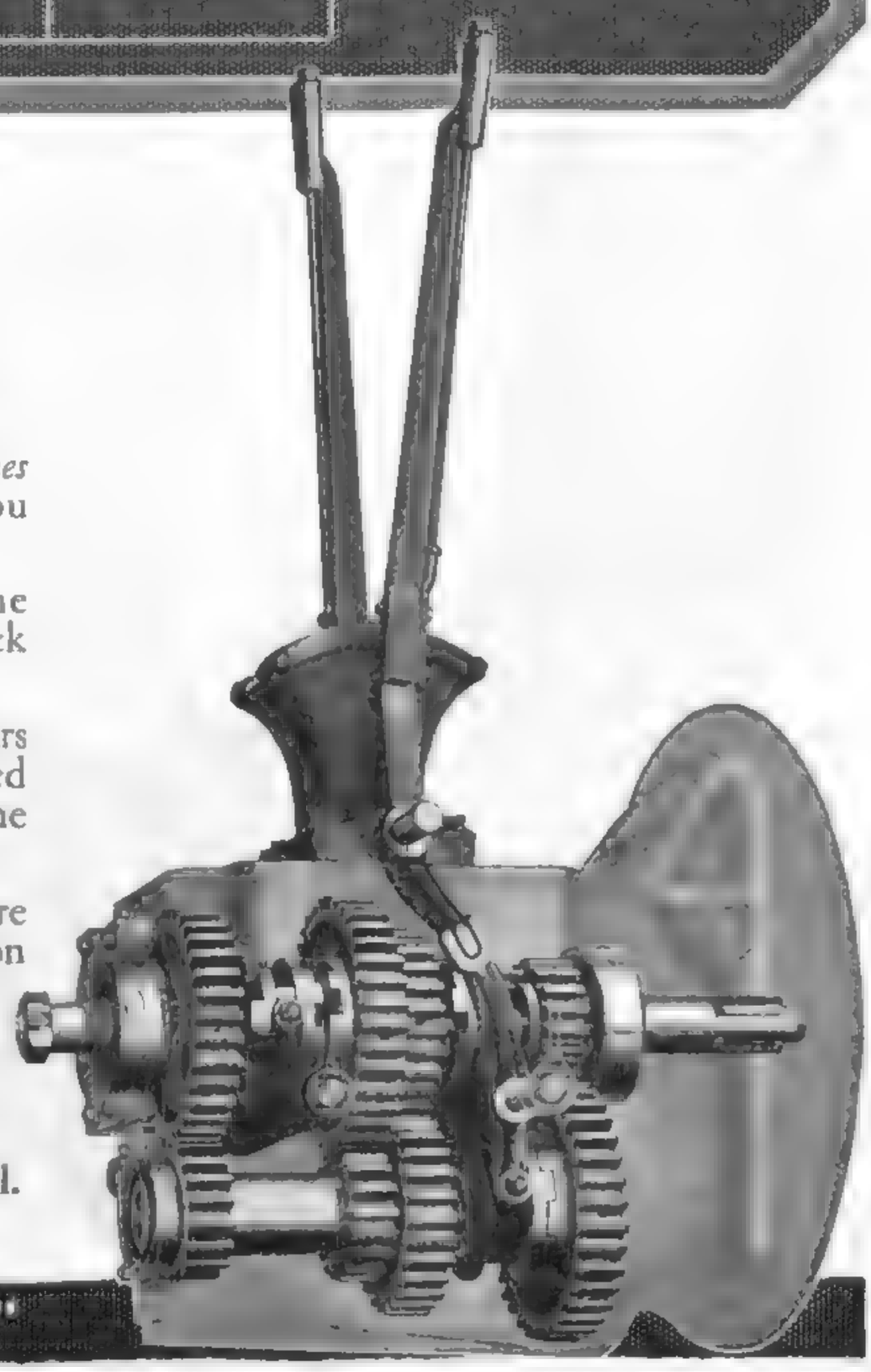

An Assurance of Dependable Service

"Gears Always In Mesh"

(Concluded from Page 122)

"Then you'll take me?" she cuts in. "That sure is clever of you, Mr. Clow. I hoped you would, but I thought maybe you wouldn't want to. I'm right sorry now I spoke to you the way I did. A man has certainly got the right to spend his time and his money the way he wants to, whatever folks think, and it ain't their business to tell him how. I beg your pardon, grant your grace and hope the cat won't scratch your face. Then I'll be a-waiting for you two weeks from to-night—and come right early please."

Wes was so plumb flustrated that he nodded. He couldn't have spoke no ways.

"And being a gentleman you won't mention to nobody that you've asked me?" says Mary Ann. "I've got particular reasons for not wanting you to."

Wes nodded again, staring at her like she was some new and unusual kind of an uncommon ghost. Then he started to speak, but at the same time Mary Ann started her old sorrel—and she started him on the jump—and Judas! That girl could ride.

Wes looked after her, rubbing his wet hair and almost forgetting his headache. "Why—what—I'll be dog-gone!" he says. "I—I wonder!"

And he went back to his post holes wondering to beat the band.

Two weeks from that the shades of night was a-falling fast on old man Bodley's cabin and all round the neighborhood other places. The chickens was already on their roosts shifting round to find a better place for their feet and talking about it in low tones. The old black-and-white cow was bedded down over in the corral chewing her cud and a-listening calm and thoughtful to a song that was being sung—mostly through the nose—by somebody inside the cabin. It went about like this:

Oh, Reuben, Reuben, he come with his carpet-bag
And a wallet of dough and he went to the show,
And he took on an elegant jag.
He woke up along in the morning
And wept when he found he was broke
And a-holding his head, which was heavy as lead,
These here was the words that he spoke:

And then what followed on—with a patter of feet dancing—sounded like:

It doesn't do to trust 'em, to trust 'em, to trust 'em;
It doesn't do to trust 'em, for they only want your dough.
Her hair was gold, her eyes was blue,
I thought that she was fond and true.
But it doesn't do to trust 'em when they're dancing at a show.

Wes rode up just as the song was beginning and got the first of it as he was walking to the door. He stopped and listened and then started to go back to his horse, but he changed his mind and when the song was finished he knocked. For just a few seconds there was scurrying sounds and then somebody hollers "Come in if you're good looking," and he went in and took one step and stood a-staring.

There was a young woman a-setting on the table swinging a pair of mighty shapely slim-ankled legs in skin-tight shining red silk stockings and a-clicking the high heels of her little red leather slippers together. She was a dark-complected young woman, with her black hair heaped up high on her head and fastened with a big tortoise-shell comb sparkling with rhinestones with a black lace shawl thing kind of hanging from it and falling down her back. She wore a big red paper rose stuck in her hair behind her ear, and the red of that matched what was on her cheeks and lips. Her neck and throat was like the cream on the top of a pan of milk in color and smoothness and from neck and throat down the same—and quite a considerable down. Her arms was bare too, and between her fingers she held a lighted cigarette. She looked at Wes, her red mouth smiling and her eyes looking bigger than what they were, account of being extra blacked round the lashes. It may have been that that made them look extra bright.

"Hello, old stick-in-the-mud!" she says. "Right on time, ain't you? If you hadn't been I might have fooled you and gone with a handsomer man

It doesn't do to trust 'em, to trust 'em, to trust 'em.

"Well?"

"Great snakes!" says Wes. "It's Mary Ann!"

"Did you think it might be pa?" says Mary Ann. "I sent pa to town with a five-dollar bill and free permission. Pa would raise hell if he seen me in these stockings."

She stared him in the face as brassy as you please and kicked out one ankle at him while she blew out a puff of cigarette smoke. But all the same, the color got deeper on her forehead and from her chin down—where it showed.

"Yes, he'd raise hell," she says. "What are you gawping at me for that-a-way, you reub? I said he'd raise hell. Say, Reuben, don't I look up-and-a-coming? I got my lily hooks on a slab of dough and I allowed I'd give you a surprise. Want a drink? I got it—the good old stuff."

By this time you couldn't tell the rose behind her ear from the ear itself, so far as color went. But she kept right on.

"I'm Carmen," she says. "I'll bet you a horse that I'll be the belle of the ball too. Wait till the boys see me!

"Why don't you say something?" she says. "Old cat got your tongue again? Tell me how pretty I am; tell me that you didn't know there was anything like me on earth. Here—I'll sing you a song and do a dance with it."

Then Wes spoke up and his face was as white as hers was red. "Ain't you got no shame?" he says slow and cold, and at that Mary Ann shivered and reached out one hand to pull her dress down—and took it back again.

"Go cover yourself up decent," says Wes mighty nigh shouting it. "Go cover yourself, and thank the good Lord that it was only me seen you. If anybody else had I'd have killed him—and you too. You to act this-a-way—you, the gal I—I thought——"

She had whipped the lace scarf from the comb and throwed and pulled it tight round her shoulders, but Wes turned to go. His hand was on the latch of the door when she give a cry that stopped him in his tracks, and then quick as a flash she had him by the arm and hid her face against it.

"You—you d-don't like me this-a-way and you don't l-l-like me that-a-way," she sobbed. "Oh, Wes, tell me which-a-way you'd like me to b-be and I'll b-be it!"

The words wasn't hardly out of her mouth before Wes had both of his arms round her, squeezing the breath out of her and kissing the ear that had the rose stuck behind it—which was all he could get at.

"Gal," he says, shaking all over, "I don't like you noways, but I reckon I love you any which-a-way you are. I reckon I always must have, honey gal; only for a crazy spell I took and —— Oh, my gal, how could I! Oh, say anything, do anything! I cain't help but love you."

A little while after that Wes led her horse up to the door, all saddled and bridled, and knocked again, and Mary Ann let him in. But she wasn't wearing the old calico dress and sunbonnet, like he'd told her, nor yet the Carmen outfit. Something new altogether and a jacket to match the long riding skirt, and a wide-brim hat with a genuine ostrich feather in it; and the way she looked it's a wonder that Wes ever did get her onto the old sorrel; and then the way they rode—most of the time at a walk and Wes scared to death she'd fall off and taking the proper way to prevent it—it's a wonder that they got to Pass Creek before the dance was over. But there was a heap to tell. Mary Ann had to tell him how she'd found a hundred and sixty-three dollars' worth of nuggets down by the creek and how she'd gone to Rapid and sold them and bought her pretties and how only yesterday she'd staked off a couple of claims there on Witch—one for him alongside hers.

"It's a right sightly place," says Wes. "We'll build our house there. We sure will."

Then he started to tell her about Birdie, but Mary Ann stopped him and said that Gid Spencer had kept her posted right along, and Gid was terrible grieved that Wes was misconducting himself in spite of all he could say or do to head him off into the straight and narrow trail.

"You ought to thank Mr. Spencer, Wes dear," she says.

"I'll give him—thanks," says Wes, setting his jaw hard. "I lay I give him a thanking he'll remember."

I was among the innocent and highly entertained spectators when Wes paid his debt of gratitude. It may not have been full payment, but Mr. Spencer was more'n satisfied—a heap more. He wasn't no hog. Of course there was a wedding, but it wasn't until nearly a year after that, account of there not being no more nuggets found, though a heap of dirt was scratched up along Witch. It was just a pocket that oughtn't to have been there by rights. They built their house right on the knoll though, Dan Scott considering that the blamed country was going to settle up anyway, and that Wes might as well have his pasture as anybody. I reckon Wes is right prosperous to-day.

"It wasn't Birdie at the Jewel all the same," insisted the Circle Bar youth. "You can't get me to believe that—not if you took your oath to it. I wonder what's keeping Billy with them dishes!"

Billy, the other Circle Bar boy, answered that in person. He came forth from the stage barn smacking his lips loudly and patting himself expressively. "Well, I found out what was in that there can," he said. "It was licking good. Pineapple."

"What!" ejaculated the stock tender, starting up from his rawhide-seated chair.

"Pineapple," repeated Billy, grinning. "Too bad that can wasn't large enough to go round. It was a plumb surprise to me when I got it opened—all rusted and dirty looking the way it was. But mamma! The flavor. Sweet as sugar and yet just enough tart to it to make it go good. A real pleasant surprise!"

"I said that can somehow reminded me of Mary Ann," said the old bullwhacker.

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ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING HAIG

(Continued from Page 17)

I did not meet French until 1917, when he was Commander in Chief of the Home Forces, which meant that all the troops in Great Britain were in his authority. I had a letter of introduction to him from Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood. They had been fellow observers of the German autumn maneuvers in 1912.

If you have read the preceding articles in this series you have discovered that in the initial approach to these eminent war figures I had unusual credentials or high connections, which were, of course, a great factor in my favor. Lacking these introductions and depending upon the ordinary channels, the way is difficult.

French's office was in the famous old Horse Guards in London. In this time-worn room, which had sheltered British soldiers for many decades, I found one of the smartest-looking soldiers I had ever seen. Like Haig, Lord French looks the British regular. Shorter in stature than the man who succeeded him as commander in chief in France, he is ruddier of face, with white hair and pointed mustache.

If Haig represents a bulwark of silence, then French is the whole citadel. I doubt if he was ever really interviewed in his life. Yet he has high regard for what war correspondents have done. When I first met him I was fresh from the British Front, and among other things I had had my initial view of Ypres. To see that skeleton among the cities was to behold war's brutality at its worst. Gunfire could do no more. It was French who commanded the British Army in that first desperate battle round Ypres, which will always rank as one of the monster heroisms of the war.

We talked of Ypres and its tragic place in the annals of the war. Interviewing history repeated itself. I was on congenial ground. It brought up other subjects of similar interest. Before long French forgot that I was a writing man and was conversing with vigor. I asked the field marshal who had written the best account of the First Battle of Ypres.

He replied: "One of your own countrymen."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"Will Irwin," was the response.

One evening after that first talk I went to dine with Lord French at his house at Lancaster Gate. Most professional soldiers do not wear mufti with ease and grace. Lord French is one of the few exceptions, for he looks as distinguished in evening clothes as in uniform.

A Historic Call

After dinner someone brought up the subject of the famous retreat from Mons. French, as the world knows, commanded the British Army in that brilliant action. Sir Douglas Haig was one of his subordinates and in command of the First Army Corps, which included the cavalry. French began to recall those heartbreaking days, when the Germans were sweeping down upon Paris like ravening wolves from the north. He told a story that is in some respects one of the most dramatic that I heard in the war. Here it is as I recall it:

It was the night of September 5, 1914, and the eve of the First Battle of the Marne, which decided the fate of the world. For days French had maneuvered the heroic retreat, fighting a rear-guard action against overwhelming odds. Man and beast had well-nigh reached the point of exhaustion. No one knew what the morrow would bring.

Accompanied by three staff officers, one of whom was with us that evening at dinner, French had reached an old inn not many miles from Paris. He had not slept for fifty hours.

To his chief of staff he said: "I am going to take a little sleep. Under no circumstances must I be disturbed."

After what seemed to him a few moments there was a loud rapping on the door.

Opening it with a vigorous protest at being roused he found one of his officers, who said: "I am extremely sorry to have disturbed you, sir, but the matter is most urgent."

"What is it?" demanded French.

"General Joffre is below, sir, and desires to see you."

The British commander in chief descended to the dingy main room of the café. Wrapped in his blue cap stood Papa Joffre with only one aid.

"I have decided to take a stand. Here is the plan," said the Frenchman.

On the wine-spattered table by the light of a guttering candle Joffre unfolded the plan of the engagement. He then showed his colleague that immortal order of the day, which included the sentence: "The hour has come to advance at any cost and to die where you stand, rather than give way," which was read to the French Army at dawn. I doubt whether the whole drama of the war presented a scene more striking than the spectacle of these two chieftains seated in that shabby room of an obscure country tavern on the eve of one of the world's epic events.

In Haig and French you have the more or less austere type of professional British soldier to whom the interviewer is practically an undesirable alien. Gen. J. C. Smuts, on the other hand, has no such state of mind. A patriot by instinct, a lawyer by profession, a soldier by circumstance and adoption, he reveals a more human and accessible side. He knows the lay mind. No personality of the war is more appealing in many ways than this one-time Boer leader who to-day wears the insigne of a British lieutenant general. On battlefield and in council chamber he has been a dominating and history-making figure. He is a real product of the Empire he helped to weld. Yet the general public, certainly the American, know little about the man and his activities these past four years.

I first met Smuts in unconventional fashion. He came to London in 1916 for the Imperial Conference. Though Premier Hughes, of Australia, was the spectacular and speech-making personage of that notable gathering of overseas statesmen, the real leadership was vested in Smuts. He lived at the Savoy Hotel, where most of his colleagues were lodged. I also resided there. His picture had appeared in the illustrated papers and I knew his features well.

Every morning at eight o'clock I went down to the hotel barber shop to be shaved. One morning I had just seated myself in the chair when Smuts entered the place. I recognized him at once. I immediately got up and offered him my seat, as only one barber had arrived. He courteously refused to accept it. This episode started a conversation, for he stood alongside the chair while my face was being scraped. I was only sorry that I had not ordered everything in the calendar of the establishment. He invited me to come to see him, and I called a few days later.

General J. C. Smuts

The way I met Smuts aptly illustrates what might be called the fortunes of interviewing. Often, as this instance indicates, you meet men unexpectedly. The fine art lies in a swift capitalization of these opportunities. This particular kind of contact could hardly have happened with an Englishman, who is not naturally inclined to informality and who likes to follow precedent.

Out of that chance meeting with Smuts developed an acquaintance that lasted throughout the war. Smuts came to England originally to remain a few months. He is still there. This tells the whole story of the Empire's need of him. He developed into an animated understudy of Lloyd George. Whenever there was something to be done—whether a strike settlement in Wales, a diplomatic tangle in Rome, or a ticklish conference in Switzerland—Smuts was put on the job. Like his Welsh chief he delivered the goods. He was also an invaluable member of the War Cabinet. I usually found him in England when I got there, and I always counted it a fruitful experience to slip down to his rooms and talk with him about the strenuous world in which we were both living.

Most people have seen pictures of Smuts—whose name, by the way, is pronounced as if it rimed with "huts." No portrait, however, does him justice. There is something wistful about his bearded face. It is one of the saddest I have ever seen. If you do not know him you get the idea that it reflects the tragedy of the lost cause of which he was such a gallant defender. His eyes are friendly, but his manner is inclined to be shy at first. He hides a real achievement behind an equally real reserve.

Though Smuts was born in South Africa he speaks English with a Cambridge accent. He was a student at that famous English university and wears its highest honors. I have heard Smuts speak in public many times. The lawyer soldier who led the last forlorn hope of the Boer War and who crushed the Germans in British East Africa in the great war is an orator who knows how to sway his audiences. In private conversation he is no less convincing. I have discussed many topics with him. Like so many of his colleagues he is immensely interested in America. His interest, however, is intensely practical.

An Admirer of T. R.

He once said to me: "One reason why I want to see your country is to study the great farms of the West. South Africa is an agricultural country in the main, and I am sure we would profit by your scientific agriculture."

Roosevelt was always an absorbing topic with him. These two strong men had never met. Each had a tremendous admiration for the other. On my return to New York from the trip on which I first met Smuts I gave the Colonel an enthusiastic account of the man and his work.

Roosevelt kindled up immediately and said: "When you go back tell Smuts that I want him to come to visit me at Sagamore Hill. He is a great man."

I sent Roosevelt a character study of Smuts that I had picked up in England, and he wrote me a letter in which he said that it only whetted his desire to know the original. When I got back to England a few months later I told Smuts of my conversation with Roosevelt and his desire to have him in America, and he was much pleased.

When the real story of the sponsorship of the League of Nations is told some day, it will be found that among its first and foremost advocates was General Smuts. We often discussed it in London during the hectic days when the whole universe was in chaos. It then seemed an iridescent dream. Smuts always held to his conviction that

(Continued on Page 129)

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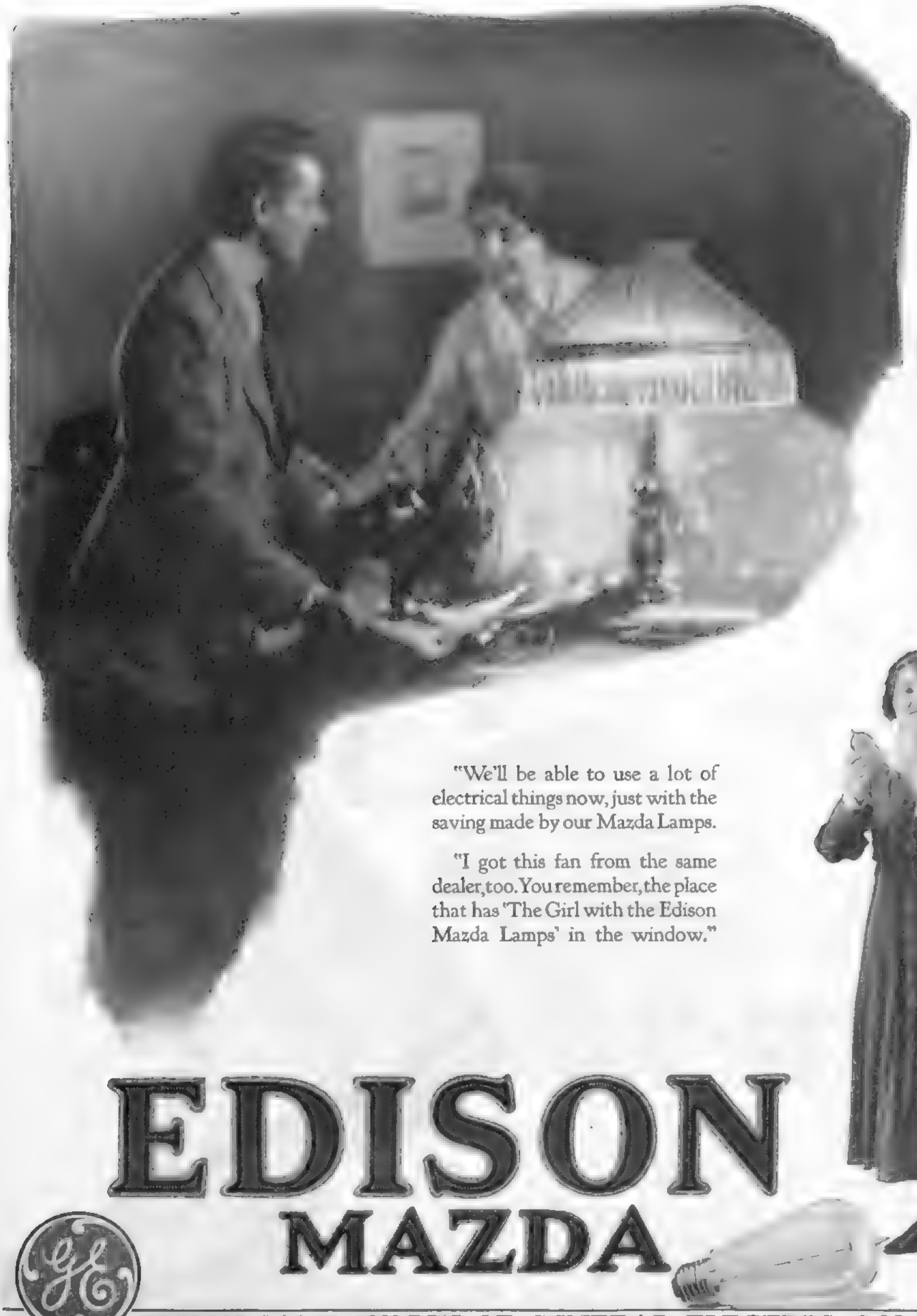

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EDISON MAZDA

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

41D-27

(Continued from Page 126)

out of the colossal evil of the war would emerge a vast good. To him this permanent compensation was crystallized in a federation of the free peoples.

He once said: "Europe is being liquidated, and the League of Nations must be the heir in this great estate."

I can pay Smuts' work in this matter no stronger tribute than by repeating what a brilliant American said of him. It was: "His statesmanship has been one of the happiest resources of Europe, and perhaps the decisive influence in the Constitution framed at Paris."

To Smuts can be applied that rare and much abused word "great." This means that he has a sense of humor. He was the central figure in one of the most delicious stories of the war. I don't think it has ever been told in this country. Nobody, I might add, enjoyed it more than Smuts himself.

When Smuts came to London for the first Imperial Conference the breast of his khaki tunic was bare of ribbons. Most British generals wear so many that the collection looks like a bed quilt. Hence the undecorated state of Smuts' uniform made him all the more conspicuous. Thereby hangs this tale.

During the early days in London he went to a fashionable gathering which included many women, who buzzed about the South African hero.

One of them remarked naïvely:

"Why, general, you have no South African ribbons!"

The poor lady had forgotten that every South African ribbon then being worn in London had been awarded for service against Smuts.

The little god of drama must have hovered about Smuts at his birth. His whole life has been a succession of thrilling contrasts. The revelation of one of them came during his first war visit to London, and most unforgetably.

Defeat But Not Murder

A public dinner was given him in the House of Lords gallery at the House of Parliament in appreciation of his services to the Empire. In that storied hall assembled a notable array of soldiers, statesmen and diplomats. Lord French presided. As is the British custom on such occasions he proposed the health of the distinguished guest.

Smuts rose with a curious smile on his face. In gracious language he expressed his thanks. Then turning to the chairman he told a story that sounded like a chapter from fiction. It dealt with the closing hours of the Boer War. Smuts, with the tattered and battered remnants of his army, had taken refuge in the mountains. Dispirited and discouraged they awaited the end. Late one afternoon they heard the panting of a locomotive, and looking down they saw a British armored train crawling beneath them.

One of the Boer officers spoke up and said: "We will register one more blow."

Instantly a score of men began to assemble huge bowlders to hurl down on the approaching train. From that height they would have been destructive.

Smuts stopped them, saying: "No, we must not add murder to defeat."

The train was allowed to pass on in safety. The next day Smuts discovered that it conveyed Lord French and his staff! Yet by the curious working of Fate here they sat side by side in the House of Lords, each one in the uniform of a British general and consecrated to a common cause.

When you hear such stories as this you realize that the novelists of the future will have to strain the imagination to create situations to vie with the actualities of the war.

If ever a man in public life lived the crowded hour that man is Winston Spencer Churchill. Smuts, for example, is soldier and statesman. Churchill has been both of these, and in addition is author and political storm cloud. Famous at twenty-five, a cabinet minister at thirty-two, in control of the British Navy at thirty-seven, he is in many respects the most picturesque figure in British life to-day. He thinks and talks the language of print and is therefore the joy of the interviewer. Half American—he once said jestingly to me: "It's the Yankee in me that makes me erratic"—he has a peculiar interest for us.

With Winston Churchill no grand strategy of approach is required. Being a writing man himself and with many books to his credit he knows the rules of the game. Though I had met most of his colleagues by 1916 I did not meet him until the following year. The reason was that from 1915 to 1916 he was down but far from out.

One day in August, 1917, the telephone bell rang in my room at the Savoy Hotel.

When I picked up the receiver a voice at the other end said: "Mr. Winston Churchill would be glad if you could come to tea at five o'clock to-day at his office."

I accepted, of course. I had received no previous intimation that Churchill had the slightest desire to see me and I wondered what it was all about. He was then Minister of Munitions and installed in the bridal suite of the old Metropole Hotel on Northumberland Avenue, a famous caravansary that was the delight of the tourist back in the peace days. Like many other hostelries in London it had been commandeered for war work.

As I entered the long high-ceiled room Churchill was pacing restlessly up and down smoking a long cigar. I have been to see him many times since, and with one exception I have always found him in action. He is tall, with a smooth boyish face, sandy hair and stooped shoulders. He looks and dresses like the traditional British statesman, which means that he almost lives in a frock coat. The first thing he said to me was:

"I hear that you are the man who made Lloyd George famous in America."

"No," I replied; "God and Lloyd George did that."

Churchill began to talk in his usual brilliant fashion. All the while he walked up and down the room. He even drank his tea in motion. The principal thing that he wanted to discuss was America's preparations for war. As Minister of Munitions he had a vital interest. He was immensely proud and glad of our entrance and he was then trying to work out the plan through which he could give us the largest possible assistance. At the first talk Churchill revealed his vision in almost startling manner.

He declared with vehemence: "What the Allies need from America most of all is men. I hear people saying that they cannot be transported. They can be carried; and the way to carry them is in British ships. I am in favor of turning over the Olympic, Mauretania and the Aquitania to America for troop ships and employing them as ferries across the Atlantic."

He punctuated these remarks with vigorous raps on the table.

I repeat this conversation now because Churchill with uncanny instinct put his finger on the very crux of the American participation in the war. The rough plan that he outlined to me in 1917 was translated into historic action the following year when the American Army went to France.

Good Imparters

In the matter of interviewing, Churchill is what I call a good imparter. Many men talk but few impart. In other words, few get over what they know. A man, for example, may have the technic of marine engineering at his fingers' ends, but not be able to elucidate the subject to a layman. In other words, he is not an imparter. Churchill has held various public posts demanding technical knowledge. They include the Presidency of the Board of Trade, First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of Munitions. He not only mastered their ramified details but has always been able to describe them comprehensively.

I have seen Churchill many times and under many conditions. I have never been with him but that I marveled at his astounding versatility. He is essentially a soldier of political fortune. He has ridden the high tide of sensational event and he has already had one downfall.

During his temporary eclipse men constantly asked: "Can Churchill come back?" Almost before they could realize it he had come back as Minister of Munitions. A year ago, when he was forty-four, an age when most men are beginning a career, he had started up the ladder again with a whole lifetime of service behind him. He is now Secretary of State for War and going strong.

Once I got a striking and succinct analysis of the man and his temperament. The way of it was this: Churchill had retired as First Lord of the Admiralty practically because of the failure of the Dardanelles

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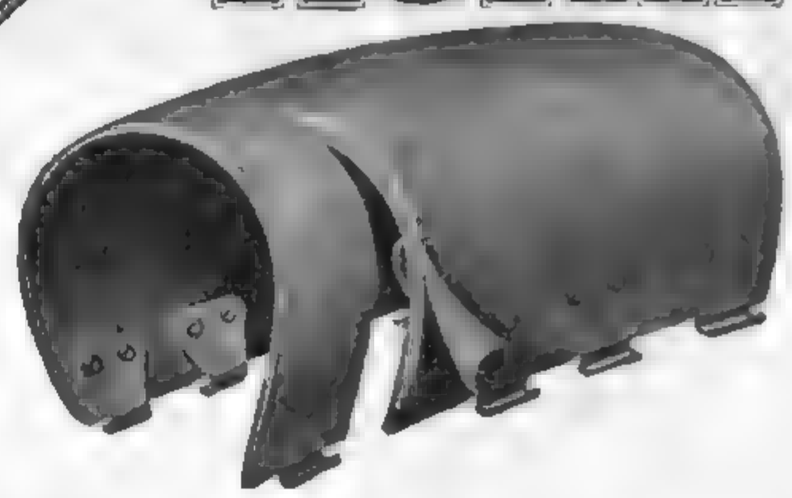

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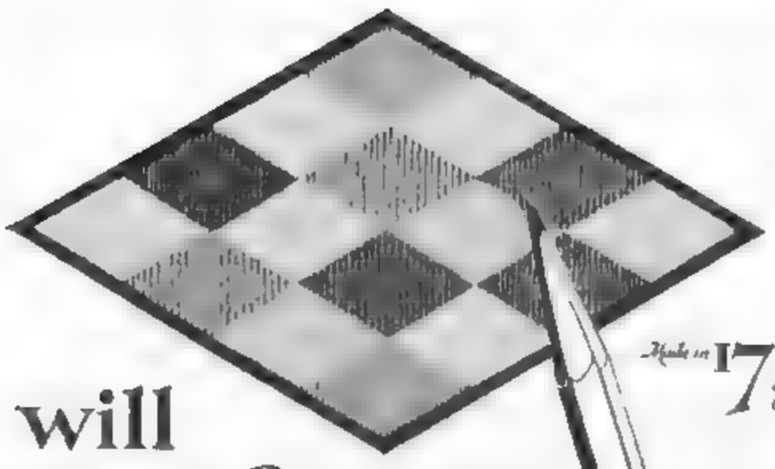

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expedition. In his youth he was a professional soldier, and he immediately joined his regiment in the trenches in France. He has a weakness for the spectacular thing. Just about this time the Aldwych Club in London gave a luncheon for Sir Edward Carson, then First Lord of the Admiralty. I had the good fortune to sit next to the guest of honor at the speakers' table.

I brought up the subject of Churchill and asked: "What is the trouble with Churchill?"

Carson, who is an Irishman with a rare gift of phraseology, replied, quick as a flash:

"He is a dangerous optimist."

Analyze Churchill's career during the war and you find that this so-called dangerous optimism looms large, never more so than when he said that the British Fleet would "dig the German Fleet out like rats." His speech has often been indiscreet. He has confused the intent with the deed.

In connection with the ill-fated Dardanelles enterprise Churchill made the following prophecy to me:

"History will vindicate the Dardanelles expedition. It was planned with the sole idea of cutting and keeping closed the German road to India. It was a gamble, and in war you must take chances."

More than once Churchill discussed this great adventure in our talks. When he writes the story of his part in the war it will be found that he thought of the conflict in world terms, while some of his colleagues could not see beyond France. I am betraying no secret when I say that one of the stumblingblocks to the consummation of the Dardanelles project was the late Lord Kitchener, who was intolerant of suggestion.

It is impossible to write of Winston Spencer Churchill, even in the informal way in which these recollections are being set down, without a reference to the greatest service perhaps that he rendered civilization during the war. He was First Lord of the Admiralty during that fateful summer of 1914. The whole British Grand Fleet had been mobilized for a royal review in the Solent late in July. The demobilization would have commenced on the morning of July twenty-seventh.

It was largely because of Churchill's reading of the ominous signs of the time, particularly Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, that the fleet was ordered to stand fast. It was therefore at its war stations on that memorable August fourth when Britain declared war against Germany. But for this historic order the naval reserve would have been back at its land tasks and the ships scattered.

Churchill's Uncanny Foresight

Churchill, who has what writers call a keen story sense, has told me of that hour of hours in the war when he sat in his office at the Admiralty on the night when Britain's ultimatum to the Kaiser was about to expire; how he watched the hands of the clock moving toward midnight; how, when the hour of twelve struck, he pushed a button and those miles and miles of gray ships far out in the stretches of the North Sea and elsewhere cleared for action. Then began the ceaseless watch that spelled the safety of civilization.

No man in England feels the Anglo-Saxon kinship more deeply than Churchill. The only time that I ever saw him in repose was on a winter's day long after we had entered the war, when we sat in front of the fire in his office at the Ministry of Munitions. I told him that I was going back home and that I should probably make some speeches. I asked him if he had a message for America. For once he slipped into a meditative mood.

He pulled hard at his cigar and then said: "In war as in peace England and America must walk together. The fate of the world is in their hands."

The war wrought wonders with many things and many people. With no man did it achieve a more complete evolution than with Sir Eric Geddes. In August, 1914, he was the comparatively unknown general manager of the North-Eastern Railway in England; to-day, at forty-three, he is director of transportation. Just a year ago I told the story of his life in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is only necessary for me to disclose him now as interviewing material.

When I first saw Geddes in 1915 he had not yet come within the range of the interviewer. This bronzed, brawny, iron-jawed individual was then a cog in the munitions machine. He was part of what we would call in America the gumshoe squad, for part of his work was to speed up inventions, which were all enveloped in mystery and secrecy.

The next time I saw him he was First Lord of the Admiralty, with a string of titles and jobs a yard long. He was a public character and had views. Nobody, however, was more averse to exploiting them than this Jack of public posts and master of them all.

I had planned an article on the part that business men played in the British conduct of the war. Geddes' name, like that of the Arab in the well-known poem, "led all the rest." Having known him before I had no trouble in seeing him again. Besides, he had displayed interest in a series for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I had written about the organization of the British Armies in France, in which he had been Director General of Transportation. He was the father of the light railway in the field.

When it came to talking about himself and his work he labored under a verbal handicap for the first time in his life—an unusual experience for the masterful big-fisted person who sat alongside me in a room rich with the traditions of the British Navy.

It was characteristic of him to say at once: "So long as we are going to do this job let us do it thoroughly."

He outlined his system of work, which is summed up in the single sentence: "Statistize everything." When we reached his personal side he floundered. Now came the employment of one of the cardinal rules in big interviewing. Earlier in this article I said that the psychological moment to talk to taciturn men was at mealtime. I therefore invited Geddes to lunch with me the next day.

"No," he replied, "come and have breakfast with me to-morrow."

Why Interviewers Fail

At nine o'clock the next morning I turned up at his rented town house in Queen Anne's Gate. I knew the place well. It was owned and had been furnished by a friend of mine who had one of the finest collections of old furniture in London. In a charming Jacobean dining room I had a diverting session with Geddes.

It is his custom to take a horseback ride every morning before breakfast in Hyde Park, which his home practically adjoins. He came in with ruddy cheeks and all aglow from the exercise. The moment he sat down and began to eat his flow of speech started. The reserve and reticence that he manifested in the office vanished. I simply ate and listened while one of the really remarkable stories of modern achievement was unfolded. All I had to do was to guide the course of speech. Unconsciously Geddes became so absorbed in the narrative that he quite forgot an appointment with Sir David Beatty, Admiral of the Grand Fleet, who was waiting for him at the Admiralty.

This experience emphasized two distinct points in interviewing: One is that to make men talk who are not accustomed to speak about themselves or their work you must get them in a congenial environment; no setting is more favorable than the dining room. The other and perhaps more important is that once launched into the story it is fatal to interrupt. Men like Geddes have a sense of sequence. It is one reason why they get things done. Interviewers often fail because they digress or permit their victims to digress. Concentration is a virtue, no matter where applied.

Another common reason for failure in interviewing, more especially in Europe, is ignorance of a man's proper title or—what is even worse—the correct or official way to address him. Most men are vain. The moment they get a public post with a title this state of mind becomes more highly sensitized. The British are the greatest of all sticklers for form.

During the war I had to meet men of every station, from kings down. I always made it a point before I went to see a man with a title to find out the correct way to address him. Contrary to the popular belief no one ever uses the word "sire" in connection with a king. This form of address seems to belong entirely to hectic

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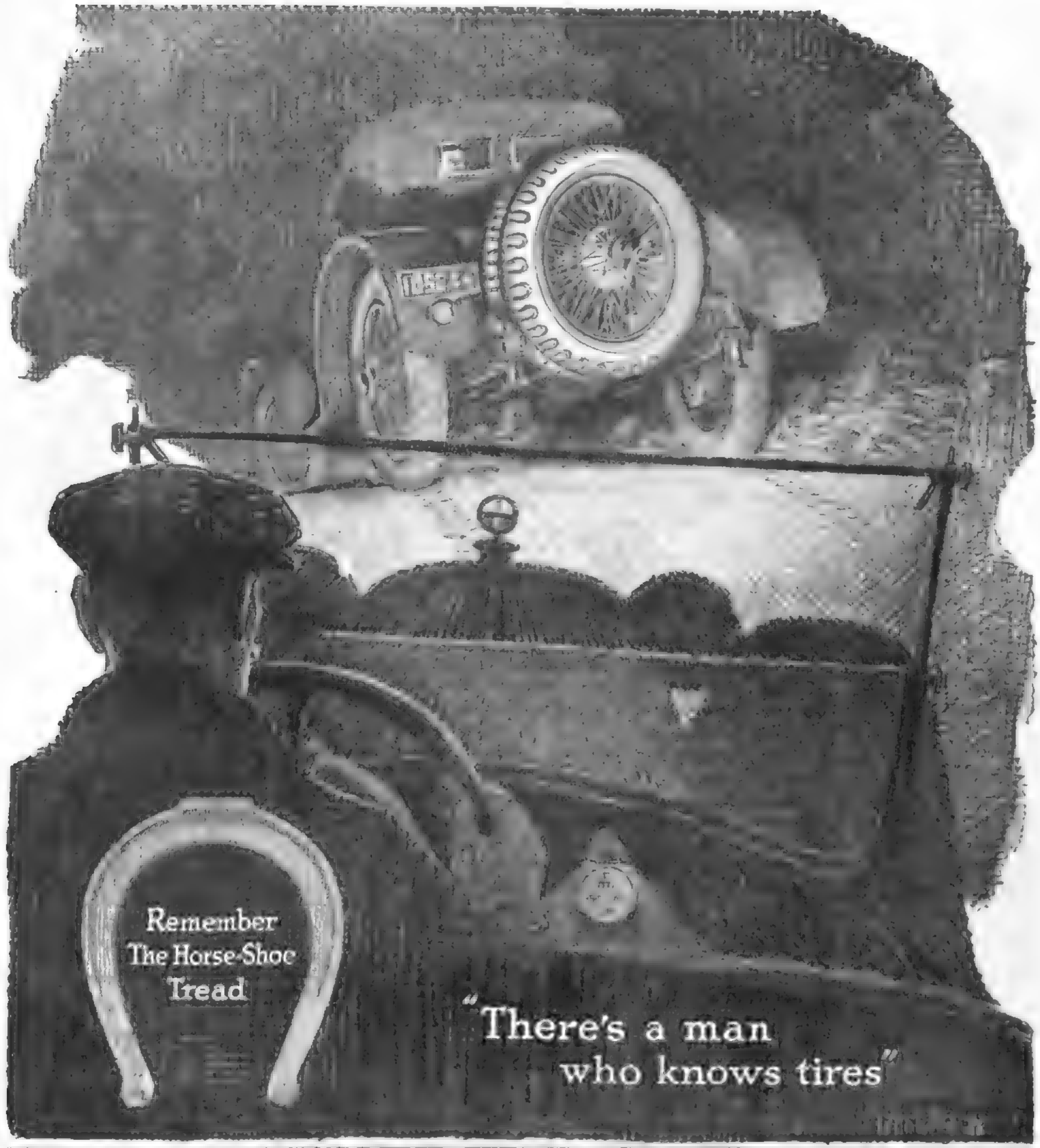
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(Concluded from Page 130)

ladies in fiction or to cavaliers in cap-and-sword romances. In speaking to a king these democratic days you simply use the phrase "Your Majesty" or "Sir."

With men of high military standing in England, for example, it is well to remember that army rank precedes everything else. That is why in addressing a letter to the late Commander in Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces in France you write, "Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig." In the case of King George's uncle it is "Field Marshal, the Duke of Connaught," and so on.

In writing to a prime minister you never use his name at the beginning of the letter. You write "My dear Prime Minister." In the same way in writing to an ambassador you start "My dear Ambassador." In speaking to an envoy of this rank you call him "Your Excellency."

This is common to all countries. It seems almost unnecessary to speak of it, but there are many people in the United States who do not know that the proper way to address their chief executive is "Mister President."

I have elaborated on this matter of proper address because it is one of the most vital aids in establishing an immediate and friendly relation with the man you are interviewing.

Writing of Geddes naturally brings to mind his fellow graduate from business into statesmanship, Andrew Bonar Law. Being a wise man he made himself economically independent before he got into politics. In his quiet but effective way he has been a strong force these past four years. He made the Chancellorship of the Exchequer a real fountainhead of national finance. He is one of the few perennial possibilities for Premier.

Having been in the steel business Bonar Law has none of the aloofness that characterizes so many British public men. He is spare, nervous, energetic, and looks less like a cabinet minister than any of his colleagues. The one-time vulgar thing known as trade taught him the value of frankness and accessibility with writing men. Despite his immense public service he has scarcely figured in so-called human-interest narratives. He sidesteps personal publicity.

Bonar Law's Automatic Maps

When I first met Bonar Law he was Colonial Secretary. He figured in a little incident that I shall always remember. We had been talking about the linking up of the British Empire through a common war sacrifice. The minister warmed up to the subject. He said: "I have the whole Empire before me."

He turned to a group of electric push buttons on his desk. All were connected with maps. As he pressed each little silver disk a diagram of some section of Britannia's far-flung domain was exposed to view. Never before had I seen these mighty possessions so visualized. The slim keen-eyed man who sat before me seemed literally to be bound up to the uttermost ends of the earth.

As I sat there—stirred, I must confess, by this spectacle—I thought of the picture that Cecil Rhodes presented one day in his room in the financial district of London called the City. Rhodes had beheld the vision of the Cape to Cairo Railway. Behind him on the wall was a huge map of the Dark Continent. Here and there on it were splotches of red that indicated British sovereignty.

The big figure—so well named "The Colossus"—turned to the map and said to his companion: "It must be all red."

My experience in Bonar Law's office made me feel that at least some of Rhodes' vision had been realized.

Any survey of Britain's war personalities must include Sir Edward Carson, the stormy petrel of Home Rule. Most Americans do not realize that long before he entered politics he was one of the most successful lawyers in the United Kingdom, with a peculiar genius for annexing big fees, which he earned. He is a sort of Celtic combination of John B. Stanchfield on the cross-examination side and James M. Beck on the oratorical.

Carson is long, lean and lank with a hawklike face that strongly resembles that of Admiral Jellicoe. Experience as Irish propagandist has given him a considerable contact with interviewers and he is therefore human and accessible. When he has anything to give out for publication, however, he usually writes it himself.

Though he has lived in the spotlight for decades, perhaps no contemporary British statesman is so little known to the general public through the medium of the interviewer as Viscount Milner, the bachelor minister. He has been in public life for nearly forty years, yet I doubt if he has ever talked for publication, despite the fact that he himself dabbled in journalism in his early days. He was a close friend and colleague of Kitchener and has that soldier's aversion to appearing in print. About him raged the controversy that broke into the storm of the Boer War. He was Secretary for War when the great war ended.

Frankness That Pays

Milner is tall, inclined to be stoop-shouldered, and has the unmistakable manner of the council chamber. It is a curious fact, but most men in British public life seldom stand erect. They look as if they had spent their lives leaning over desks. Churchill, Haldane, Curzon—all have this same appearance.

Like other men of his type Milner talks with charm and brilliancy. He is never at advantage in a crowd, but always shines in a small circle. He really represents the well-nigh lost art of real conversation. He was in fine form one night at a dinner at the home of John Buchan, who has the double distinction of being not only one of the best historians of the late war but likewise one of the world's best producers of adventure stories. Buchan was Milner's secretary in South Africa.

The one British cabinet minister to-day, with the possible exception of Winston Churchill, who really knows how to be interviewed and who lends himself ideally to the performance is Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade. He looks and acts like a business man. He got his training in the United States. I never went to him during the war but that I got what I wanted, and in swift businesslike procedure. He is simple, frank and unaffected. He has put the hall-mark of a dynamic efficiency all over an institution once so swathed in red tape that an original idea could never penetrate. Neither could the interviewer.

It took big business in America a long time to realize that constructive publicity is one of its best assets. British statesmanship, which was a close copper-riveted corporation for years, has learned the same lesson. It pays to be frank with the public.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson showing some of the outstanding figures of war and peace at close range. The next will deal with Kerensky and his comrades of the First Russian Revolution

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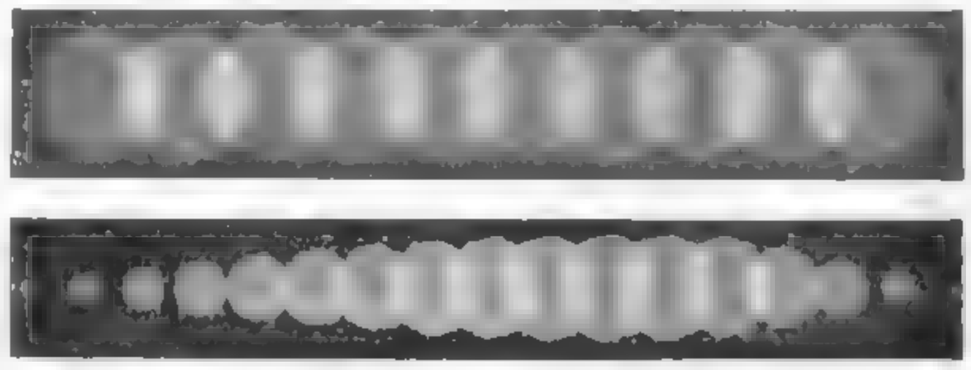

The illustrations above are reproduced from actual photographs, made at the Kodak Research Laboratories, of the light projected by a lens through a Graflex Focal Plane Shutter and a between lens shutter. The upper illustration shows that with the Graflex Focal Plane Shutter there is no diminishing of the volume of light due to the peculiar manner of closing of the shutter. The lens works at its full efficiency during the entire period of exposure. The lower cut shows how a between-lens shutter, when making fast exposures, uses up most of the exposure period in opening and closing, allowing the lens to work at its full efficiency during but a small fraction of the exposure.

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United States Rubber Company

"Usco" Rubber Heels are Good Heels

FREE AIR

(Continued from Page 23)

jerked back out of sight behind tree trunks as she came up; things that followed her; and hidden men waiting for her to stop.

As drivers will, she tried to exorcise the creeping fear by singing. She made up what she called her driving song. It was intended to echo the hoofs of a fat old horse on a hard road:

The old horse trots with a jog, jog, jog,
And a jog, jog, jog; and a jog, jog, jog
And the old road makes a little jog, jog jog,
To the west, jog, jog; and the north, jog, jog.
While the farmer drinks some cider from his jug, jug, jug,
From his coy jug, jug; from his joy jug, jug.
Till he accumulates a little jag, jag, jag,
And he jig, jig, jigs, with his jug, jug, jug.

The song was a comfort at first—then a torment. She drove to it, she steered to it, and when she tried to forget it, it sang itself in her tired brain: "Jog, jog, jog—oh, damn!"

Her father had had a chill. Miserable, weak as a small boy, he had curled up on the bottom of the car, his head on the seat, and gone to sleep. She was alone. The mileposts went by slowly. The posts said there was a town ahead called Pellago, but it never came.

And when it did come she was too tired to care. In a thick dream she drove through midnight streets of the town. In stupid paralysis she kicked at the door of the galvanized-iron-covered garage. No answer. She gave it up. She drove down the street and into the yard of a hotel marked by a swing sign out over the plank sidewalk. She got out the traveling bags, awakened her father, led him up on the porch.

The Pellago Tavern was a transformed dwelling house. The pillars of the porch were aslant, and the rain-warped boards snapped beneath her feet. She hesitatingly opened the door. The hallway was dark and musty. A sound like a moan filtered down the unlighted stairs.

There seemed to be light in the room on the right. Trying to assure herself that her father was a protection she pushed open the door. She looked into an airless room, scattered with rubber boots, unsavory old corduroy caps, tattered magazines. By the stove nodded a wry-mouthed squat old woman and a tall cheaply handsome man of forty. Tobacco juice stained the front of his stiff-bosomed collarless shirt. His hands were white, but huge.

The old woman started. "Well?"

"I want to get two rooms for the night, please."

The man smirked at her. The woman creaked, "Well, I don't know. Where d'you come from, heh?"

"We're motoring through."

"Heh? Who's that man?"

"He is my father, madam."

"Needn't to be so hoity-toity about it. 'He's my father, madam'! F' that matter, that thing there is my husband!"

The man had been dusting his shabby coat, stroking his mustache, smiling with sickly gallantry. He burbled: "Shut up, Teenie! This lady is all right. Give her a room. Number two is empty, and I guess Number seven has been made up since Bill left. If 'tain't, the sheets ain't been slept on but one night."

"Where d'you come ——"

"Now don't go shooting off a lot of questions at the lady, Teenie. I'll show her the rooms."

The woman turned on her husband. He was perhaps twenty-five years younger; a quarter century less soaked in hideousness. Her yellow concave-sided teeth were bared at him, her mouth drew up on one side above the gums.

"Pete, if I hear one more word out of you, out you go. Lady! Huh! Where d'you come from, young woman?"

Claire was too weak to stagger away. She leaned against the door. Her father struggled to speak, but the woman hurled:

"Wherdjuhcomfromised!"

"From New York. Is there another hotel ——"

"Nah, there ain't another hotel! Oh! So you come from New York, do you? Snobs, that's what N' Yorkers are. I'll show you some rooms. They'll be two dollars apiece, and breakfast fifty cents extra."

The woman led them upstairs. Claire wanted to flee, but—oh, she couldn't drive any farther! She couldn't!

The floor of her room was the more bare in contrast to a two-foot-square splash of gritty ingrain carpet in front of the sway-backed bed. On the bed was a red comforter filthy beyond disguise. The yellow earthenware pitcher was cracked. The wall mirror was milky. Claire had been spoiled. She had found two excellent hotels since leaving Yellowstone Park. She had forgotten how badly human beings can live.

She protested: "Seems to me two dollars is a good deal to charge for this!"

"I didn't say two dollars. I said three! Three each for you and your pa. If you don't like it you can drive on to the next town. It's only sixteen miles!"

"Why the extra dollar—or extra two dollars?"

"Don't you see that carpet? These is our best rooms. And three dollars—I know you New Yorkers. I heard of a gent once, and they charged him five dollars—five dol-lars!—for a room in New York; and a boy grabbed his valise from him and wanted a short bit and ——"

"Oh—all—right! Can we get something to eat?"

"Now?"

"We haven't eaten since noon."

"That ain't my fault! Some folks can go gadding round in automobls, and some folks has to stay home. If you think I'm going to sit up all night cooking for people that come chassayin' in here God knows what all hours of the day and night! There's an all-night lunch down the street."

When she was alone Claire cried a good deal.

Her father declined to go out to the lunch room. The chill of the late ride was still on him, he croaked through his door; he was shivering; he was going right to bed.

"Yes, do, dear. I'll bring you back a sandwich."

"Safe to go out alone?"

"Anything's safe after facing that horrible —— I do believe in witches, now. Listen, dear; I'll bring you a hot-water bag."

She took the bag down to the office. The landlady was winding the clock, while her husband yawned.

"I wonder if I may have some hot water for my father? He has a chill."

"Stove's out. No hot water in the house," from the landlady.

"Couldn't you heat some?"

"Now look here, miss! You come in here asking for meals and rooms at midnight, and you want a cut rate on everything, and I do what I can—but enough's enough!"

The woman stalked out. Her husband popped up. "Mustn't mind the old girl, lady. Got a grouch. Well, you can't blame her in a way; when Bill lit out he done her out of four bits! But I'll tell you," he leered, "you leave me the hot-water biznai, and I'll heat you some water myself!"

"Thank you, but I won't trouble you. Good night!"

Claire was surprised to find a warm, rather comfortable all-night lunch room, called the Alaska Café, with a bright-eyed man of twenty-five in charge. He nodded in a friendly way, and made haste with her order of two ham-and-egg sandwiches. She felt adventurous. She polished her knife and fork on a napkin, as she had seen people do in lunches along the way. A crowd of three young men rubbed noses against the front window to stare at the strange girl in town, but she ignored them and they drifted away.

The lunchman was cordial: "At a hotel, ma'am? Which one? Gee, not the tavern?"

"Why, yes. Is there another?"

"Sure. First-rate one, two blocks over, one up."

"The woman said the tavern was the only hotel."

"Oh, she's an old sour face. Don't mind her. Just bawl her out. What's she charging you for a room?"

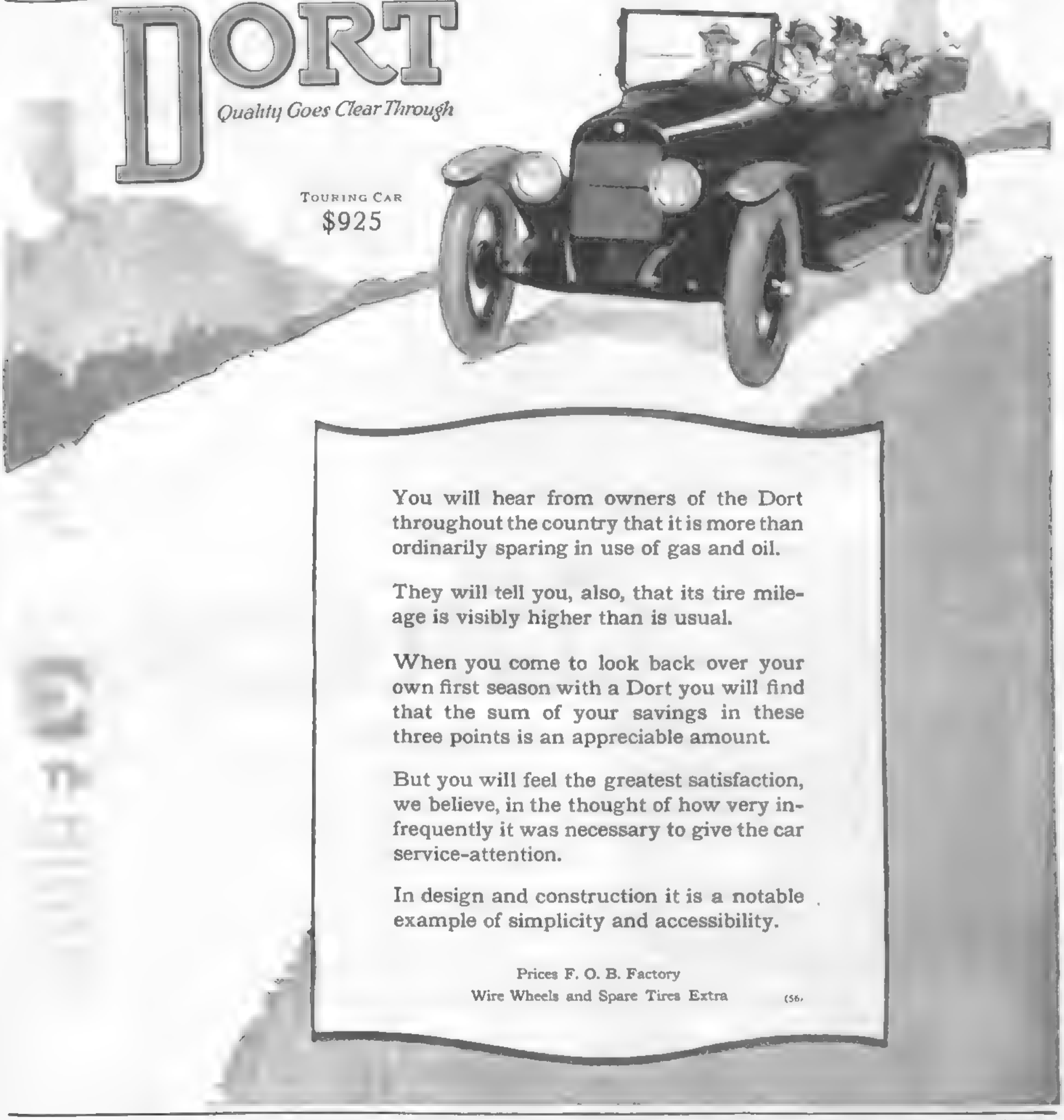
"Three dollars."

"Per each? Gee! Well, she sticks tourists anywheres from one buck to three. Natives get by for fifty cents. She's pretty fierce, but she ain't a patch on her husband. He comes from Spokane—nobody knows why. Guess he was run out. He takes some kind of dope, and he cheats at rummy."

(Continued on Page 137)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through



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$925

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ACHESON PRODUCTS, NIAGARA FALLS

(Continued from Page 134)

"But why does the town stand either of them? Why do you let them torture innocent people? Why don't you put them in the insane hospital, where they belong?"

"That's a good one!" her friend chuckled. But he saw it only as a joke.

She thought of moving her father to the good hotel, but she hadn't the strength.

Claire Boltwood, of Brooklyn Heights, went through the shanty streets of Pellago, Montana, at one A. M., carrying a sandwich in a paper bag that had recently been used for salted peanuts, and a red-rubber hot-water bag filled with water at the Alaska Café.

At the tavern she hastened past the office door. She made her father eat half of his sandwich; she teased him and laughed at him till the hot-water bag had relieved his chill-pinched back. She kissed him boisterously and started for her own room at the far end of the hall. The lights were off. She had to feel her way, and she hesitated at the door of her room before she entered. She imagined voices, creeping footsteps, people watching her from a distance. She flung into the room, and when the kindled lamp showed her familiar traveling bag she felt safer. But once she was in bed, with the sheet down as far as possible over the loathsome red comforter, the quiet rustled and snapped about her, and she could not relax. Sinking into sleep seemed slipping into danger, and a dozen times she started awake.

But only slowly did she admit to herself that she actually did hear a fumbling, hear the knob of her door turning.

"W-who's there?"

"It's me, lady—the landlord. Brought you the hot water."

"Thanks so much, but I don't need it now."

"Got something else for you. Come to the door. Don't want to holler and wake ev'body up."

At the door she said timorously, "Nothing else I want, thank you. D-don't bother me."

"Why, I've brought you up a sandwich, girlie, all nice and hot; and a nip of something to take the chill off."

"I don't want it, I tell you!"

"Be a sport now! You use Pete right and he'll use you right. Shame to see a lady like you not gettin' no service here. Open the door. Dandy sandwich!"

The knob rattled again. She said nothing. The heel of her palm pressed against the door till the molding ate into it.

The man was snorting: "I ain't going to all this trouble and then throw away a good sandwich. You asked me ——"

"M-must I s-shout?"

"S-shout your fool head off!" He kicked the door. "Good friends of mine, 'long this end of the hall. Aw, lissen! Just teasing. I'm not going to rob you, little honey bird. Laws, you could have a million dollars, and ole Pete wouldn't take two bits. I just get so darn lonely in this hick town. Like to chat to live ones from the big burg. I'm a city fella myself—Spokane and Cheyenne and everything."

In her bare feet Claire had run across the room and looked desperately out of the window. Could she climb out, reach her friend of the Alaska Café? If she had to ——

Then she grinned. The world was rose-colored and hung with tinkling bells. "I love even that Pinky person!" she said. In the yard of the hotel beside her Gomez was a Teal bug, and two men were sleeping in blankets on the ground.

She marched back to the door. She flung it open. The man started back. He was holding an electric torch. She could not see him, but to the hovering ball of light she remarked: "Two men, friends of mine, are below, by their car. You will go at once or I'll call them. If you think I am bluffing go down and look. Good night!"

Before breakfast Claire darted down to the hotel yard. She beamed at Milt, who was lacing a rawhide patch on a tire, before she remembered that they were not on speaking terms. They both looked extremely sheepish and young. It was Pinky Parrott who was the social lubricant. Pinky was always on speaking terms with everybody.

"Ah, here she is! The little lady of the mutinous eyes! Our colonel of the Flivver Hussars!"

But he got no credit. Milt straightened up and lumbered "Hel-lo!"

She peeped at him and whispered "Hel-lo!"

"Say, oh please, Claire —— I didn't mean ——"

"Oh, I know! Let's—let's go have breakfast."

"Was awfully afraid you'd think we were fresh, but when we came in last night and saw your car—didn't like the looks of the hotel much, and thought we'd stick round."

"I'm so glad. Oh, Milt yes, and you, Mr. Parrott—will you whip lick—beat up—somebody for me?"

With one glad communal smile Milt and Pinky curved up their wrists and made motions as of pulling up their sleeves.

"B— not unless I say so. I want to be a Citizenless Fixit. I've been good for so long. But now ——"

"Show him to me!" and "Up, lads, and atum!" responded her squad.

"Not till after breakfast."

It was a sufficiently vile breakfast, at the tavern. The feature was curious cakes whose interior was raw, creepy dough. A dozen skilled workmen were at the same long table with Claire, Milt, Pinky and Mr. Boltwood—the last two of whom were polite and scenically descriptive to each other, but portentously silent about gold mines. The landlady and a slavey waited on table; the landlord could be seen loafing in the kitchen.

Toward the end of the meal Claire insultingly crooked her finger at the landlady and said, "Come here, woman!"

The landlady stared, then ignored her.

"Very well. Then I'll say it publicly!" Claire swept the workmen with an affectionate smile. "Gentlemen of Pellago, I want you to know from one of the poor tourists who have been cheated at this nasty place that we depend on you to do something. This woman and her husband are criminals in the way they overcharge for hideous food and ——"

The landlady had been petrified. Now she charged down. Behind her came her husband. Milt rose. The husband stopped.

But it was Pinky who faced the landlady, tapped her shoulder, and launched into "And what's more, you hag, if our new friends here have any sense, they'll run you out of town!"

That was only the beginning of Pinky's paper on corrections and charities. He enjoyed himself. Before he finished, the landlady was crying. She voluntarily promised to give her boarders waffles some morning, jus' soon as she could find the waffle iron.

With her guard about her at the office desk Claire paid one dollar apiece for the rooms, and discussion was not.

Before they started Milt had the chance to say to her: "I'm getting so I can handle Pinky now. Have to. Thinking of getting hold of his gold mine. I just give him the eye, as your friend Mr. Saxton would, and he gets so meek ——"

"But don't! Please understand me, Milt; I do admire Mr. Saxton; he is fine and capable, and really generous; only—he may be just a bit snippish at times, while you—you're a playmate—father's and mine—and —— I did face that landlady, didn't I? I'm not soft and trivial, am I? Praise!"

XIX

SHE had driven through the panhandle of Idaho into Washington, through Spokane, through the writhing lava deposits of Moses Coulee, where fruit trees grow on volcanic ash. Beyond Wenatchee, with its rows of apple trees striping the climbing fields like corduroy in folds, she had come to the famous climb of Blewett Pass. Once over it and Snoqualmie she would romp into Seattle.

She was sorry that she hadn't come to know Milt better, but perhaps she would see him in Seattle.

All the way she had heard of Blewett Pass—its fourteen miles of climbing, and the last half mile of stern pitch. On this eastern side of the pass the new road was not open; there was a tortuous, flint-scattered trail, too narrow in most places for the passing of other cars. Claire was glad that Milt and Pinky were near her.

If so many of the race of kind advisers of tourists had not warned her about it doubtless she would have gone over the pass without difficulty. But their voluntary croaking sapped her nerve, and her father's. "Do you think we better try it?" he kept worrying. When they stopped at a ranch house at the foot of the climb, for the night, he seemed unusually tired. He complained of chill. He did not eat breakfast. They started out silent, depressed.

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11.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this concrete road. This is over double the mileage obtained on the earth road opposite.

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Tests made last September at Cleveland, Ohio, with five 2-ton White trucks carrying full load, showed that on an earth road in fair condition, gasoline consumption was twice that on a concrete road.

The diagrams to the left and right illustrate the relative quantities of gasoline and its cost, used by one truck in making a 100-mile run under the same condition of load over the two roads pictured above. Think what 5,000,000 motor vehicles would save in gasoline alone if they always traveled on concrete!

Since ***one gallon of gasoline will carry you twice as far on a concrete road as it will on an earth road,*** *why waste the other gallon?*

You pay the price of good roads whether you get them or not—and if you pay for **concrete roads** they **pay you back.**

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PAVE THE ROAD—DOUBLE THE LOAD

He crouched in the corner of the seat. She looked at him and was anxious. She stopped on the first level space on the pass, crying: "You are perfectly miserable! I'm afraid of —— I think we ought to see a doctor."

"Oh, I'll be all right."

But she waited till Milt came pit-pattering up the slope.

"Father feels rather sick. What shall I do? Turn round and drive to the nearest doctor—at Cashmere, I suppose?"

"There's a magnolious medico ahead here on the pass," Pinky Parrott interrupted. "A young thing, but they say he's a graduate of Harvard. He's out here because he has some timber claims. Look, Milt o' the Daggett, why don't you drive Miss Boltwood's bus? Make better time and hustle the old gent up to the doc, and I'll come on behind with your machine."

"Why," Claire fretted, "I hate ——"

A new Milt—the boss, abrupt, almost bullying, snapped out of his bug. "Good idee! Jump in, Claire. I'll take your father up. Heh, wha's 'at, Pink? . . . Yes, I get it; second turn beyond grocery. Right. On we go. . . . Huh? . . . Oh, we'll think about the gold mine later, Pink."

With the three of them wedged into the seat of the Gomez, and Pinky recklessly skittering after them in the bug, they climbed again—and, lo! there was no climb! Unconsciously Claire had hesitated before dashing at each sharp up-sloping bend, had lost headway while she was wondering "Suppose the car went off this curve?" Milt never speeded up, but he never slackened. His driving was as rhythmical as music.

They were so packed in that he could scarcely reach gear lever and hand brake. He halted on a level and curtly asked, "That trapdoor in the back of the car—convertible extra seat?"

"Yes, but we almost never use it, and it's stuck. Can't get it open."

"I'll open it all right! Got a big screw driver? Want you to sit back there. Need elbow room."

"Perhaps I'd better drive with Mr. Pinky."

"Nope. Don't think better."

With one yank he opened the trapdoor, revealing a folding seat, which she meekly took. Back there she reflected: "How strong his back looks. Funny how the little silvery hairs grow at the back of his neck."

They came to a settlement and the red-cedar bungalow of Dr. Hooker Beach. The moment Claire saw the doctor's thin demanding face she trusted him.

He spoke to Mr. Boltwood with assurance: "All you need is some rest, and your digestion is a little shaky. Been eating some pork? Might stay here a day or two. We're glad to have a glimpse of Easterners."

Mr. Boltwood went to bed in the Beaches' guest room. Mrs. Beach gave Claire and Milt lunch, with thin toast and thin china, on a porch from which an arroyo dropped down for a hundred feet. Fir trees scented the air, and a talking machine played the same Russian music that was popular that same moment in New York. And the Beaches knew people who knew Claire.

Claire was thinking. These people were genuine aristocrats, while Jeff Saxton, for all his family and his assumptions about life, was the eternal climber. Milt, who had been uncomfortable with Jeff, was serene and unselfconscious with the Beaches, and the doctor gratefully took his advice about his stationary gas engine. "He's rather like the Beaches in his simplicity—yes, and his ability to do anything if he considers it worth while," she decided.

After lunch, when the doctor and his wife had to trot off to a patient, Claire proposed: "Let's walk up to that ledge of rock and see the view. Shall we, Milt?"

"Yes! And keep an eye on the road for Pinky. The poor nut, he hasn't showed up. So reckless; hope he hasn't driven the Teal off the road."

She crouched at the edge of a rock, where she would have been frightened a month before, and looked across the main road to a creek in a pine-laced gully. He sat beside her, elbows on knees.

"Those Beaches—their kin are judges and senators and college presidents all over New England," she said. "This doctor must be the grandson of the ambassador, I fancy."

"Honest? I thought they were just regular folks. Was I nice?"

"Of course you were!"

"Did I—did I wash my paws and sit up and beg?"

"No, you aren't a little dog. I'm that. You're the big mastiff that guards the house, while I run and yip."

She was turned toward him, smiling. Her hand was beside him. He touched the back of it with his forefinger, as though he was afraid he might soil it.

There seemed to be no reason, but he was trembling as he stammered: "I—I—I'm d-darn glad I didn't know they were anybody; or I'd have been as bad as a flivver driver trying a t-twelve-cylinder machine. G-gee, your hand is little!"

She took it back and inspected it. "I suppose it is. And pretty useless."

"N no it isn't, but your shoes are. Why don't you wear boots when you're out like this?" A flicker of his earlier peremptoriness came into his voice. She resented it.

"My shoes are perfectly sensible! I will not wear those horrible vegetarian-uplift sacks on my feet!"

"Your shoes may be all right for New York, but you're not going to New York for a while. You've simply got to see some of this country while you're out here—British Columbia and Alaska."

"Would be nice, but I've had enough roughing ——"

"Chance to see the grandest mountains in the world, almost—and then you want to go back to tea and all that junk!"

"Stop trying to bully me! You have been dictatorial ever since we started up ——"

"Have I? Didn't mean to be. Though I suppose I usually am bullying. At least I run things. There's two kinds of people—those that give orders, and those that naturally take them; and I belong to the first one, and ——"

"But, my dear Milt, so do I, and really ——"

"And mostly I'd take them from you. But hang it, Seattle is just a day away, and you'll forget me. Wish I could kidnap you. Have half a mind to. Take you way up into the mountains, and when you got used to roughing it in sure-enough wilderness—say you'd helped me haul timber for a flume—then we'd be real pals. You have the stuff in you, but you still need toughening before ——"

"Listen to me, Milton. You have been reading fiction, about this man—sometimes he's a lumberjack, and sometimes a trapper or a miner, but always he's frightfully hairy—and he sees a charming woman in the city, and kidnaps her, and shuts her up in some unspeakable shanty, and makes her eat nice cold boiled potatoes, and so naturally she simply adores him! A hundred men have written that story, and it's an example of their insane masculine conceit, which I, as a woman, resent. If a woman like me were kidnaped she would go on hating the brute; or if she did give in, then the man would lose anyway, because she would have degenerated; she'd have turned into a slave and lost all the things he'd liked in her. Oh, you cave men! With your belief that you can force women to like you! I have more courage than any of you!"

"I admit you have courage, but you'd have still more if you bucked the wilds."

"Nonsense! In New York I face every day a hundred complicated problems you don't know I ever heard of!"

"Let me remind you that Br'er Julius Cæsar said he'd rather be mayor in a little Spanish town than police commissioner in Rome. I'm king in Schoenstrom, while you're just one of a couple hundred thousand bright people in New York ——"

"Really? Oh, at least a million. Thanks!"

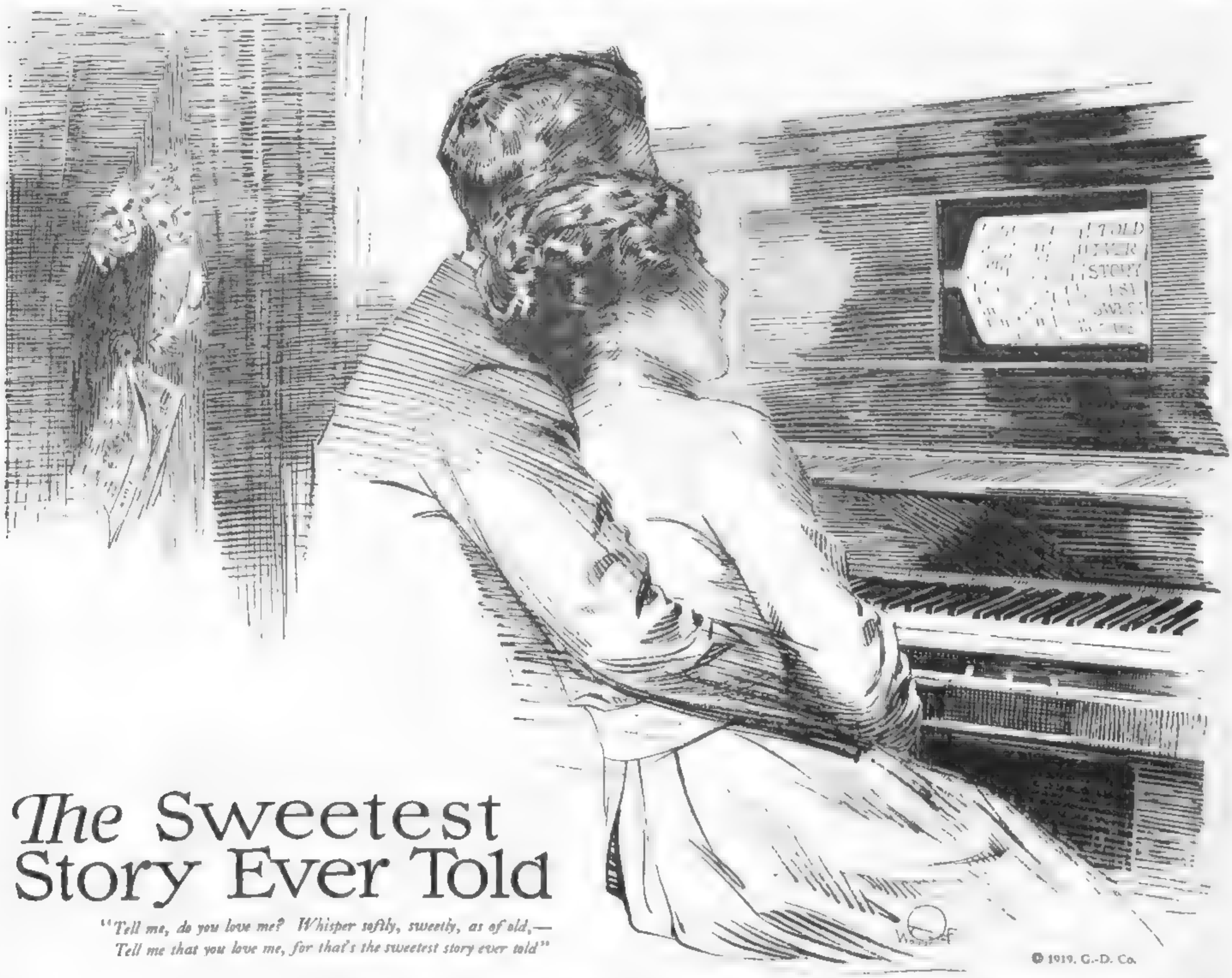
"Oh—gee—Claire, I didn't mean to be personal, and get in a row and all, but—can't you see—kind of desperate—Seattle so soon ——"

Her face was turned from him; its thin profile was firm as silver wire. He blundered off into silence and—they were at it again!

"I didn't mean to make you angry," he gulped.

"Well, you did! Bullying. You and your men of granite, in mackinaws and a much-needed shave, trying to make a well-bred woman satisfied with a view consisting of rocks and stumps and socks on the line! Let me tell you that compared with a street cañon a mountain cañon is simply dead; and yet these unlettered wild men ——"

"See here! I don't know if you're firing these adjectives at me, but I don't know

(Continued on Page 141)

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

"Tell me, do you love me? Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old,—
Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told"

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YOU need think of nothing but the song and the joy of singing it—if you have a Gulbransen Player-Piano.

The Gulbransen is so Easy to Play. It seems to understand. It responds to your wishes. It helps you tell your story—sympathetically and without effort.

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You'll know him because he shows the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. Or, write us for his address and our catalog.

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When You Look in the Heart of a Rose
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
Love's Old Sweet Song
The Sweetest Story Ever Told
Till We Meet Again — Dearie
I Love You Truly — Tell Me
Sweetheart — Sweet Adeline
The Rosary — A Perfect Day

GULBRANSEN DICKINSON CO.
3232 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago

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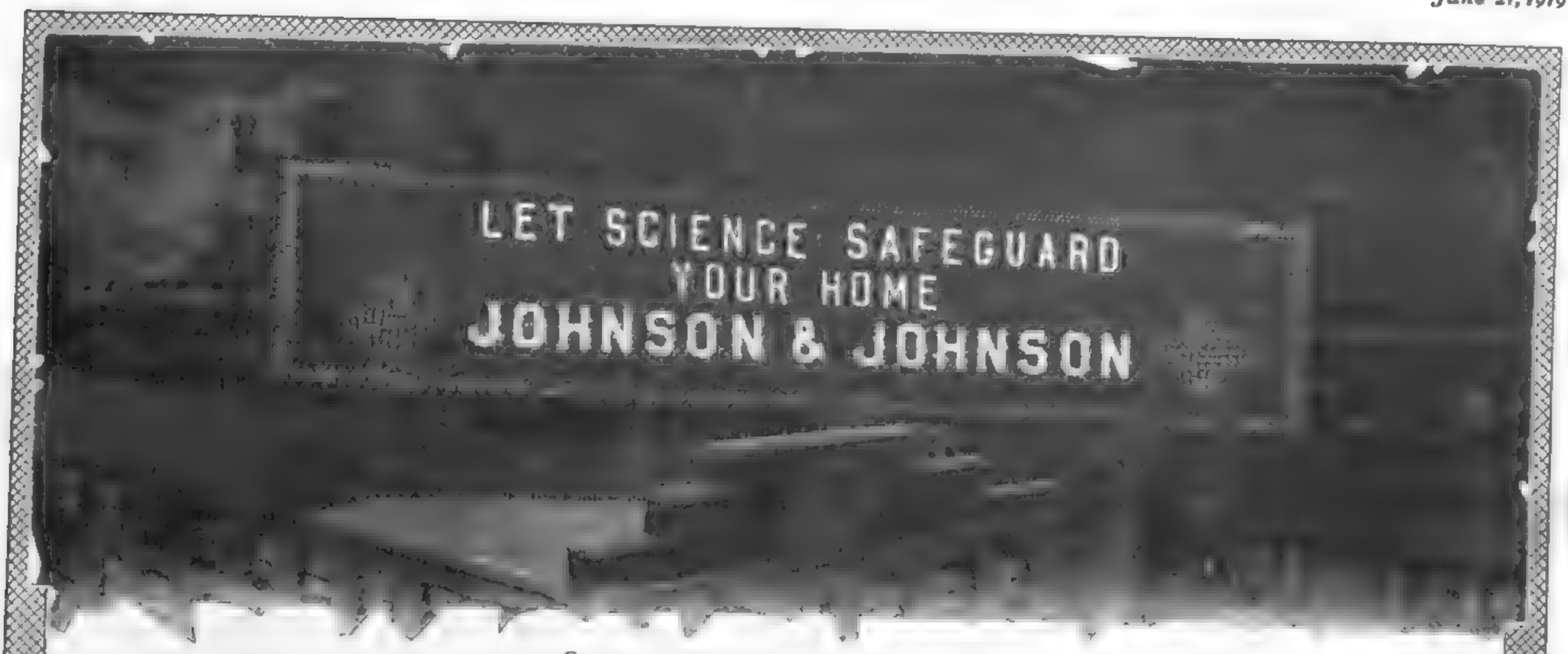
Gulbransen Trade Mark

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano



Every year millions of travelers on the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Philadelphia see this large electric sign on the Johnson & Johnson Buildings at New Brunswick, New Jersey

A Beacon in the Night

Just as this electric sign is a "Beacon in the Night," so the name of Johnson & Johnson has been a "beacon" to physicians and nurses for over thirty years.

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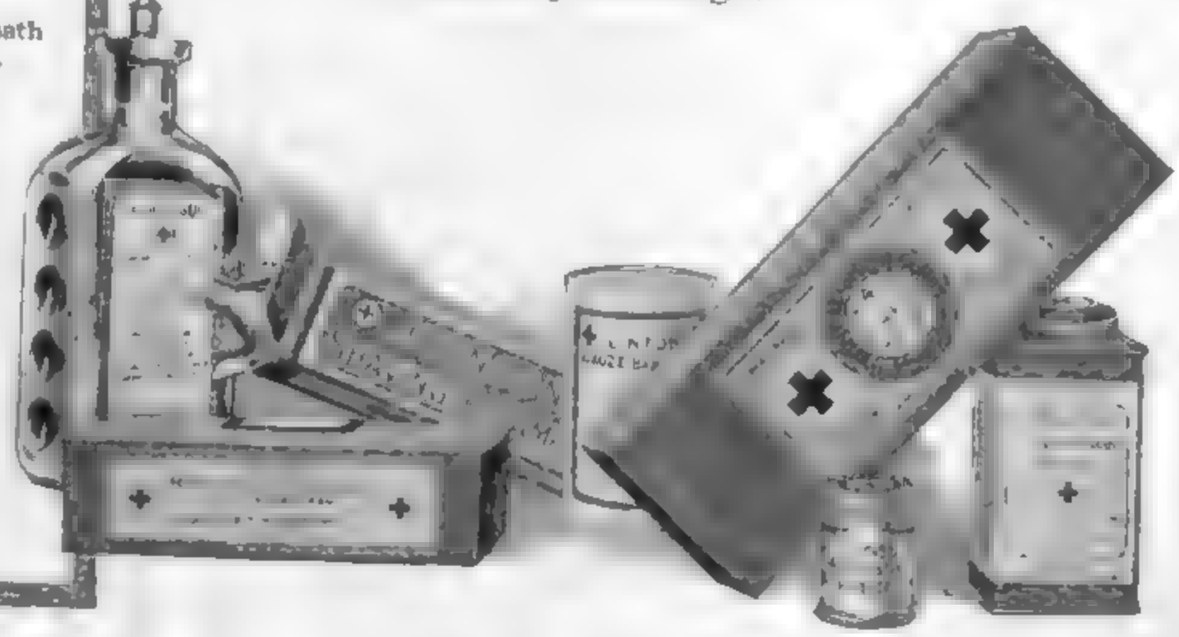

(Continued from Page 138)

that I'm so much more unlettered —— You talked about taking French in your finishing school. Well, they taught American in mine!"

"They would!"

Then he was angry. "Yes, and chemistry and physics and Greek and Latin and history and mathematics and economics; and I took more or less of a whirl at all of them while you were fiddling with ribbons. And then I had to buck mechanics and business methods."

"I also 'fiddled' with manners—an unfortunate lack in your curriculum, I take it! You have been reasonably rude ——"

"So have you!"

"I had to be! But I trust you begin to see that even your strong hand couldn't control a woman's taste. Kidnaping! As intelligent a boy as you wanting to imitate these boorish movie ——"

"Not a darn bit more boorish than your smart set, with its champagne and these orgies at country clubs ——"

"You know so much about country clubs, don't you! The worst orgy I ever saw at one was the golf champion reading the beauty department in Boudoir. Would you mind backing up your statements about the vices of myself and my friends ——"

"Oh, you—oh, I didn't mean ——"

"Then why did you ——"

"Now you're bullying me, and you know that if the smart set isn't vicious at least it's so snobbish that it can't see any ——"

"Then it's wise to be snobbish, because if it did condescend ——"

"I won't stand people talking about condescending ——"

"Would you mind not shouting so?"

"Very well, I'll keep still!"

Silence again, while both of them looked unhappy and tried to remember just what they had been fighting about. They did not at first notice a small red car larruping gayly over the road beneath the ledge, though the driver was a pink-haired man in a green coat. He was almost gone before Milt choked "It's Pinky!"

"Pink! Pinky!" he bellowed.

Pinky looked back, but instead of stopping he speeded up and kept going.

"That couldn't have been Pinky! Why! Why the car he had was red," cried Claire.

"Sure. The idiot's got hold of some barn paint somewhere and tried to daub it over. He's trying to make a get-away with it!"

"We'll chase him! In my car."

"Don't you mind?"

"Of course not! I do not give up my objections to the roughing philosophy, but—— You were right about these shoes —— Oh, don't leave me behind! Want to go along!"

These sentences she broke, scattered, and totally lost as she scrambled after him, down the rocks. He halted. His lips trembled. He picked her up, carried her down, hesitated a second, while his face—curiously foreshortened as she looked up at it from his big arms—twisted with emotion. He set her down gently, and she climbed into the Gomez. She took it for granted that he was to drive.

It seemed to her that he went rather too carefully, too slowly. He took curves and corners evenly. His face was as empty of expression, as unmelodramatic as that of a jitney driver. Then she looked at the speedometer. He was making forty-eight miles an hour downhill and forty to thirty on upgrades.

They were in sight of the fleeing Pinky in two miles. Pinky looked back; instantly he was to be seen pulling his hat low, stooping over—the demon driver. Milt merely sat more erect, looked more bland and white-browed and steady.

The bug fled before them on a winding shelf road. It popped up a curve, then slowed down. "He took it too fast. Poor Pink!" said Milt.

They gained on that up slope, but as the road dropped, the bug started forward desperately. Another car was headed toward them; was drawn to the side of the road in one of the occasional widenings. Pinky passed it so carelessly that with crawling spine Claire saw the outer wheels of the bug on the very edge of the road—the edge of a fifty-foot drop. Milt went easily past the halted car—even waved his hand to the waiting driver.

This did not seem to Claire at all like the chase of a thief. She looked casually ahead at Pinky as he whirled round the last curve on the down slope, then —— It was too quick to see what happened. The bug headed directly toward the edge of the road, shot out, went down the embankment, over and over. It lay absurdly upside down, its muffler and brake rods showing in place of the seat and hood.

Milt quite carefully stopped the Gomez. The day was still—just a breathing of running water in the deep gully. The topsy-turvy car below there was equally still; no sight of Pinky, no sound.

The gauche boy gone from him, Milt took her hand, pressed it to his cheek.

"Claire! You're here! You might have gone with him, to make room —— Oh, I was bullying you because I was bullying myself! Trying to make myself tell you—but oh, you know, you know! Can you stand going down there? I hate to have you, but you may be needed."

"Yes, I'll come," she whispered.

Their crawl down the rock-rolling embankment seemed desperately slow.

"Wait here," bade Milt at the bottom.

She looked away from the grotesque car. She had seen that one side of it was crumpled like paper in an impatient hand.

Milt was stooping, looking under; seemed to be saying something. When he came back he did not speak. He wiped his forehead.

"Come. We'll climb back up. Nothing to do now. Guess you better not try to help, anyway. You might not sleep well."

He gave her his hand up the embankment, drove to the nearest house, telephoned to Doctor Beach. Later she waited while Milt and the doctor with two other men were raising the car.

Milt returned to her. "There is one thing for you to do. Before he died Pinky asked me to go get his wife—Dolores, I think it is. She's up in a side cañon, few miles away. She may want a woman round. Beach will take care of—of him. Can you come?"

"Of course! Oh, Milt, I didn't ——"

"I didn't ——"

"—— mean you were a cave man! You're my big brother!"

"—— mean you were a snob!"

xx

THEY drove five miles along the highway, then up a trail where the Gomez brushed the undergrowth on each side as it desperately dug into moss, rain-gutted ruts and loose rocks, all on a vicious slant which seemed to push the car down again. Beside them the mountain woods were sacredly quiet, with fern and lily and green-lit spaces. They came out in a clearing before dusk. Beside the clearing was a brook, with a crude cradle—sign of a not very successful gold miner. Before a log cabin in a sway-sided rocker creaked a tall, white, flabby woman, once nearly beautiful, now rubbed at the edges. She rose, huddling her wrapper about her bosom, as they drove into the clearing and picked their way through stumps and briers.

"Where you folks think you're going?" she whimpered.

"Why, why just ——"

"I cer'nly am glad to see somebody! I been 'most scared to death. Been here alone two weeks now. Got a shotgun, but if anybody come I guess they'd take it away from me. I was brought up nice, no roughhouse or —— Say, did you folks come to see the gold mine?"

"M-mine?" babbled Milt.

"'Course not! Pinky said I was to show it, but I'm so sore on that low-life hound now I swear I won't even take the trouble and lie about it. No more gold in that crick than there is in my eye. Or than there's flour or pork in the house!"

The woman's voice was rising. Her gestures were furious. Claire and Milt stood close, their hands slipping together.

"What d'you think of a man that'd go off and leave a lady without half enough to eat, while he gallivanted round trying to raise money by gambling, when he was offered a good job up here? He's a gambler—told me he was a rich mine owner, but never touched a mine in his life. Lying hound—worst talker in ten counties! Got a gambler's hand on him too—I ought to seen it! Oh, wait till I get hold of him; just wait!"

Claire thought of the still hand—so still—that she had seen under the edge of the upturned car. She tried to speak, while the woman raved on, wrath feeding wrath:

"Thank God, I ain't really his wife! My husband is a fine man—Mr. Kloh. Dolores Kloh, my name is. Mr. Kloh's got a fine job with the mill at North Yakima. Oh, I was a fool! This gambler, Pinky Parrott, he comes along with his elegant ways and

"No one should wantonly choose Discomfort——"

SOME men rave at the closed window, and then solemnly choose clothes that shut out the air.

Some men cast off woolen underwear with the first glint of Spring, only to retain their heavy woolen outer shells through the dog days of July.

Some men fret and fume at the climbing mercury, when it's their choice of attire that makes the day a sticky abomination.

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Wise men are also careful to inquire for the Genuine—and only when they see the trade-marked PALM BEACH label (shown below)—are they completely satisfied.

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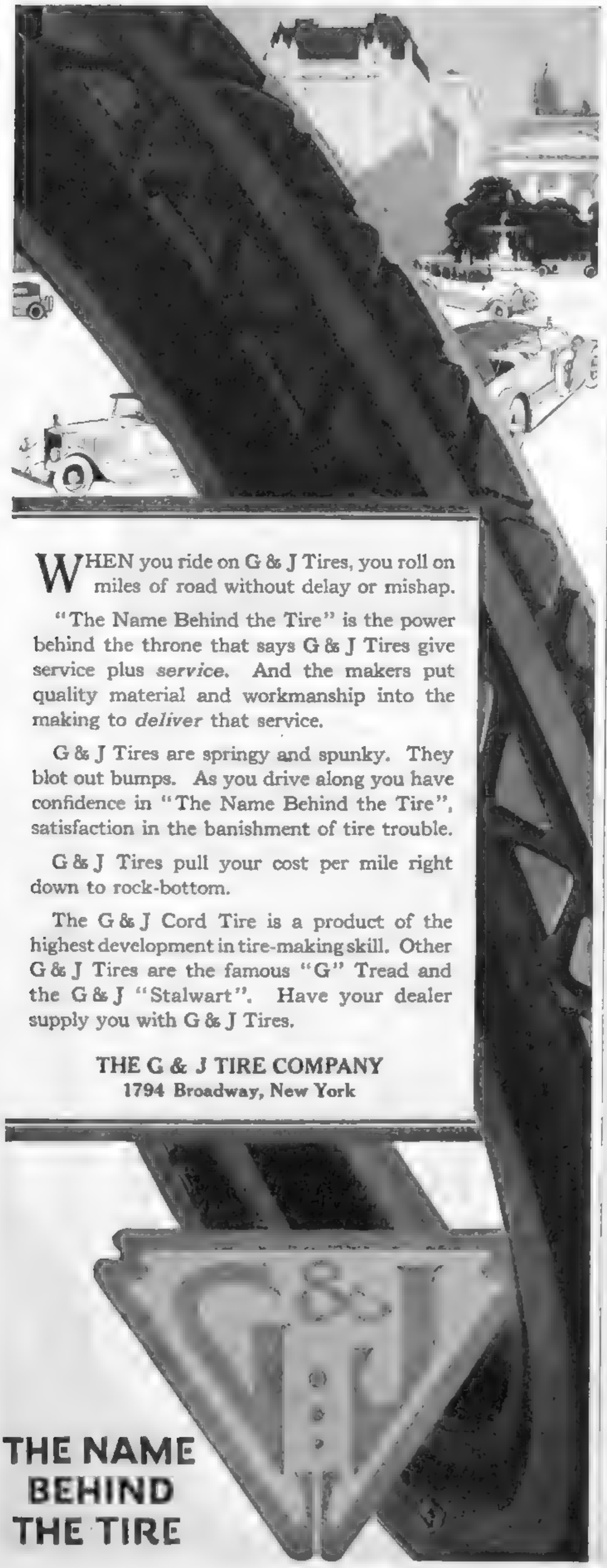

WHEN you ride on G & J Tires, you roll on miles of road without delay or mishap.

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THE NAME BEHIND THE TIRE

he hands me out a swell line of gab, and I up and leaves poor Kloh; and the kid—the nicest kid —— Say, please, could you folks take me wherever you're going? Maybe I could get a job again—used to was a good waitress, and I ain't going to wait here any longer for that lying, cheating, mean-talking ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Kloh, please don't! He's dead!" wailed Claire.

"Dead? Pinky? Oh—my—God! And I won't ever see him; and he was so funny and ——"

She threw herself on the ground; she kicked her heels; she tore at her loosely caught, tarnished blond hair.

Claire knelt by her. "You mustn't! You mustn't! We'll ——"

"Damn you, with your smug-faced husband there, and your fine auto and all, butting into poor folks' troubles!" shrieked Dolores.

Claire stumbled to her feet, stood with her clenched right hand to her trembling lips, cupping it with her nervous left hand. Her shoulders were dejected.

Milt pleaded: "Let's hike out. I don't mind decent honest grease, but this place—look in at the table! Dirty dishes—and gin bottles on the floor!"

"Desert her? When she needs me so?"

Claire started forward, but Milt caught her sleeve, and admired: "You were right! You've got more nerve than I have!"

"No. I wouldn't dare if —— I'm glad you're here with me!"

Claire calmed the woman; bound up her hair; washed her face—which needed it; and sat on the log doorstep holding Dolores' head in her lap while Dolores sobbed: "Pinky—dead! Him that was so lively! And he was so sweet a lover—oh, so sweet. He was a swell fellow; my, he could just make you laugh and cry, the way he talked; and he was so educated, and he played the vi'lin—he could do anything—and athaletic—he would have made me rich. Oh, let me alone. I just want to be alone and think of him. I was so bored with Kloh, and no nice dresses or nothin'; and—I did love the kid, but he squalled so, just all the time, and Pinky come, and he was so funny —— Oh, let me alone!"

Claire shivered then, and the strength seemed to go from the steady arms that had supported Dolores' head. Dusk had sneaked up on them; the clearing was full of swimming grayness, and between the woman's screams the woods crackled.

"Well," Claire sighed at last, "perhaps we'd better go."

"If you go I'll kill myself! Take me to Mr. Kloh! Oh, he was —— My husband, Mr. Kloh. Oh, so good. Only he didn't understand a lady has to have her good times, and Pink danced so well ——"

Dolores sprang up, flung into the cabin, stood in the dimness of the doorway, holding a butcher knife and clamoring: "I will! I'll kill myself if you leave me! Take me down to Mr. Kloh, at North Yakima, to-night!"

Milt sauntered toward her.

"Don't you get flip, young man! I mean it! And I'll kill you ——"

Most unchivalrously, quite out of the picture of gray grief, Milt snapped: "That'll be about enough out of you! Here! Gimme that knife!"

She dropped the knife, sniveling: "Oh, Gawd, somebody's always bullying me! And all I wanted was a good time!"

Claire herded her into the cabin. "We'll take you to your husband—to-night. Come, let's wash up, and I'll help you put on your prettiest dress."

"Honest, will you?" cried the woman, in high spirits, all grief put aside. "I got a dandy China silk dress, and some new white kid shoes! My, Mr. Kloh, he won't hardly know me. He'll take me back. I know how to handle him. That'll be swell, going back in an automobile. And I got a new hair comb, with genuine Peruvian diamonds. Say, you aren't kidding me along?"

In the light of the lantern Milt had kindled, Claire looked questioningly at him. Both of them shrugged. Claire promised: "Yes. To-night. If we can make it."

"And will you jolly Mr. Kloh for me? Gee, I'll be awfully scared of him. I swear I'll wash his dishes and everything. He's a good man. He —— Say, he ain't seen my new parasol, neither!"

XXI

CLAIRE dressed Dolores; cooked a dinner of beet greens, potatoes and trout; and by bullying and great sweetness kept Dolores from too many trips to the gin bottle. Milt caught the trout, cut wood, locked in a log shed Pinky's forlorn mining tools. They started for North Yakima at eight of the evening, with Dolores back in the spare seat, alternately sobbing and to inattentive ears announcing what she'd say to the old hens.

Milt was devoted to persuading the huge cat of a car to tiptoe down the slippery gouged ruts of the road, and Claire's mind was driving with him. Every time he touched the foot brake she could feel the strain in the tendons of her own ankle.

A mile down the main road they stopped at a store post office to telephone back to Mr. Boltwood and Doctor Beach. On the porch was a man in overalls and laced boots. He was lean and quick-moving. As he raised his head and his spectacles flashed Claire caught Milt's arm and gasped: "Oh, my dear, I'm in a beautiful state of nerves! For a moment I thought that was Jeff Saxton. I bet it is his astral body!"

"And you thought he was going to forbid your running away on this fool expedition, and you were scared," chuckled Milt as they sat in the car.

"Of course I was! And I still am! I know what he'll say afterward! He is here, reasoning with me. Oughtn't I to be sensible? Oughtn't I to have you leave me at the Beaches' before you start? Jolly jaunt to take a strange woman to her presumably homicidal husband! Just listen to what Jeff is saying!"

"Of course you ought to go back, and let me drive alone. Absolutely insane, your ——"

"But you would like me to go along, wouldn't you?"

"Like you to? It's our last ride together, and that bloomin' old Browning never thought of a ride together by midnight over the roof of the world! No, it's really our first ride together, and to-morrow—you're gone."

"No, I shan't be gone, but ——"

Addressing herself to the astounded overalled man on the porch she declared: "You're quite right, Jeff. And Milt is wrong. Insane adventure. Only it's wonderful to be young enough to do insane adventures. Falling down abyssy places is so much more interesting than bridge. I'm going—going—going! . . . Milt, you telephone."

"Don't you think you better?"

"No, sir-ree! Father would forbid me. Try not to get him—just tell Doctor Beach where we're going, and hang up and scoot!"

All night they drove; down the Pacific side of Blewett Pass; down the sweeping spirals to a valley. Dolores drowsed in the extra seat. Claire's sleepy head was fantastically swaying. She was awakened by an approaching roar, and as though she sat at a play she watched a big racing machine coming toward them, passing them with two wheels in the ditch. She had only a thunderous glimpse of the stolid driver—a dark, hooded, romantic figure, like a sailor at the helm in a storm.

Milt cried: "Golly! May be a transcontinental racer! Be in New York in five days—going night and day—take mud at fifty an hour—crack mechanic right from the factory—change tires in three minutes—people waiting up all night to give him gasoline and a sandwich! That's my idea of fun!"

Studying Milt's shadowed face Claire considered: "He could do it too. Sitting there at the wheel, taking danger and good road with the same steadiness. Oh, he's—well, anyway, he's a dear boy."

But what she said was: "Less dramatic things for you now, Milt. Trigonometry is going to be your idea of fun; blue prints and engineering books."

"Yes, I know. I'm going to do it. Do four years' work in three—or two. I'll tack pages of formulas on the wall, in my bum hall room, and study 'em while I'm shaving. Oh, I'll be the grind! But learn to dance the fox-trot, though! If America goes into the war I'll get into the engineering corps, and come back to school afterward."

"Will the finances ——"

"I'll sell my garage, by mail. Rauskukle will take it. He won't rob me of more than a thousand dollars on price."

"You're going to love Seattle. And we'll have some good tramps while I'm there, you and I."

"Honestly? Will you want to?"

"Do you suppose for one second I'd give up my feeling of free air? If you don't come

(Continued on Page 145)

Remington UMC

News Indeed for the Young Man and his .22

Individual Shooters Recognized by N. R. A.—No need to join a Club

EVERY young American who owns a .22 will be glad of this new ruling by the National Rifle Association.

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LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT

(Continued from Page 142)

and get me I'll call on you and make you come!"

"Warn you I'll probably be living over some beanery."

"Probably. With dirty steps leading up to it. I'll sweep the steps. I can do things, can't I? I did manage Dolores, didn't I?"

He was murmuring "Claire, dear!" when she changed her tone to the echo of Brooklyn Heights, and hurried on, "You do understand, don't you! We'll be—uh—good friends."

"Yes." He drove with much speed and silence.

Though they were devouring the dark road, though roadside rocks caught by the headlights seemed to fly up at them, though they went on forever, chased by a nightmare, Claire snuggled down in security. Her head drooped against his shoulder. He put his arm about her, his hand about her waist. She sleepily wondered if she ought to let him. She heard herself muttering, "Sorry I was so rude when you were so rude," and her chilly cheek discovered that the smooth-worn shoulder of his old blue coat was warm, and she wondered some more about the questions of waists and hands and—she was asleep.

She awoke, bewildered to find that dawn was slipping into the air. While she had slept Milt had taken his arm from about her and fished out a lap robe for her. Behind them Dolores was slumbering, with her soft mouth wide open. Claire felt the luxury of the pocket of warmth under the lap robe; she comfortably stretched her legs while she pictured Milt driving on all the night—rigid, tireless, impersonal as the engineer of a night express.

They came into North Yakima at breakfast time, and found the house of Mr. Kloh—a neat, bare, drab frame box, with tight small front and back yards. Dolores was awake, and when she wasn't yawning she was enjoying being hysterical.

"Miss Boltwood," she whined, "you go in and jolly him up."

Milt begged, "Better let me do it, Claire."

They looked squarely at each other. "No, I think I'd better," she decided.

"Right, Claire, but—I wish I could do more things for you."

"I know!"

He lifted her stiff, cold little body from the car. His hands under her arms he held her on the running board an instant, her eyes level with his. "Little sister—plucky little sister!" he sighed. He lowered her to the ground.

Claire knocked at the back door. To it came a bald, tired man, in an apron wet at the knees. The kitchen floor was soaped, and a scrubbing brush rode amid the seas. A rather dirty child clung to his hand.

"Trying to clean up, ma'am. Not very good at it. I hope you ain't the Cruelty to Children lady. Willy looks mussed, but fact is I just can't get time to wash the clothes, but he means a terrible lot to me. What was it? Will you step in?"

Claire buttoned the child's rompers before she spoke. Then:

"Mr. Kloh, I want to be perfectly honest with you: I've had word from your wife. She's unhappy, and she loves and admires you more than any other man in the world, and I think she would come back—misses the child so."

The man wiped his reddened hands. "I don't know—I don't wish her no harm. Trouble was, I'm kind of poky. I guess I couldn't give her any good times. I used to try to go to dances with her, but when I'd worked late I'd get sleepy and —— She's a beautiful woman, smart's a whip, and I guess I was too slow for her. No, she wouldn't never come back to me."

"She's out in front of the house now—waiting!"

"Great Cæsar's ghost, and the floor not scrubbed!" With a squawk of anxiety he leaped on the scrubbing brush, and when Milt and Dolores appeared at the door Mr. Kloh and Miss Claire Boltwood were mopping up the kitchen floor.

Dolores looked at them, arms akimbo, and sighed: "Hello, Johnny. My, ain't it nice to be back! Oh, you had the sink painted! Oh, forgive me, Johnny, I was a bad, ungrateful woman. I don't care if you don't never take me to no more dances—hardly any. Willy, come here, dear. Oh, he is such a sweet child! Will you forgive me, Johnny? Is my overcoat in the moth balls?"

When Mr. Kloh had gone off to the mill—thrice returning from the gate to kiss Dolores and to thank her rescuers—Claire sat down and yawningly lashed off every inch of Dolores' fair white skin.

"You're at it already! Taking advantage of that good man's forgiveness, and getting lofty with him, and rather admiring yourself as a spectacular sinner. You are a lazy, ignorant, not very clean woman, and if you succeed in making Mr. Kloh and Willy happy it will be almost too big a job for you. Now if I come back from Seattle and find you misbehaving again ——"

Dolores broke down. "You won't, miss! And I will raise chickens, like he wanted; honest I will!"

"Then you may let me have a room to take a nap in, and perhaps Mr. Daggett could sleep in here on the sofa, and we'll get rested before we start back."

Both Milt and Dolores meekly followed the boss.

XXII

IT WAS almost dark when Milt and Claire woke, and discovered that Dolores had prepared for them scrambled eggs and store celery, served on an almost clean tablecloth. Mr. Kloh returned, and while Dolores sat on his lap in the living room and repeated that she had been a "bad, naughty, 'ittle dirl—what did the fellows say at the mill?" Milt and Claire sat dumpily on the back porch regarding scenery which featured seven tin cans, a broken patent washing machine and a rheumatic pear tree.

"I suppose we ought to start. Another night drive!" groaned Claire.

"I have about as much nerve as a rabbit, and as much punch as a bale of hay," Milt admitted.

"We're like two children that have been playing too long."

"But don't want to go home!"

"Quite! Though I don't think much of your idea of a playhouse—those tin cans. But it's better than having to be grown-up."

In the midst of which chatter they realized that Mr. Henry B. Boltwood and Dr. Hooker Beach had come round the corner of the house and were gaping at them.

"I must say that you two have chosen a fine pastoral scene!" observed Mr. Boltwood.

"H-h-how did you get here?" gasped Claire.

"Auto bus over Blewett Pass, train here from Ellensburg. That woman—everything all right?"

"Yes, everything's fine. We were just starting back, sir," implored Milt.

"Huh!"

"Awfully sorry, sir, to take Claire on such a hike ——"

"I don't blame you particularly. When that young woman gets an idea into her head the rest of us are pawns. Why, even me—she's dragged me all over the Rocky Mountains. And I will admit, Claire, that it's been good for me. But I begin to feel human again, and I think it's about time I took charge. We'll catch the evening train for Seattle. The trip has been extremely interesting, but I think perhaps we'll call it enough. Daggett, want to get you to drive the Gomez on to Seattle. Beach tells me your car is completely wrecked. Lose any money in it?"

"No, sir. Had my roll in my pocket. I'll have to go back to the bug and get some clothes out of it though."

"Well, then, will you drive my car in? Charge me anywhere up to one hundred dollars, if you want to."

"I'd rather not."

"It's a perfectly honest job—I'd do it, too quick! Or if your confounded pride won't let you charge anything bring the car on anyway. Come, Dolly, I have a jitney here—please observe my graceful use of 'jitney'—and I have the bags. We'll hustle to the station now. Seattle train in half an hour. No! No arguments, chick!"

On the station platform Claire and Milt were under the surveillance of Mr. Boltwood, who was extremely irritable, as every two minutes the train was reported to be two minutes later. They tramped up and down, speaking in lowered voices, very meek, but in their joint naughtiness very intimate.

"That was a nice place to end a transcontinental drive—in the back yard of Mr. Johnny Kloh, with an unrestricted view of tin cans!" lamented Claire.

"Still, your drive didn't end at Kloh's; it ended way up in the mountains."

Mr. Boltwood bumbled down on them: "Another minute late! Like to know what the matter is!"

"Yes, father!"

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Good Luck and Good Health Often Go Hand in Hand

IF a man is healthy his outlook on life is hopeful and courageous. No work is too hard, no effort too great for him to undertake. And endowed with this spirit, the will to do—which never reaches its highest expression except in the healthy—fortunate individuals go forth and win the successes the unthinking call "good luck."

The person whose digestion is impaired, even in the mildest degree, is far from healthy. A sense of fullness after eating, with the other disagreeable symptoms that are inevitable from the slightest attacks of indigestion, is bound to cause a man to lose some part of his optimism and self-confidence. When some big chance arises, he is apt to hesitate and question his ability to fill it. In this way, lack of a good digestion has robbed many a man of success.

If men and women will only pay more attention to their diet, eat more rationally, and make a practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after each meal, they will be gratified at the beneficial effect on their digestion.

D. C. Beeman

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When Mr. Boltwood's impatiently waiting back was turned Claire gripped Milt's hand and whispered to him: "You see, I'm captured! I thought I was father's lord and chauffeur, but he sniffs the smoke of the ticker. In his mind he's already back in the office, running things. He'll probably turn me over to Jeff, for disciplining! You won't let them change me back into a pink face, will you? Come to tea at the Gilsons' just as soon as you reach Seattle."

"Tea? Now we're so near your Gilsons I begin to get scared. Wouldn't know what to do. Gee, I've heard you have to balance a teacup and a sandwich and a hunk o' cake and a lot of conversation all at once! I'd spill the tea, and drop crumbs, and probably have the butler set on me."

"You will not! And if you did—can't you see?—it wouldn't matter! It just wouldn't matter!"

"Honestly? Claire dear, do you know why I came on this trip? In Schoenstrom I heard you say you were going to Seattle. That moment I decided I would too; and get acquainted with you if murder would do it. But, oh, I'm clumsy."

"You've seen me clumsy, in driving. You taught me to get over it. Perhaps I can teach you some things. And we'll study—together—evenings! I'm a thoroughly ignorant parasite woman. Make me become real! A real woman!"

"Dear—dear ——"

Mr. Boltwood loomed on them. "The train's coming at last. We'll have a decent sleep in a hotel in Seattle." He departed.

"Terribly glad your father keeps coming down on us, because it scares me so I get desperate," said Milt. "Golly, I think I can hear the train! I—uh—Claire, Claire dear ——"

"Milt, are you proposing to me? Please hurry, because that is the train. Isn't it absurd—some day you'll have to propose all over again formally, for the benefit of people like father, when you and I already know we're partners! We've done things together, not just danced together! When you're an engineer you'll call me; and I'll come a-running up to Alaska. And sometimes you'll come with me to Brooklyn—we'll be a couple of bombs and —— There's the train's headlight. How huge it is. Oh, playmate, hurry with your engineering course! Hurry, hurry, hurry! Because when it's done, then —— Whither thou goest, there I go also! And you did bully me; you did, you did, and I like it, and—— Yes, father, the bags are right here. . . . Telephone me, minute you reach Seattle, dear, and we'll have a private lesson in balancing teacups —— Yes, father, I have the tickets. . . . So glad, dear, the trip smashed up like this—shocked me into reality—made me realize been with you every hour since I dismissed you, back in Dakota, and you looked at me—big hurt eyes, like child, and —— Yes, father, Pullmans at the back. Yes, I'm coming!"

"W-wait! D-did you know I was going to propose?"

"Yes! Ever since the Yellowstone. Been trying to think of a nice way to refuse you. But there isn't any way. You're like Pinky—can't get rid of you—have to adopt you. Besides, I've found out ——"

"You love me?"

"I don't know! How can I tell? But I do like to drive with my head on your shoulder and —— Yes, father, Lower Two and Four in Car Two-twenty-two, ye-es, coming!"

XXIII

THE door of the compartment near Claire's seat in the Pullman was open. Claire did not realize that she was staring at it, because in utter panic she was thinking: "I'm mad! Insane! Pledging myself to this boy before I know whether he will turn out well. Will he learn anything besides engineering? I know it—I do want to stroke his cheek; but shall I hate him when I see him with nice people? Can I take him to my friends? I was mad—all wrought up by that idiotic chase!"

Thus she panted while she stood waiting for the porter to stow away her bag. She discovered that she was looking into the open compartment; looking at a smart silver-mounted seal bag, at golf sticks, at a woman's tan boots, terrifically trim and tight over the arch; at last dizzily discovered that these boots belonged to her friend Frances Goring, of Brooklyn Heights. And with Fanny Goring was young Alden Stamm, of Brooklyn Heights—son of Stamm, of Stamm, Bronson & Kites, who are the champagne among lawyers, and extremely *see*

The inhabitants of the Pullman turned with interest, during kisses, pattings of arms, and a cry of: "Yes, had wonderful drive! . . . And you two are married? Really? . . . Oh, what fun! . . . And you're going to Japan? . . . Oh, I do envy you so! Marry me, too, won't you, Alden? Oh, Fanny, Fanny, you don't know how good it feels to be back on the Heights with you!"

The thought of Milt Daggett, a solemn young man in an inferior sweater, standing on the platform in a melancholy sunset light, waving to her as the train pulled out, had vanished. With desperate shame Claire found that she could not even mention him to these friends who took it for granted that all persons who did not live in large houses and play good games of bridge were either queer or common. She tried to wriggle out from under the thought of Milt while, with Fanny and Alden as the perfect audience, she made much of the perils of wayfaring and the funny people she had met.

For quite ten minutes Claire was sure that life would be intolerable without the well-fed respect of all people like these neighbors of hers.

The conversation was pyrotechnic. Then the sparks vanished, and what had been portraits in fire became bunches of gray wires, and the conversation settled down to personalities. But she was still certain that her purpose in life was to keep Fanny and Alden from thinking that she could possibly be queer.

Hidden within her was a quaking unhappiness as she bubbled: "Oh, do tell me about everybody at home! I just can't wait to see them. What's happened to Amy Dorrance?"

"Why, I don't think anything's happened," said the new Mrs. Stamm. "You know I love Amy, and wouldn't say a word against her, but just between you and me, don't you think she's awfully dull, Claire darling? She and I did have a nice party one afternoon, though. We went to lunch at the Blitz, and a matinée, and tea, and we saw such an interesting man—Alden is quite jealous—I'm sure he was a violinist."

"Yes, yes," responded Claire, not very enthusiastically. "What has George Worlicht been doing?"

"Oh, don't you think Georgie is wonderful? You know, he almost won the tennis cup at Cape May."

"Yes. Georgie is always winning cups—almost! . . . Have Stamm, Stamm, Bronson & Kites been doing anything exciting, Alden?"

"Exciting?" said Alden Stamm incredulously. "Why, how do you mean? Oh, I see. Well, personally I've been working on the Dry Creek Coal case. Involves a lot of interesting points in torts. But you wouldn't be interested."

"Of course not. You don't ever bore the little bride with your horrid headachy cases, do you, Alden?" cooed Claire with low cunning.

"Indeed I do not! Don't think a chap ought to inflict his business on his wife. The home should be peaceful. I tell you, Claire, I'm just realizing what a lucky dog I was to get an angel like Frankie. Evenings we're going to read aloud, if we don't have a hand of cards or trot out to a show."

"Yes," said Claire. "Yes. Well, my respective dears, I'll be in later. I must go see how the parent is."

She did not go to the parent. She went to the vestibule. She stood in that cold, swaying, darkling place, that was filled with the smell of rubber and metal and grease, with a thunderous clash of steel on steel; she tried to look out into the fleeing darkness; and she talked aloud:

"Milt dear, what worries me now is how I can ever take the 'nice people' to you. You'll find them so stodgy, so everlastingly dull! I'm spoiled for cut-glass-and-velvet afternoons. I want to be hiking—driving—living!"

At the next station the porter, galvanized by an extraordinary tip, put on the wire a telegram to Mr. Milton Daggett, care of Doctor Beach, and that telegram asserted:

"Hope this reaches you. Have decided not teach you drink tea; you teach me drink whatever we can get, Alaska mountains. Would hate peaceful evening and hand of cards. Come quick so we can scrap and make up. CLAIRE."

(THE END)

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LIVING THE LIFE OF REILLY

(Continued from Page 36)

Besides, the war is over and you want to go home. We have to remind you that you are under orders, that we've got the bulge on you, that you aren't heroes at all but soldiers drawing $7.50 per and board.' They pile it on by making us do drill and details and by putting us through these reviews that the staff officers are so keen on. Now and then they have maneuvers, and the officers burn up oodles of gasoline and look important over these mock engagements that would make a horse laugh.

"Living the life of Reilly, you ask? We'll do that just one time in this existence, and that will be the first week we're home."

They may reproach me for saying so, but to my mind the persons who were really living the life of Reilly were the newspaper correspondents in the city of Coblenz. They called themselves the Raspberry Club, and they lived by the Rhine in a comfortable hotel named, as I recollect, the Riesen-Fürsterhof, in which, it was said, the Kaiser used to have rooms in those days when he was the Kaiser. They had their own dining room, where they had army mess and were served by as fine a detail of soldiers as I ever saw. They had a big writing room, where they composed the lucubrations that enlightened the world at home; and a big reception room, where they repaired about four o'clock in the afternoon and where I have heard most scintillating talk.

Not all of them were there when I spent a scant two weeks with them—the most joyful of my stay in Germany. Maj. Bozeman Bulger was the chief. He was of the famous 77th. But he was hurt and was transferred to the head of the press censorship, where he ate his heart out longing to get back to his regiment. Under him was Capt. Gerald Morgan, who reported so brilliantly the Russo-Japanese War. His duty it was to read and censor all the war material. Sometimes I would hear bitter strife—some of it play acting—when the correspondents were trying to argue him into letting pass some morsel that would have delighted the American public but would have roused the wrath of the military staff.

Real People to Play With

There was Capt. Robert Corrigan, in charge of the mess, a delightful young man who heard me say "Still and all," and shook hands silently—our way of recognizing the beloved Irish strain in us. He had been gassed and spoke huskily, alluding to his "whisky tenor." A bright lad, who said he was a captain without the consent of his parents. When I first beheld him he was grousing about a colonel who had been examining him for promotion, and who had been asking him if he knew what a boxed elbow was.

"He darn near bit me anyhow!" said Captain Corrigan. "He did, you know."

He had a little way of saying "I did, you know," that was very attractive. He also liked to give a thrust here and there at the army of the National Guard; from which, I judge, he belonged to the Regular Army.

"The Regular Army," he said in a tone of deep sarcasm, "is full of roughnecks and bums, but the National Guard consists of the bright young heroes that sprang to the rescue of their country in distress."

Assisting Captain Corrigan with the mess was Lieutenant Ifft, also an earnest worker. I did not see much of him, but I remember one of his remarks.

"Tell me anything about a woman," said he, "and you have an audience, admiring, eager and credulous."

Another captain was Louis Graves, who escorted the correspondents who went to Cologne or Wiesbaden or Mainz. Sometimes he took us across the Rhine. He had been a newspaper man. He was also a kindly, tactful diplomat, the very best person possible to conduct Americans into the English and French territory.

There was Lieut. Arthur John Delaney, and why we were officered by him I forget. I think he had something to do with the provost-marshal work, and I am certain that he was a joy forever. He called himself a memorandum-receipt husband because he had been married just six days when he had to go overseas. Humor rose from him like ripples on a spring. The first time I met him he looked very serious. A big corporal had been drinking all the afternoon with the second cook, but had suddenly decided to kill him. Meanwhile, until he could get at him he was holding up the German janitor with a cocked, loaded revolver and inviting him to dance, while the German waiters peered out from under the tables.

"I'll kill you at twelve," the corporal said. "But meanwhile I'll keep you moving."

Lieutenant Delaney prophesied a court-martial and a severe sentence for the corporal. Then his face broke into a delightful smile, and he began to tell a story of a captain who was unaccustomed to wine and whom he had taken forth the night before to walk off the fumes of much Moselle. The captain was eager to find the railroad station and would stop approaching Germans to ask.

"Wo ist der railway station?"

Sometimes a German would reply in English: "A block this way and turn to the right, Herr Captain."

To which the captain would return in dignified reproach: "You must reply to me in German. You're German. You mustn't speak English. Go down that street and report to the P. M. You're under arrest."

Susie the Man-Hater

Then there were the correspondents—whom I won't describe in detail, because they were not officers but merely human beings—Damon Runyon and Otto Higgins and Park Brown and Edwin James and Webb Miller and Junius Wood and Messrs. McPhail and Howe and Ford and two or three others, all excellent writers and likable human beings.

The relaxation of the Razz Club consisted of conversation, poker and crap shooting. The craps, however, was cut out because of the necessity of setting a good example to the officers. Somebody whispered the story of a captain who had actually wallowed as he threw dice! Civilians must keep an eye on the manners of the Army. The clubroom was full of notices bearing on the conduct of members and guests, which meant that either our standards were very high or our suspicions keen—or both. Visitors liked to come to that Razz room. We had great generals and great magnates, and then just real people like Will Irwin and Fred Howe. Once a magnate, unbelievably rich, sat down to our humble board and afterward played poker! He did his best to lose, but he won four hundred marks; and then Damon Runyon said sepulchrally: "To him that hath shall be given."

Damon Runyon was another humorist. They said he was at his best at three A. M., at which hour I was never up. When I saw him first he was making bitter remarks about a general who had commanded the press correspondents to approach him at nine the next morning. This command would interfere with sleep. Nine A. M. was the shank of the evening to Damon Runyon.

"These generals," he said—"ordinarily they don't know we're alive, but if they want an impression to be given to the public—then it's 'What, ho! The boys!'"

He was also at his best, however, when he was putting Susie through her paces. Susie was one of the three chambermaids who took particular care of the press correspondents—Susie and Erma and a French Alsatian girl whom none of us liked, who had traveled to the Rhineland in company with a French soldier. But Susie and Erma were respectable and rather winning people, especially Susie. To me they both said that they no longer considered the Rhineland as Germany since the Americans occupied it, and still they liked the Americans.

Susie was a little creature who might have been good-looking if she had been properly dressed and who talked faster than anyone I have ever heard. That she could get out the guttural German language at such a rate was nothing short of a miracle. When she got really going it took Otto Higgins and two other correspondents who spoke German really well to translate her for the others.

Susie had two great beliefs—that men were tyrants and that Germany was invincible. On these two points she and

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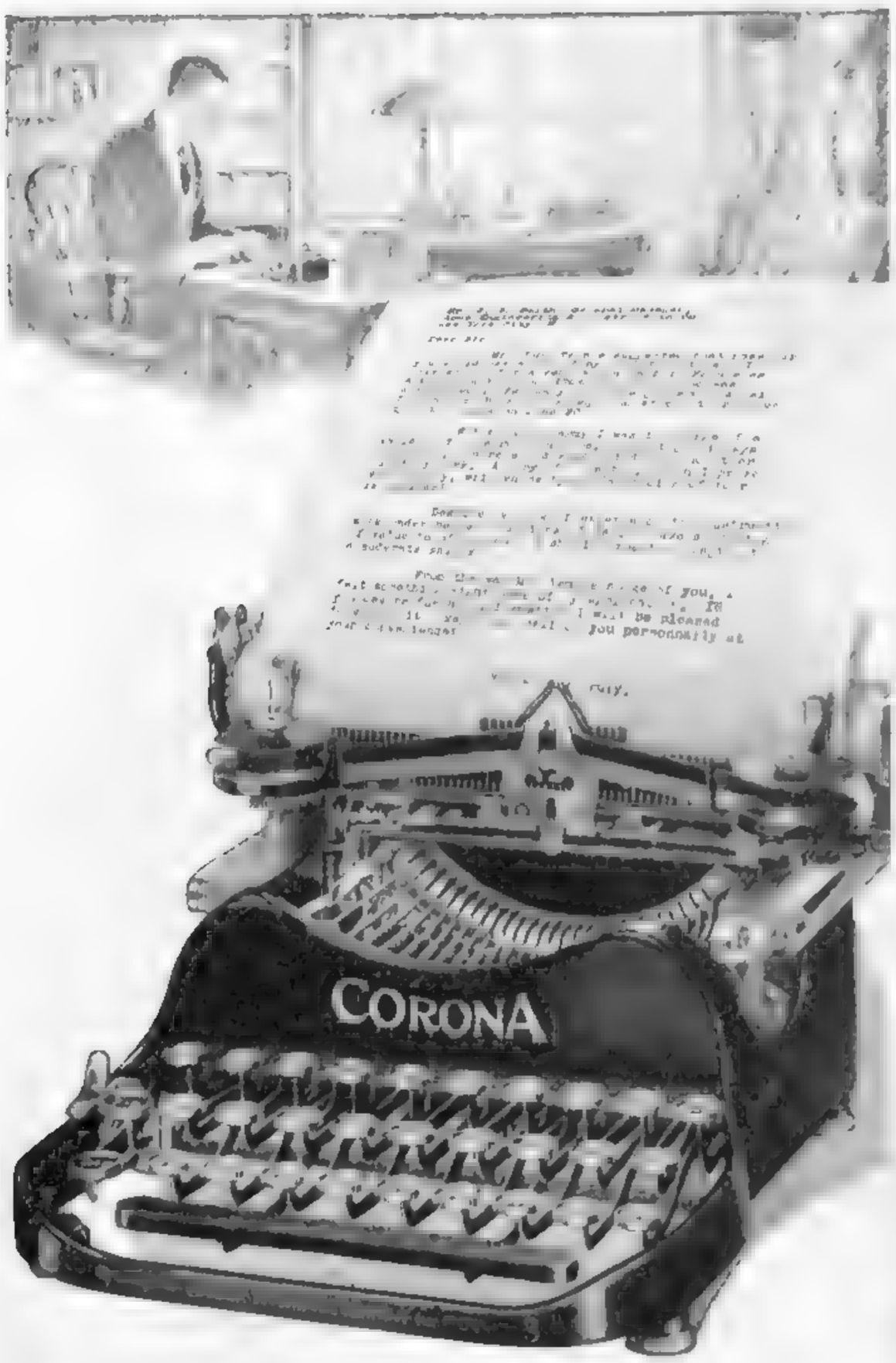

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fold it up-take it with you-typewrite anywhere

Damon Runyon had long discussions. As he knew no German and she knew no English I don't see how they understood each other, but they seemed to.

"Susie," he would say, "Gott is nicht mit the Germans."

"God is with us!" Susie would reply rapidly. "Have we not prayed more than any other nation?"

"Sure, Gott is nicht mit sie. If he was mit sie, do you suppose he would have turned so many American correspondents loose upon sie?"

Sometimes those correspondents acted like important writers or officers or statesmen, and sometimes they acted like schoolboys. Now and then I have heard two of them make remarks to each other of such a nature that if two women had said them they would never have spoken together again; and yet next morning the two men would be amiably passing each other the butter and the condensed milk.

The end of a perfect day was sometimes the remark: "I've a mind to hit that fellow a clip on the jaw."

But the beginning of the next day would be: "Well, old top, what's on your program for the morning?"

It was my chief delight to wander from group to group and hear such detached remarks as these:

"Let me loose for an hour with a butcher knife in that Mexican church full of paintings and I'll promise never to come back to Mexico."

"They're ripe for a row. I'm going to take a ring-side seat and egg 'em on."

"She asked him to take care of a white woolly dog with a black head and he came back a raving nut."

"He makes a speech every time he sees you. All he needs is a table and a glass of water."

"His wife has come and he is more querulous than ever."

"He makes favors and then he coppers them."

Stirring days those were up in Coblenz. It used often to be proved by such remarks as:

"I don't know what I'll do when I have to report to a newspaper office at the same old hour every morning."

"I know darn well I am going to look back on this time and say: 'What was the matter with me that I didn't know what a good time I was having!'"

Yes, take it by and large, and fore and aft, and from the beginning of the war to the end, newspaper correspondents, in spite of hard and conscientious work, were more than anyone else really living the life of Reilly.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 20)

Tempus fugit! I used to read Thackeray's Paris Sketches with a kind of awe. The Thirties and the Forties, reincarnated and inspired by his glowing spirit, seemed clad in translucent garments, like the figures in the Nibelungenlied, weird, remote, glorified. I once lived in the street "for which no rhyme our language yields," next door to a pastry shop that claimed to have furnished the *mise en scene* for the Ballad of Bouillabaisse, and I often followed the trail of Louis Dominique Cartouche "down that lonely and crooked byway that, setting forth from a palace yard, led finally to the rear gate of a den of thieves." Ah, well-a-day! I have known my Paris now twice as long as Thackeray knew his Paris, and my Paris has been as interesting as his Paris, for it includes the Empire, the Siege and the Republic.

I knew and sat for months at table with Comtesse Walewska, widow of the bastard son of Napoleon Bonaparte. The Duc de Morny was rather a person in his way, and Gambetta was no slouch, as Titmarsh would himself agree. The Mexican scheme, which was going to make every Frenchman rich, was even more picturesque and tragical than the Mississippi Bubble. There were lively times round about the last of the Sixties and the early Seventies. The Terror lasted longer, but it was not much more lurid than the Commune; the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries in flames, the column gone from the Place Vendôme, when I got there just after the siege. The regions of the beautiful opera house and of the venerable Notre Dame they had told me were but yesterday running streams of blood. At the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Daunou—they called it then the Rue St.-Augustine—thirty men, women and boys were one forenoon stood against the wall and shot, volley upon volley, to death. In the sacristy of the cathedral over against the morgue and the Hôtel Dieu they exhibit the gore-stained vestments of three archbishops of Paris murdered within as many decades.

IV

THACKERAY came to Paris when a very young man. He was for painting pictures, not for writing books, and he retained his artistic yearnings if not ambitions long after he had become a great and famous man of letters. It was in Paris that he married his wife, and in Paris that the melancholy finale came to pass—one of the most heartbreaking chapters in literary history.

His little girls lived here with their grandparents. The elder of them relates how she was once taken up some flights of stairs by the Countess X—— to the apartment of a frail young man to whom the countess was carrying a basket of fruit; and how the frail young man insisted, against the protest of the countess, upon sitting at the piano and playing, and of how they came out again, the eyes of the countess streaming with tears, and of her saying, as they drove away: "Never, never forget, my child, as long as you live, that you have heard Chopin play." It was in one of the lubberly houses of the Place Vendôme that the poet of the keyboard died a few days later. Just round the corner, in the Rue du Mont Thabor, died Alfred de Musset. A brass plate marks the house. They were twin victims of the vampire, George Sand.

May I not here transcribe that verse of the famous Ballad of Bouillabaisse, which I have never been able to recite or read aloud, and part of which I may at length take to myself?

Ah me, how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone—
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to hear me,
There's no one now to share my cup.

The writer of these lines a cynic! Nonsense! When will the world learn to discriminate?

V

IT IS impossible to speak of Paris without giving a foremost place in the memorial retrospect to the Bois de Boulogne, the Parisian's Coney Island. I recall that I passed the final Sunday of my last Parisian sojourn just before the outbreak of the world war with a joyous family party in the joyous old Common. There is none like it in the world, uniting the urban to the rural with such surpassing grace as perpetually to convey a double sensation of pleasure; primal in its simplicity, superb in its setting; in the variety and brilliancy of the life which, upon sunny afternoons, takes possession of it and makes it a cross between a parade and a paradise.

There was a time when, rather far away for foot travel, the Bois might be considered a driving park for the rich. It fairly blazed with the ostentatious splendor of the Second Empire; the shoddy duke with his shady retinue, in coach and four; the world-famous courtesan, bedizened with costly jewels and quite as well known as the Empress; the favorites of the Tuileries, the Comédie Française, the Opéra, the Jardin Mabille, forming an unceasing and dazzling line of many-sided frivolity from the Porte de Ville to the Porte St. Cloud, circling round La Bagatelle and ranging about the Café Cascade, a human tiara of diamonds, a moving bouquet of laces and rubies, of silks and satins and emeralds and sapphires. Those were the days when the Duc de Morny, half if not full brother of the Emperor, ruled as king of the Bourse, and Cora Pearl, a clever and not at all good-looking Irish girl, gone wrong, reigned as queen of the demimonde.

All this went by the board years ago. Everywhere, more or less, electricity has obliterated distinctions of rank and wealth. It has circumvented lovers and annihilated distances. The republic ousted the bogus

(Concluded on Page 153)

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(Concluded from Page 150)

nobility. The subways and the tram cars connect the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes so closely that the poorest may make himself at home in either or both.

The automobile, too, oddly enough, is proving a very leveler. The crowd recognizes nobody amid the hurly-burly of coupés, pony carts and taxicabs, each trying to pass the other. The conglomeration of personalities effaces the identity alike of the statesman and the artist, the savant and the Cyprian.

No six-inch rules hedge the shade of the trees and limit the glory of the grass. The *ouvrier* can bring his brood and his basket and have his picnic where he pleases.

The pastry cook and his *chère amie*, the *coiffeur* and his *grisette* can spoon by the lakeside as long as the moonlight lasts, and longer if they list, with never a gendarme to say them nay or a rude voice out of the depths hoarsely to declaim "*Allez!*"

The Bois de Boulogne is literally and absolutely a playground, the playground of the people, and this last Sunday of mine not fewer than half a million of Parisians were making it their own.

Half of these encircled the Longchamp race course. The other half were shared by the boats upon the lagoons and the bosky dells under the summer sky, and the cafés and the restaurants with which the Bois abounds. Our party having exhausted the humors of the drive repaired to Pré Catalan.

Aside from the "two old brides," who are always in evidence on such occasions, there was a veritable young couple, exceeding pretty to look at, and delightfully in love!

That sort of thing is not so uncommon in Paris as cynics affect to think.

If it be true, as the witty Frenchman observes, that "gambling is the recreation of gentlemen and the passion of fools," it is equally true that love is a game where every player wins if he sticks to it and is loyal to it. Just as credit is the foundation of business is love both the asset and the trade-mark of happiness.

To see it is to believe it, and—though a little cash in hand is needful to both where either is wanting, look out for sheriffs and scandals.

Pré Catalan, once a pasture for cows with a pretty kiosk for the sale of milk, has latterly had a tearoom big enough to seat a thousand, not counting the groves, which I have seen grow up about it, thickly dotted with booths and tables, where some thousands more may regale themselves. That Sunday it was never so glowing with animation and color. As it makes one happy to see others happy it makes one adore his own land to witness that which makes other lands great.

I have not loved Paris as a Parisian, but as an American; perhaps it is a stretch of words to say I love Paris at all. I used to love to go there and to behold the majesty of France.

I have always liked to mark the startling contrasts of light and shade. I have always known what all the world now knows, that beneath the gayety of the French there burns a patriotic and consuming fire, a high sense of public honor, a fine spirit of self-sacrifice along with maybe the sometimes too aggressive spirit of freedom.

In 1873 I saw them two blocks long and three files deep upon the Rue St.-Honoré press up to the Bank of France, old women and old men with their little all tied in handkerchiefs and stockings to take up the tribute required by Bismarck to rid the soil of the detested German. They did it. Alone they did it—the French people—the hard-working, frugal, loyal commonalty of France—without asking the loan of a sou from the world outside.

VI

WRITING of that last Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne I find by recurring to the record that I said: "There is a deal more of good than bad in every nation. I take off my hat to the French. But I have had my fling and I am quite ready to go home. Even amid the gayety and the glare, the splendor of color and light, the Hungarian band wafting to the greenery and the stars the strains of the delicious waltz, La Veuve Joyeuse her very self—yea, many of her—tapping the time at many adjacent tables, the song that fills my heart is Hame, Hame, Hame—Hame to My Ain Countrie. Yet, to come again, d'ye mind? I should be loath to say good-by forever to the Bois de Boulogne. I want to come back to Paris. I always want to come back to Paris. One needs not to make an apology or give a reason. We turn rather sadly away from Pré Catalan and the Café Cascade. We glide adown the flower-bordered path and out from the clusters of Chinese lanterns, and leave the twinkling groves to their music and merrymaking. Yonder behind us, like a sentinel, rises Mont-Valérien. Before us glimmer the lamps of uncountable coaches, as our own, veering toward the city, the moon just topping the tower of St. Jacque de la Boucherie and silver-plating the bronze figures upon the Arch of Stars.

"We enter the Port Maillot. We turn into the Avenue du Bois. Presently we shall sweep with the rest through the Champs-Elysées and on to the ocean of the infinite, the heart of the mystery we call Life, nowhere so condensed, so palpable, so appealing. Roll the screen away! The shades of Clovis and Geneviève may be seen hand in hand with the shades of Martel and Pepin, taking the round of the ghost walk between St.-Denis and St.-Germain; now Le Balafré and again Navarre; now the assassins of the Ligue and now the assassins of the Terror, to keep them company.

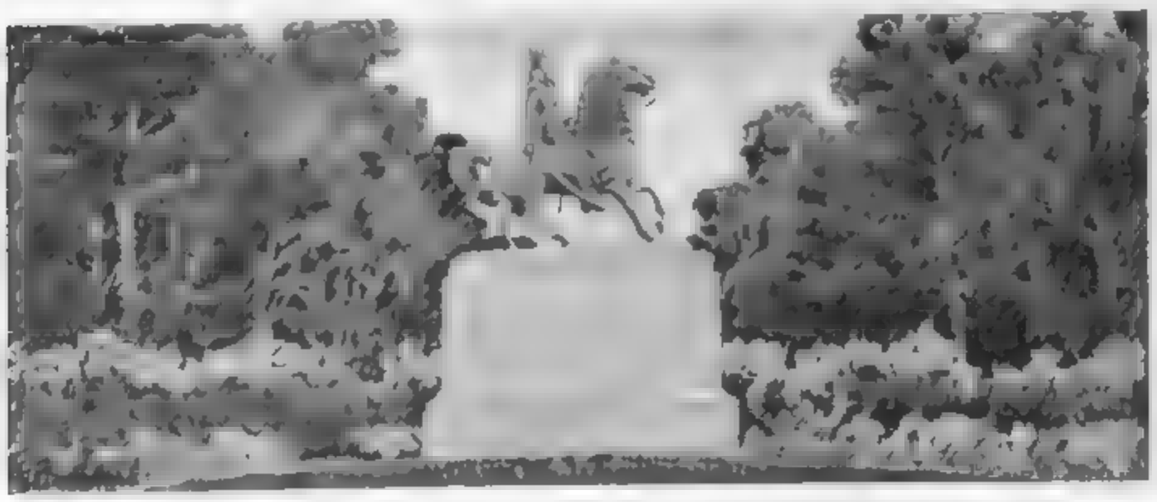
"Nor yet quite all on murder bent, some on pleasure; the Knights and Ladies of the Cloth of Gold and the hosts of the Renaissance; Cyrano de Bergerac and François Villon leading the ragamuffin procession; the jades of the Fronde, Longueville, Chevreuse and fair-haired Anne of Austria; and Ninon, too, and Manon; and the never-to-be-forgotten Four, 'one for all and all for one'; Cagliostro and Monte Cristo, on the side; Rabelais taking notes and laughing under his cowl; Catharine de' Medici and Robespierre, slinking away, poor, guilty things into the pale twilight of the dawn!

"Names! Names! Only names? I am not just so sure about that. In any event, what a roll call! We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by a sleep: the selfsame sleep which these, our living dead men and women in steel armor and gauzy muslins, in silken hose and sock and buskin, epaulettes and topboots, brocades and buff facings, have endured so long and know so well!

"If I should die in Paris I should expect them—or some of them—to meet me at the barriers and to say: 'Behold, the wickedness that was done in the world, the cruelty and the wrong, dwelt in the body, not in the soul of man, freed from its foul incasement, purified and made eternal by the hand of Death, which, as you yourself shall see, is but the hand of God!'"

It was not to be. I shall not die in Paris. I shall never come again. Neither shall I make apology for this long quotation by myself from myself, for am I not inditing an autobiography, so called?

Editor's Note—This is the thirteenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.



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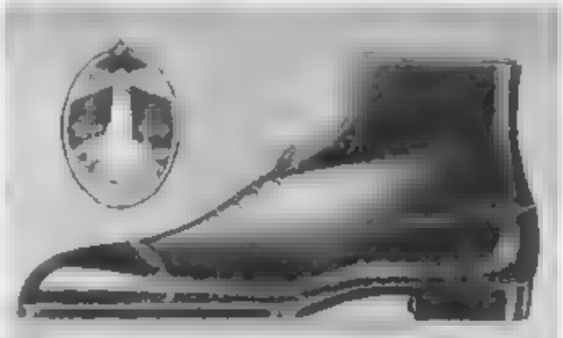
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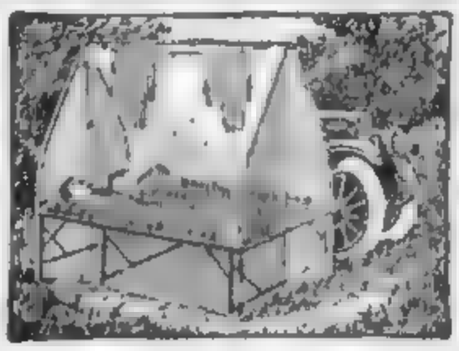
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BULLS LOOSE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 30)

"I don't know a single thing about it," he laughed, "except that all the best people here in this office are buying it. It may make a fortune for me or prove a flivver. That's how people buy stocks anyway," he added.

It may be said that a bull market becomes senseless and dangerous when people buy what they don't know anything about on the merest whispered rumor, but for a long time the astonishing thing is the way in which some of these careless tips to buy make good.

A tip has been defined as "advance information regarding the movement of a stock or stocks, given in a secretive or what is supposed to be secretive way." But there is nothing secretive about tips in a big bull market. They go to Tom, Dick and Harry. No man, woman or boy is too humble to acquire them free. And the disturbing thing is that so many of them do make good. It is enough to burn up the coolest head with the fever of cupidity. It is like finding a package of thousand-dollar bills—a most unsettling, debauching and at the same time intoxicating experience.

Tips are more or less disgraceful, always rather secretive and sinister, in a bear market. But they are apparently as free, open and harmless as the sunlight of Colorado in a bull market. There have been times when tips were sold by regular professional tipsters, a form of service never taken seriously except by those feeble-minded speculators who enjoy fooling themselves. But even such dubious social parasites hardly need the services of any denizen of the financial jungles during a real bull market. Any broker or any fellow speculator can give one a tip at ten in the morning and it may make good by afternoon or before.

At the beginning of the boom a broker was about to leave his office for a trip to Palm Beach. A certain well-known stock was then selling at 105. A tip had just come in to buy it for 150.

"Why not take a flyer in it?" said his partner. "It may pay the expenses of your trip?"

"I wouldn't have that stock in the house," retorted the other. "It's as safe as a rattlesnake."

But the stock touched 130 before his train reached Palm Beach, and at this writing is at 160.

I inquired in two of the most active and successful of the great wire houses, the two which have done most of the speculation, why tips were making good. At one place they said it was because the "tips are based on facts," and at the other firm because "so many people don't believe them, sell short and get caught."

Financial Napoleonism

But many old-timers in the financial game expressed less supreme confidence in the miraculous infallibility of tips. They pointed out that no one ever noticed or referred to the tips that fail to make good, and they added that tips are given out for the purpose of broadening the market.

"They make good up to a certain point in cases," said one experienced middle-aged broker. "The public are given a run for their money up to a certain point, but rarely beyond."

The former editor of one of the leading financial newspapers called my attention to the fact that in the great market of 1906 he had sent a reporter early every morning to an uptown hotel, then the headquarters of all the most celebrated and notorious plungers, operators, pool managers and manipulators in America, to get such information as he could. Every day for many months this reporter would telephone down to his office the tips he had received in the hotel, and almost invariably they made good, often right at the opening of the market the same day—within an hour, in fact.

"But when the market began to go down next year," continued the editor, "the tips began to fail and we soon discontinued that feature of the paper."

A real bull market usually keeps going too long and finally totters, catches its balance, loses it again and then plunges headlong to its ruin. The market in time becomes a study in psychology rather than in economics. Speculators stop thinking and merely feel. They lose all sense of values, and find themselves so successful that they become victims to the old disease known as financial Napoleonism. They become obsessed with notions of their own greatness. "Older men gape at them," says one shrewd observer, "and they take it for admiration. The adulation of brokers inflates their ego until it is near bursting its jacket. But the season of their detumescence is inevitable."

An old man came off the Stock Exchange a few months ago and said: "These boys should be trading in hundreds, but they are dealing in thousands." Old men have said the same thing in every bull market, and always finally the point has been reached where they were proved to be right.

The old saying is that a bull makes money and a bear makes money, but a hog does not. It is very, very hard to sell and get clear away when one has paper profits. Those who have won stay by to watch the game and too often get drawn in again. Bull markets always reach a point where all restraint is thrown to the winds, where people become emotional and irrational, listening only to the deadly music of the ticker and stirred by the electric excitement of the broker's office rather than by any process of cold calculation.

When the Hand Car Runs Away

The bull-market phenomenon has been compared with a hand car which a gang of boys pushes uphill with difficulty and at last gets on the level. Then it goes more easily but finally it starts to go down grade and gathers momentum rapidly. But the boys are now getting frightened and start to jump off. Some get off safely but others are bruised. One thing is sure—the obsequies of a bull market are ugly and disgusting. When deflation comes everybody blames everybody else. The public denounces Wall Street and Wall Street blames the bears. The air is filled with violent vituperation and recrimination. Everybody is most unhappy.

I do not know whether Wall Street will ever be in such a state again. I only know that it has had these spells of chills and fever in the past.

Nothing, however, is farther from my purpose than to deny the sagacity, astuteness and ability of a number of men who have more or less engineered speculation into profitable channels this year, either for themselves or for their customers. There are several men, wholly unknown to the public or to newspaper publicity, who have played a remarkable part in recent stock operations. One of these men is a partner in a wire house, and his discernment has brought enormous profits to hundreds of his clients and great satisfaction to himself. A sample of this man's work may be of real interest.

Several months ago he attended the annual meeting of stockholders of a large and exceedingly well-known corporation. This concern had received many war orders, but knowledge as to the profitableness of these orders was generally lacking. The company has much other important business, but the public did not have any way of knowing just how extensive or profitable this might be. The company, however, has always had a splendid reputation for good management and is one of the leading concerns in its field. Its stock was then selling at quite a high price, though not paying dividends.

The broker went to the meeting, at some distance from New York, determined to get all the information he could regarding the company's affairs for the benefit of his customers. He had been afraid that it might be impossible to learn a thing, so secretive apparently had the company been. A number of stockholders expressed a most uncomplimentary opinion of the management at the meeting, and the broker knew that this would only stiffen the officers' backs against any generous impulse to divulge information.

One small stockholder in particular made a red-hot speech, ending with this climax: "I move that the officers' salaries be cut in half."

That was the broker's opportunity. By a clever speech he blocked the motion, shut off the malcontents and smoothed over ruffled feelings. Then he thought it was

(Continued on Page 157)

"Bingo! . . . The Fiery Little Columbia is Always There With the Ignition Punch!"

QUARRY BLAST CHARGE and auto engine gas are alike to the Fiery Little Columbia. The power's in the fuel; but it takes the Columbia hot spark to set it to work.

That's a regular Columbia job—releasing energy by ignition.

THE DRY BATTERY

WHAT a marvelous little bundle of big ability the Columbia Dry Battery is! And what a multitude of uses! It makes bells jingle and buzzers buzz; whirls the youngsters' toys into a riot of fun; gives snap to telephone talk; puts a swift kick into the ignition of autos, trucks, tractors, farm engines, and motorboats.

THE STORAGE BATTERY

IN the storage battery field the name Columbia means *definite power guaranteed for a definite time.* Columbia Service Dealers and Service Stations are everywhere—they make that guarantee good.

Step in and let them tell you how the Columbia Storage Batteries are distributed, and how the Columbia Service Plan insures that the motorist shall have the full service to which his original purchase entitles him.

Columbia Storage and Dry Batteries

H-19

(A) Shows the original Indian Factory located on the top floor of the building at 216 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.; the small shop in which the first INDIAN Motocycle was manufactured—occupying far less space than that of a single department in the company's plant today.

(B) The Hendee Manufacturing Company's plant in 1905—the next step in the development of the largest motorcycle business in the world and a corner of its present manufacturing acreage.

The top view shows the Hendee Manufacturing Company's plant today—the home of the "Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the world."

The Factory behind the *Indian*

Battling against tremendous odds, the Hendee Manufacturing Co., back in 1901, laid the foundation of today's motorcycle industry. And with the confidence, the courage and the vision of true pioneers, that small group of men began the building of "the Largest Motorcycle Factory in the world."

Steadily, throughout those 18 years, the INDIAN has maintained its leadership. Men of science, working in laboratory and test room; many thousand working men and women of exceptional types; special and exclusive machine-equipment—all helped to build INDIAN supremacy, at home and abroad, on road and track.

And that in speed, endurance, in economy and simplicity the INDIAN will hold that supremacy in the years to come, is amply guaranteed by "The Factory behind the INDIAN."

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.
The Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the world

Indian Motocycle

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 154)

time to pop his questions. The presiding officer was now in a different mood. He realized that he was dealing with no crank or trouble maker. The broker had expressed complete confidence in the management. He was told that though the chairman could not answer all the questions himself he would be glad to introduce the questioner to an officer who could, and the next morning the broker spent two exceedingly profitable hours with an officer who had an accounting knowledge of the company's affairs. Then he sped back to New York as fast as the Limited would carry him and immediately sent this letter—which I feel obliged to censor—over the wires to his customers:

"Stockholders of the —— who attended the annual meeting in —— yesterday were well repaid for their trouble. They came away with some changed ideas of the situation. They believe the management to be the ablest lot of —— builders in the world, and if there has been protest over past financial policy it is probably because this has been left too much to the junior officers while the senior ones were busy building ——. This is likely to be changed.

"The meeting also demonstrated that hereafter the —— steam roller is not to be used against stockholders who want legitimate information. There was the most willing and polite desire shown to comply with every request for facts, even when it had to be admitted that the way —— had been handled in the past year had covered up an asset which means ten per cent on the common stock.

"The profits of the company thus far in 1919, according to official statement, are at a rate greater than shown in the phenomenal report of last year. We were informed of the exact figures but requested not to make them public. The question of common-stock dividends will be considered not later than May. . . . The officers are looking for an avalanche of orders ahead for a new-type product. They view the future with confidence. As one of them expressed it: 'The company has landed the fish out of the pond.' The writer was informed fully of the contract with ——, which is an extremely valuable one, protecting both parties against fluctuating costs of material and labor. The —— department is growing steadily.

"The amount of the dividend is likely to depend upon the policy adopted in connection ——; that is, it would be smaller if there should be any ——. But the financial position of the company is now so very strong that it seems likely that the owners of the stock are to be, one way or another, well repaid for their patience. The writer was officially assured that not only have the inventories been conservatively appraised but that also the valuation of all property and plants has been done in the same way. In other words, the officers feel that it is conservative in figuring the equity in the common stock to employ the balance-sheet figures as a minimum."

The broker then gave the balance-sheet figures, from which he deduced the apparent book value of the common stock at an amount which was almost exactly a hundred points above the price the stock sold at on the day the letter was written. Within less than a week the firm of which the broker is a member received orders to buy no less than twenty thousand shares of the stock, and the price rose nearly twenty points, without much doubt in consequence of that very buying.

The Leaders of Bygone Days

The same broker went a few weeks later to the annual stockholders' meeting of another important corporation, and from the information he learned there compiled a market letter on the company's stock which led to enough buying to run the price up at least ten points in a few days. It is said that the insiders in the company stood over the ticker with their tongues hanging out—true figuratively if not literally—so surprised were they at the movement. Yet there is little doubt that the stock had long been worth the price to which the broker's clients put it, and it has not fallen back as yet. Time and again this broker has put his customers into successful operations of a similar nature.

He is a hard worker and a hard student. He spends much of his day scrambling round the Street interviewing all manner of people in search of information. He is at his office soon after eight in the morning and works late into the night. He has a multitude of friends and connections, such as a man of pleasing and agreeable personality is entitled to. Yet he has fought the worst of ill health. I mention these personal details for the reason that here is a real power in the market who is probably not a man of large wealth himself and who fails to fit into any of the types which Wall Street fiction and movies have so often represented and misrepresented.

Fiction tells us of the stealthy, secretive manipulator and the blatant, noisy plunger that really did infest New York hotel lobbies fifteen years ago. It tells us also—and alas this fiction has too much truth in it—of the pinheaded society-youth type of broker of easy hours, abbreviated Yale or Harvard education, and a seat on the Stock Exchange donated by indulgent papa. But the quiet, hard-working, studious broker of far-reaching influence—this is a type that fiction has neglected.

Perhaps the most fascinating inquiry that one can make in Wall Street these days has to do with the outstanding figures and personalities in the market. Who are they? What has become of the old-style leaders, such as Jay Gould, James R. Keene, John W. Gates, H. H. Rogers, E. H. Harriman and Daniel G. Reid? Only one of these men is alive to-day, but he is never thought of any longer as a market leader, though he is reputed to be very rich.

The first answer, the first impression which one gets is that the market has become too big for individuals to stand out much. For one thing there are so many different stocks nowadays that no one individual can be a leader in the whole market.

The Known Market Forces

There are $25,000,000 corporations, successful, important and active, the very nature of whose business is unknown not only to speculators but even to brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange, just because there are so many such corporations that people have never taken the trouble to read them up. A specialist on the floor of the Stock Exchange in one of these stocks, which we will call United Superior, told me that in dull times brokers would wander up to his post, read the sign over it and say to him with a puzzled expression: "What is United Superior, anyway?"

Now it is in the nature of Wall Street to enjoy having a leader. It likes to hear names even though stock transactions are the most impersonal and easily concealed things in the world. Whenever there is a decided movement in the market, either up or down, Wall Street refers to it as being done by "they," that nameless, largely meaningless but awe-inspiring word by which there is conjured to mind the impression of power and limitless knowledge without the ability to identify them. But Wall Street would far rather have a name than even its precious "they."

So for several years now Wall Street has hugged to its breast the yarn, which it knows perfectly well to be a harmless myth, that a certain operator who was formerly known as the "boy speculator," because of his blond hair and light figure, is the mysterious power. But everyone in the Street knows perfectly well that the game has become too big for this person really to cut a figure.

There are just as many large operators as ever. But the public does not hear about them as yet. A broker told me that he had a customer known to not more than twenty people who he would wager was bigger and smarter than James R. Keene had ever been.

"And you probably never heard his name," added the broker.

"We have a man here," said another broker, "of whom the public has never heard and whose name has never appeared in the papers, whose check I'd cash for $1,500,000 on the strength of his account with us. He is an uptown business man, the head of a successful concern of his own."

I went into another brokerage house that has been doing a phenomenal business and in the absence of the partner I asked for I was ushered into a room where a small, stiff-looking man whom I had never seen or even heard of sat behind a gigantic mahogany desk. I asked him among other questions why there were no market leaders now. He said the country was too big and that the old leaders wouldn't be deuce high. Then I asked him if he knew of anyone who had made a killing in the market.

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The Cico desk jar, illustrated above, is worthy of its calling. The brush is adjustable, reaching every corner of the container. The brush guard keeps the paste off the fingers and on the job, and serves to seal the jar when the screw cap is temporarily laid aside. The container intensifies three Cico qualities—economy, convenience, efficiency.

Make a memorandum to-day to try Cico. Sold by all stationers in the 5½ oz. size illustrated—also in jars from 1½ oz. (see below) to quarts.

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Manufacturing Chemists

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14 Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink (Carmine), Redblack Ink, Ink Eraser
13 Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stocket Mucilage
12 Carbon Papers, Copying Inks, [illegible] Inks
15 Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks
Typewriter Ribbons, Velvet Showcard Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Numbering Machine Inks

Rats and Mice Most Dangerous and Destructive Pests

Help kill them. The government urges it. These rodents destroy food and other valuables, cause fires and spread such dangerous diseases as infantile paralysis. In food stuffs alone they cost the people of the U. S. over $200,000,000.00 annually.

RAT BIS-KIT

For *Mice* too

NO MIXING NO SPREADIN NO MUSS NO TROUBLE [illegible] RAT BIS-KIT [illegible] IT'S A DIFFERENT BAIT

THE RAT BISCUIT COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

You also can kill *roaches*, rats, mice, etc., with Rat Bis-Kit Paste. In tubes 25c

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What would you do with it?

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IF YOU were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$35.00?—what would you do with the difference?

If you could add even $10.00 a week to your present pay, could you spend it—pleasantly, profitably?

Think it over. It will be worth while. For if you want more money *you can have it!*

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MR. HUNTER writes: "An automobile and extra good vacations for mine." We have paid for them, in return for only an hour a day of his spare time.

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$100.00 a month *extra*

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DECK PAINT

"Well, we've made some of it here," he replied with dignity; and sure enough I learned from other quarters that he and his friends had got into a certain stock in the 30's or 40's and ridden big blocks of it up to 110, making profits of the most enviable description. Yet his name would mean nothing to the public.

There are large numbers of wealthy men, acting either as individuals or in groups, who engage in extensive operations which it is difficult to classify as either speculation or investment. It is probably a semi-investment proposition. These men are often connected with banks, insurance companies—in at least one notable instance—corporations; or they have inherited large capital. They look carefully into values, stay with a proposition as long as it promises well and then get out clear. They are not continually milking the market up and down in the old-fashioned manipulative style.

The names of these men are common property in Wall Street, but it would be an injustice to give them publicity. They are men who do not care to be advertised as speculators, and probably they are not speculators in the sense commonly understood by the public.

One of these men is a high officer of a well-known insurance company, and his success in buying and selling large blocks of stocks both for himself and his company has been positively uncanny. He seems to sense latent values to the tune of about ten thousand shares—a study of the New York state insurance reports will show I am not dealing in mere rumor—and he holds until high prices are reached, when he is willing to "let them have it."

Leadership in the stock market, or in the semi-investment side of it, as far as there is leadership, is undergoing a natural evolution owing to the decrease of speculation in railroad stocks and the increase in the number and importance of industrial stocks. E. H. Harriman was the most conspicuous example in this or in any other country of a man who was at once president of a great corporation, enormously wealthy, and more or less openly and avowedly a speculative leader of the first magnitude. To-day it is both unwise and dangerous to attach the title of speculative leader to our captains of industry, banking and capital. They would for the most part resent the term.

The reason for this change is probably both simple and interesting. Men who fill a place in the industrial world somewhat similar to that which Harriman filled in railroading are just beginning to emerge. It is perfectly safe to call a big corporation president a speculative leader after he has been fabulously successful at it. After a man has made $70,000,000 in an inextricable combination of industrial development and stock-market operations as Harriman did, he is perfectly willing to be known as the market leader, if it gives people any satisfaction.

Coming Oil Magnates

Already the president of a certain large combination is looming up as a great market figure as well as something more. Like Harriman he has his powerful bankers, drawn from other industries. Like Harriman his ambition appears boundless and the units of his financing operations appear to be hundreds of millions.

The prediction was made to me by a young and rising Wall Street man, who is director of several corporations as well as a partner in one of the largest banking firms, that several great market figures in addition to this wizard would shortly emerge from a couple of the independent oil groups. Certainly there is plenty of evidence to back up his contention, and within a few years we shall probably have just as large a financial splash from the kings of oil as we did in 1901 from the steel millionaires created by the mergers of that period. Motors and oil—these will produce the conspicuous figures and market leaders of the next period.

It is certain that in the great bull markets the strictly professional speculators play but little if any part. By "strictly professional" I mean the floor traders actually present on the floor of the stock exchange. These men play a big rôle only when the public is absent from the market. It is said, with what authority I do not know, that one of the largest of these speculators once handled five million shares in a single year. When Bernard M. Baruch was a floor trader his operations were often on a large scale. But when buying and selling begin to come from all over the country the professional floor traders sink into insignificance.

Several months ago a couple of orders for United States Steel common, of 50,000 shares each, were said to have been handled by two floor brokers of the more or less roving and unattached variety, and one of them, according to the gossip of the day, lost his voice in an attempt to execute such a large commission.

"That is all a floor broker has to lose," said an office broker, with the contempt that one class has for another. "Or rather he would lose his eyesight at the sight of such an order."

Making all allowance for the unkindness of this remark the fact remains that the brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange are the merest instrumentalities in a public market. They initiate nothing and know but little. They simply try to keep their books from hour to hour and make as few mistakes as possible.

A much more difficult question to answer is whether there are many pools at work in the market, and whether there is much so-called artificial manipulation of stocks. The old, crude, ugly form of manipulation, technically known as "crossing" or "washing," by which a pool, syndicate, group, individual operator or broker gave out simultaneous buying and selling orders merely to create a false appearance of activity, has disappeared from the Stock Exchange. And the fact of its demise, together with the present heavy taxes on stock sales, makes the steady succession of million-share days far more significant of wide-spread speculative interest than in times gone by when the activity was so largely artificial.

Mysterious Pools

But there is nothing to prevent the formation and operation of pools, and concerted buying on the part of groups the members of which are not formally organized into pools. Never perhaps in the entire history of stock markets has there been so much buying of this general nature as during the spring rise of 1919. But whether it is being done by formally organized pools is at least doubtful.

Wall Street dearly loves to refer to pools with bated breath, just as it dotes upon the mysterious "they" and upon conspicuous market figures or leaders. Wall Street is only human and human beings always prefer the concrete to the abstract. To say that stocks rise and fall because buying orders exceed selling orders and vice versa has no juice or joy in it. True, of course, but horribly vague and impersonal. But to whisper that "The pool in General Motors is again at work!" or that "The Du Ponts are buying into Baldwin!" gives the Wall Street men exactly the same mental satisfaction as gossip affords the ladies at a sewing bee.

Wall Street and its public also dearly love to refer to manipulation and manipulators.

"But," said an observing broker, "did you ever hear of an unsuccessful manipulator? An operator in stocks is a manipulator only when he is successful. Otherwise he is a sucker."

Usually back of what is termed manipulation is some person or group of persons who know something ahead of another person or group, or perhaps only think they do. Or at least a person or group think a situation is favorable when others do not, and back up their opinion by market action.

Wrote one of the most experienced and successful brokers in the Street: "'Oh, the pool has put it up,' or 'The bear pool sold it off'; such is comment one often hears in less responsible quarters; or which one may read any day in the press. It is an unfortunate market criticism. One may conclude without reflection that any argument based upon the idea of a pool—which implies thought of manipulation, which is beyond the pale of both Stock Exchange rules and of laws of various states—is unworthy of second thought. Great combinations of capital may at times be made to purchase a certain security or group of securities; but the pool that was so common in the days of Jay Gould, Wash Connor, Green & Bateman, the Brice-Thomas crowd, Sully and Hocking Coal is no more and will never return. We come nearer to-day

(Continued on Page 161)

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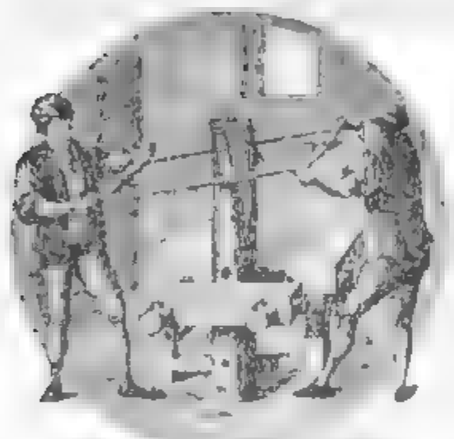

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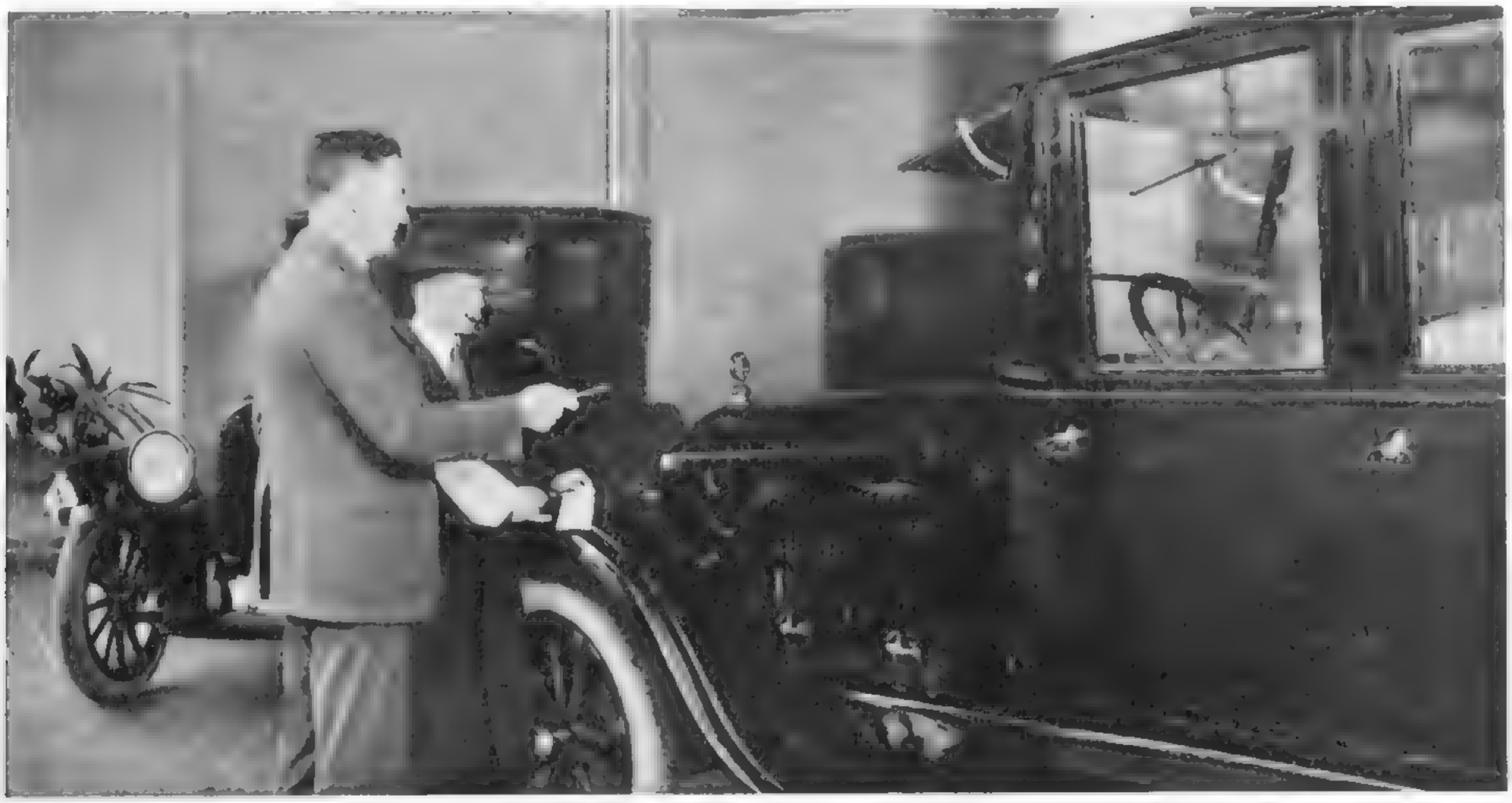

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Moore

Nash
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Paige
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Peerless

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Pierce-Arrow
Phianna
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Cortland
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Dodge Bros.
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Locomobile
Luverne

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Nash
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Unreel Your Spotlight!

High-powered windshield searchlight—instantly converted into trouble light. Two twists of the thumb and finger—withdraw lamp to any part of your car. 12 feet of cord on a reel—winds and rewinds like a window shade.

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A Touring car necessity! Fits any car. Spotlight, trouble light, portable light—all in one self-contained lamp.

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(Continued from Page 158)

to a real market based on actual conditions of supply and demand on the floor of the Stock Exchange than at any previous time in history, and we may well be proud of the fact. In thirty years of Wall Street experience of average activity the writer can faithfully state he has never actually known of a pool. The word is a misnomer, a convenient subterfuge to cover up inability of a financial critic to discover the real meaning of some impressive price movement. In United States Steel common shares, and possibly in others, there is said to be a more or less official buying or selling power at all times to counteract undue general activity on either side of the market, and apart entirely from yearly accumulation for purpose of allotment to employees; but it is wide of the mark to call this a pool, or to consider it the agency of any manipulation; it is simply a stabilizing influence. Talk of a bull pool is often the best reason to steer clear of a stock."

Another experienced Wall Street financier told me he had never gone into a pool, and considered a man a fool who did. Nine pools out of ten had failed, he declared. One difficulty with a pool is that though its members are pledged to buy and sell only when told to, or to leave all buying and selling to the manager, there is always danger of someone breaking his word and selling out not only his pool commitment but other holdings of the same stock as well, and thus smash the market and the pool. Weber & Fields once described a pool as a body of men entirely surrounded by money, but that is not the case when one of them sells out on his fellows.

Cranking the Market Flivver

The existence and operation of pools are always a real mystery. A prominent capitalist went to another similar person who was supposed to be in a certain pool and was very close to the company whose stock was understood to be pooled.

"Is there a pool?" asked the first capitalist.

"No," said the supposed member. "If there is one I never heard of it. So-and-So may be doing something on their own account in the stock, I have no doubt, but there is no pool."

"But he may have been lying to me, at that," said Capitalist Number One in relating the incident.

That is just it. Pools are a grand source of lies anyway, and of bunk also. But whether many actual formal pools have been operating of late, there is not the slightest doubt that concerted action or group action was never more common. It is simple enough.

A member of a banking or brokerage house goes to a few rich friends, associates and clients—men worth, say, a million or so, and says: "Here's a good thing. Let's get a bunch of it."

There is no formal pool, and no one is pledged to buy or sell at any specified time. But there is a deuced powerful "group action" at work—powerful, that is, when the floating supply of stock is small. Sometimes the directors and officers are in on this group action and sometimes not. A large part of it has been done by the wire houses, already described. Recently a group pushed a stock up from 100 to 130 and brought out only a thousand shares in so doing.

There is one and only one dead-sure recipe for inducing great numbers of people to buy stocks—to see to it that prices go up. The common saying in every brokerage office is "Everybody is buying because prices are rising." The public does not come in because the news is good or consciously because conditions are favorable. It comes in because prices have gone up, are going up and appear to be going up some more.

Movement is the supreme stock-market advertisement. There seems to be a natural impulse to pursue moving things, as a pack of dogs will chase another dog just because they see he is running. Moreover, nobody seems to believe a bull market possible until it has started, though cool reason tells us the time to buy is before the movement gets under way. Perhaps the public's impulse to pursue rising prices is imbedded deep in mankind's aboriginal chase for moving food, on the hoof, so to speak.

But in the stock market somebody has to start the ball rolling. It does not start of itself. There are often periods of months, even of years, when there is no movement worthy the name. It is like an automobile that goes like a streak even in cold weather after it has once been cranked—but oh, who was the kind benefactor that applied the original muscle to that flivver!

There can be little doubt that the great bull market of the spring of 1919, which like others of its kind in the past came with the sap in the trees, started as a sort of natural rebound from the restraint and repression of the war. Pretty nearly every right-thinking person felt that it was his duty while the war was on to invest his money in Liberty Bonds rather than to speculate or possibly gamble with it in other forms.

More than that, the Government took precious good care that individual instinct should be reenforced by stern restriction. The amount of credit available to brokers was distinctly limited by Federal decree. Brokers had to report their loans, and the amount of credit that each broker could have was daily passed upon by critical authorities. Brokers also were obliged to report all short sales of stocks, and by sheer governmental fiat the stock market was held under until after the armistice was signed.

But soon after the armistice every artificial and wartime restraint was removed from the New York Stock Exchange. This was long before the grain exchanges, on which the West ordinarily speculates, or the European stock exchanges were similarly freed. Naturally, too, the Stock Exchange was able to throw off its bonds before any particular industry could do so, and especially in advance of steel, copper, building and many manufacturing lines. Factories with millions of dollars of war orders had to readjust, but the only readjustment needed on the Stock Exchange was the lifting of the ban on speculation and willingness to buy on the part of the people.

Thus the Stock Exchange become the only free prime securities market in the world, and all the world's speculation was directed to it. More than that, the West still being unable to speculate in its own counters—wheat, corn and oats—had to take up stocks. When stock prices started to move upward there was a general feeling that here was a way of making losses good. People had invested until they were tired of it. They wanted to speculate. Moreover, stocks were free from the normal income taxes, and supertaxes might in time be reduced.

Odd Lots Salted Down

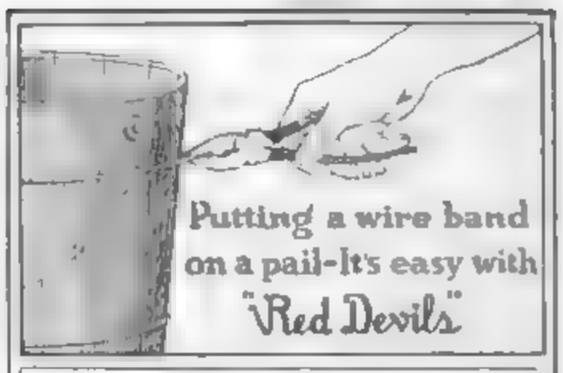
"There is no such thing as investment now," said a somewhat excited broker to whom I put the question of whether people were buying bonds as well as stocks. "It is all speculation. That is all the world is now anyway. The governments themselves are the biggest speculators."

Then, too, as the market kept on rising it seemed to be swept bare of stocks, which is a situation that always drives men into a frenzy. The billions of dollars' worth of American securities which the English and French sold back to us early in the European War had been absorbed without difficulty. In two years a million shares of common stock of the United States Steel Corporation was shifted from the hands of brokers into that of investors. Steadily the American people had been putting away five, ten and fifteen shares of this and that. There cannot be the slightest doubt that vast quantities of high-class securities found lodgment during the last few years, a process to which I called detailed attention in an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March 9, 1918, entitled The Rich Poor Man.

A few weeks ago I was shown the transfer sheets of one brokerage house for a single day. There were nearly two hundred names of people who had actually paid in full for various stocks that day, though the bulk of the firm's business consists of margin accounts. The amounts varied from five to five hundred shares. I asked the head of another large house what his experience had been. His answer was graphic:

"Day after day the boys put in supper money and I say to them: 'How's this? We're not paying expenses, and yet you keep putting in supper bills.' And they answer: 'We stayed late last night, Mr. Blank, because we sent out one hundred registered letters.'"

But there is always danger in a bull market that people will misinterpret the absorption of stocks. They usually have made



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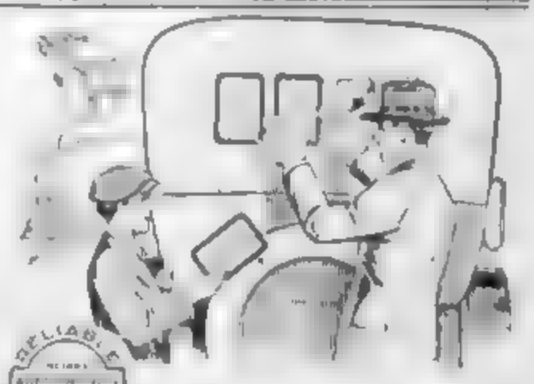

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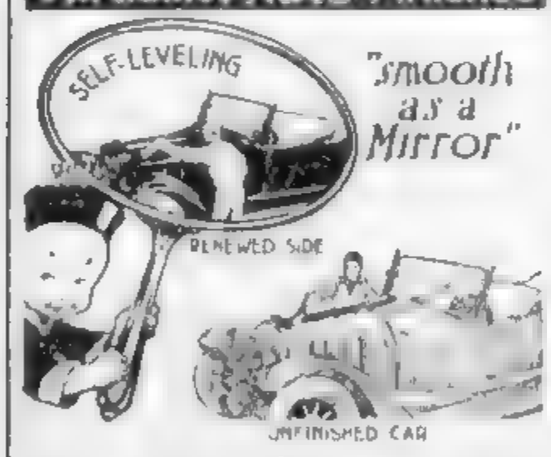

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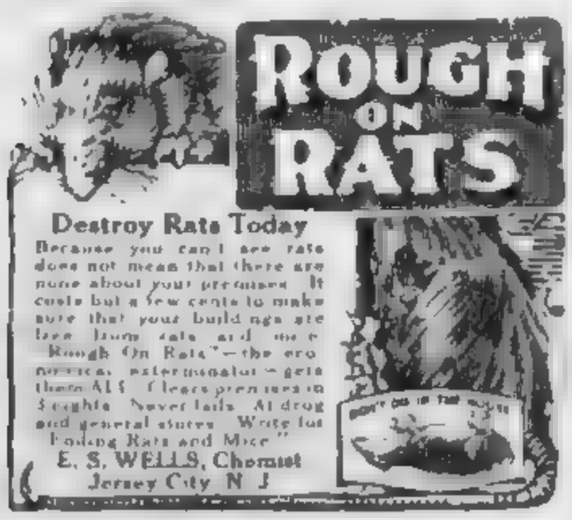
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serious mistakes along this line in the past. When prices go skyward the financial community is suddenly seized with the dread thought that there won't be enough stocks to go round. They work themselves into what is technically known as a bear panic. It is a malady that nearly always seizes Wall Street at a certain stage of a bull market, but it is always curable by time.

There was exactly the same delusion, the same hallucination, in 1905 and 1906. At that time the scarcity of Great Northern, to take but one example, was the wonder of the time. It certainly appeared scarce then, at $335 a share, though plenty of the same stock could be had a few years later at $107, and bundles of it at even lower prices some years afterward.

There was exactly the same worry in regard to Bethlehem Steel when it sold at $700 in 1916, though there has been plenty since at much lower prices.

Once more the market is much troubled because stocks are scarce, though it is not concerned with the same shares as in 1906 and 1916.

Being no prophet or son of a prophet I cannot undertake to assert positively that prices of present speculative favorites will not in all cases go to many tens of thousands of dollars per share and stay there permanently. But it is a matter of record that in every great public speculation of the past the participants have sooner or later seen their profits vanish through some unexpected turn in affairs.

Extremely high prices for securities, even when warranted by intrinsic value, inevitably lead to what Wall Street terms "distribution." Large holders are bound to sell when enormous profits stare them in the face. The temptation is too great.

But distribution takes more than one form in a boiling bull market. The commonest form is for the fortunate owners to "let them have them," as the saying goes. This applies alike to many investors who bought long before the boom started and to the discerning speculators and the merely lucky and daring adventurers who got in just as the movement started. But it also applies to the corporations themselves. When the prices of their stocks are high corporations are naturally tempted to increase their capitalization. If a company wants to raise money the best time of course is when everybody is clamoring for its securities.

Forerunners of Collapse

Thus bull markets usually collapse shortly after many corporations have cut melons, increased their capital stock, given two shares for one and otherwise added to the available supply of stocks, which but a few months before the speculators feared would utterly disappear from the market.

Then, too, high prices always attract innumerable new companies into the market. The time to sell new shares, of course, is during a frenzied boom for old ones. Hundreds of new oil companies have been floated of late.

There will shortly be a supply of oil shares large enough to satisfy the most famished appetite. Fortunes will be made from some of them, but if history is not wholly at fault there will ultimately be a great oversupply of nicely engraved oil-company certificates.

The public is soon to be asked to buy many foreign securities. Already the Stock Exchange is enlarging its quarters to accommodate them, and Wall Street guesses that the price of New York Stock Exchange seats will rise from round $75,000, where they have been selling, to $100,000 or even $150,000—a sure sign that no lack of investment and speculative opportunities is really expected.

The present supply may run out, but there is an inexhaustible reservoir to draw upon in the form of foreign securities, shares of investment trusts, and the like—all forms long known in England in literally hundreds of instances, but new to this country. Certainly if the American investing public is ever to be expected to develop a liking for foreign securities or American shares and debentures based upon foreign investments it must be, as with any other new group of securities, during a period of rosy financial optimism, not when reverse conditions exist.

Nor need there be any lack of domestic industries to draw upon for new shares. Both oil and motordom have just begun to make their contributions to the list on the Stock Exchange. Soon also the hotel industry will be ripe for the process of large-scale operation, which will be followed probably by integration and combination, so that shares of big companies may seek listing. The same is true of the moving-picture industry. Later on it is not impossible that corporation farming may reach a similar stage.

Another dreadful thought which speculators suffer from in a boom market is the fear that the Stock Exchange won't have the facilities, won't be big enough to handle all the business coming to it. Brokers hint darkly at the lack of foresight on the part of the exchange authorities and ask oracularly what will happen when we have three, four and even five million share days. They should worry!

The bull market of 1919 is utterly new in one curious respect! It depends quite largely upon the Federal income tax. The ordinary process of distribution is held in artificial check just as long as prices continue to rise, because large owners cannot realize upon their profits without paying over most of these profits to the Government. The higher prices go the less selling there is because the larger the number of people who face the pleasing prospect of paying the Government sixty and seventy per cent of their gains. Here is an apparently vicious circle of mounting prices.

Taxes as a Market Factor

The president of an important corporation, whose profits were abnormally large during the war, bought an enormous block of its stock years ago at less than $20 a share. It is now selling at $140, which is more than the officers and directors think the stock is worth. The president is itching to sell and reinvest when the next big turn in the market comes, but he cannot quite make up his mind to part with three-quarters of his profits, for he comes within the highest bracket of the income tax.

It is said on reliable authority that there are literally thousands of capitalists who are prevented from realizing upon their fortunate investments. They have lost their power to check the rise.

In this way the ordinary process, which always goes on in a bull market, cynically known to Wall Street as the shifting of stocks from strong to weak hands, is temporarily held in check.

Nor is this the only kink in the income tax that affects the market for stocks. A not wholly unknown practice has been the purchase of low-priced, nondividend-paying shares which the buyer thought might go higher in course of a few years. The fact that such stocks pay no income naturally reduces the owner's tax, and the theory is that he will hold them for several years, until after the tax rates have been reduced, when of course they will have risen in price.

One large operator is said to have bought 25,000 shares of a nondividend payer at 25, on this theory. Unfortunately for his effort to reduce his tax he could not resist the temptation to sell out when the stock suddenly rose to 60. His theory was perfectly sound as far as it went, but he didn't expect such quick action.

The effect of the income tax in sustaining the market is very beautiful indeed—as long as the market goes up. Not much attention has been paid to the undoubted fact that the tax works both ways, that it will hasten a decline just as powerfully as it sustains an advance. This is less agreeable, and one does not hear much about disagreeable subjects when stock prices are rising.

But if the market should turn, if it should go down—there would be an enormous volume of selling from capitalists to register losses for the benefit of their income taxes. Much of a slump would reduce their taxes, just as realizing upon a rising market tends to increase them. With such conditions the possibility of unusually wild behavior on the declining side is always present.

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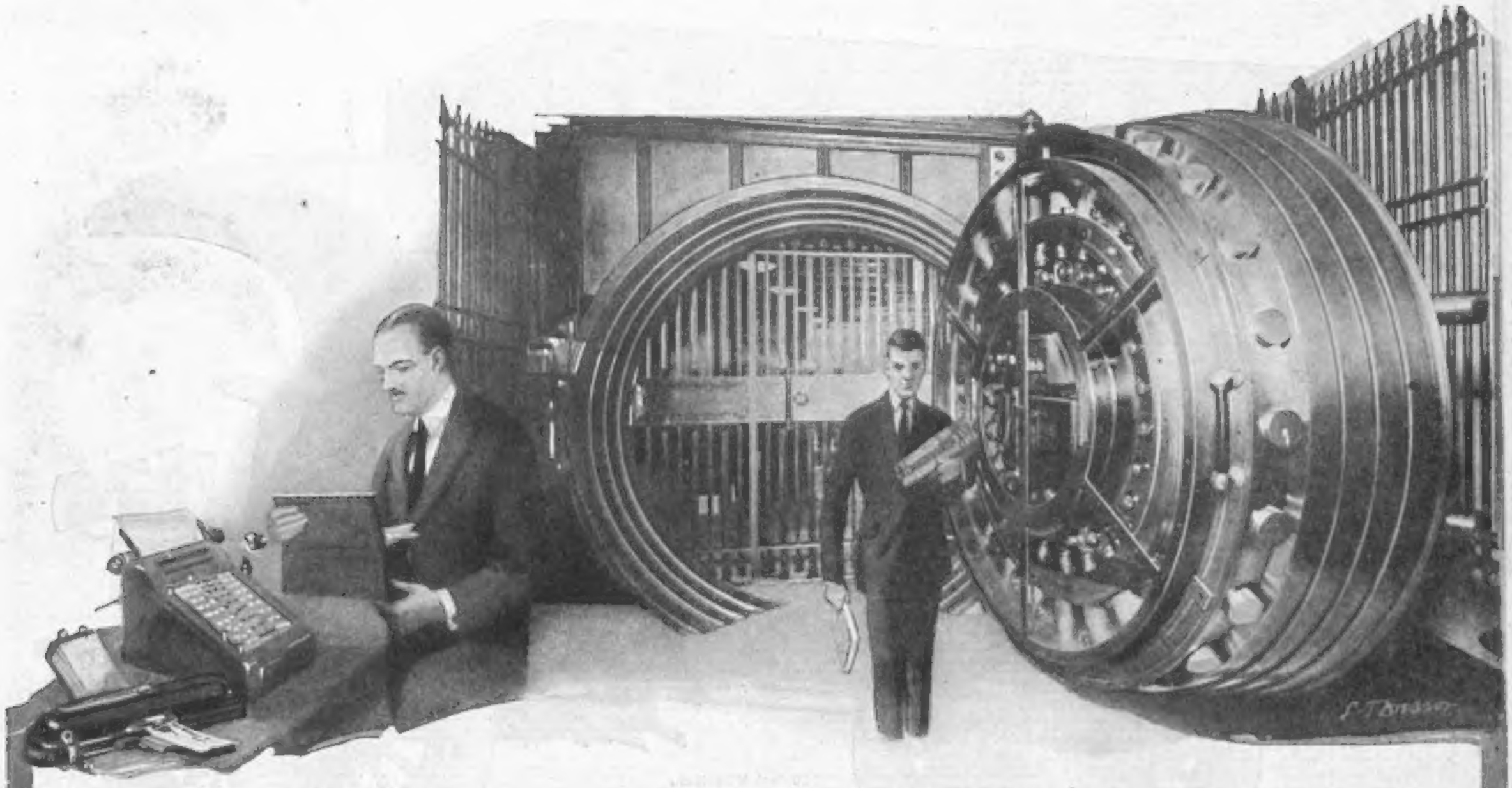

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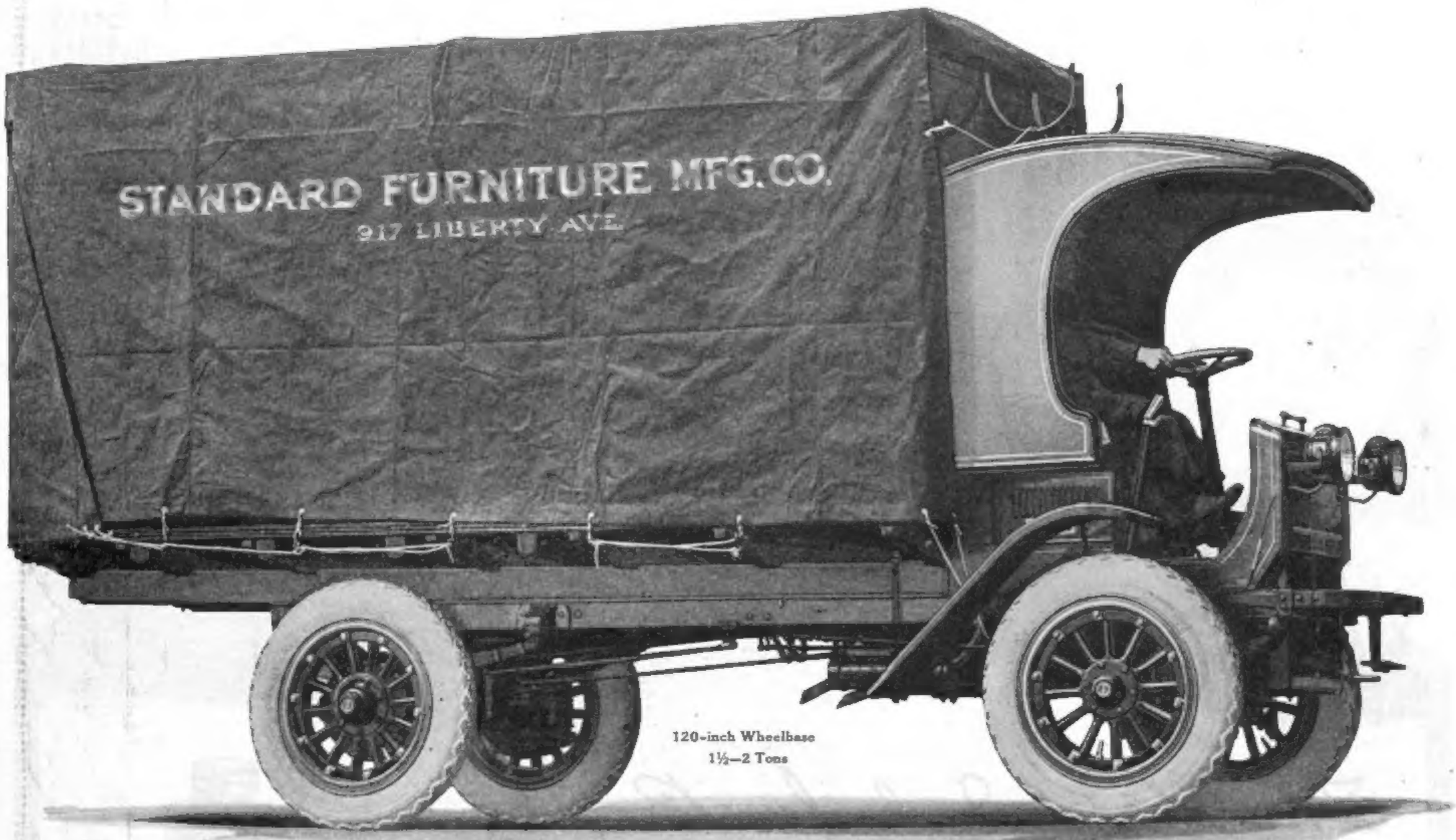

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